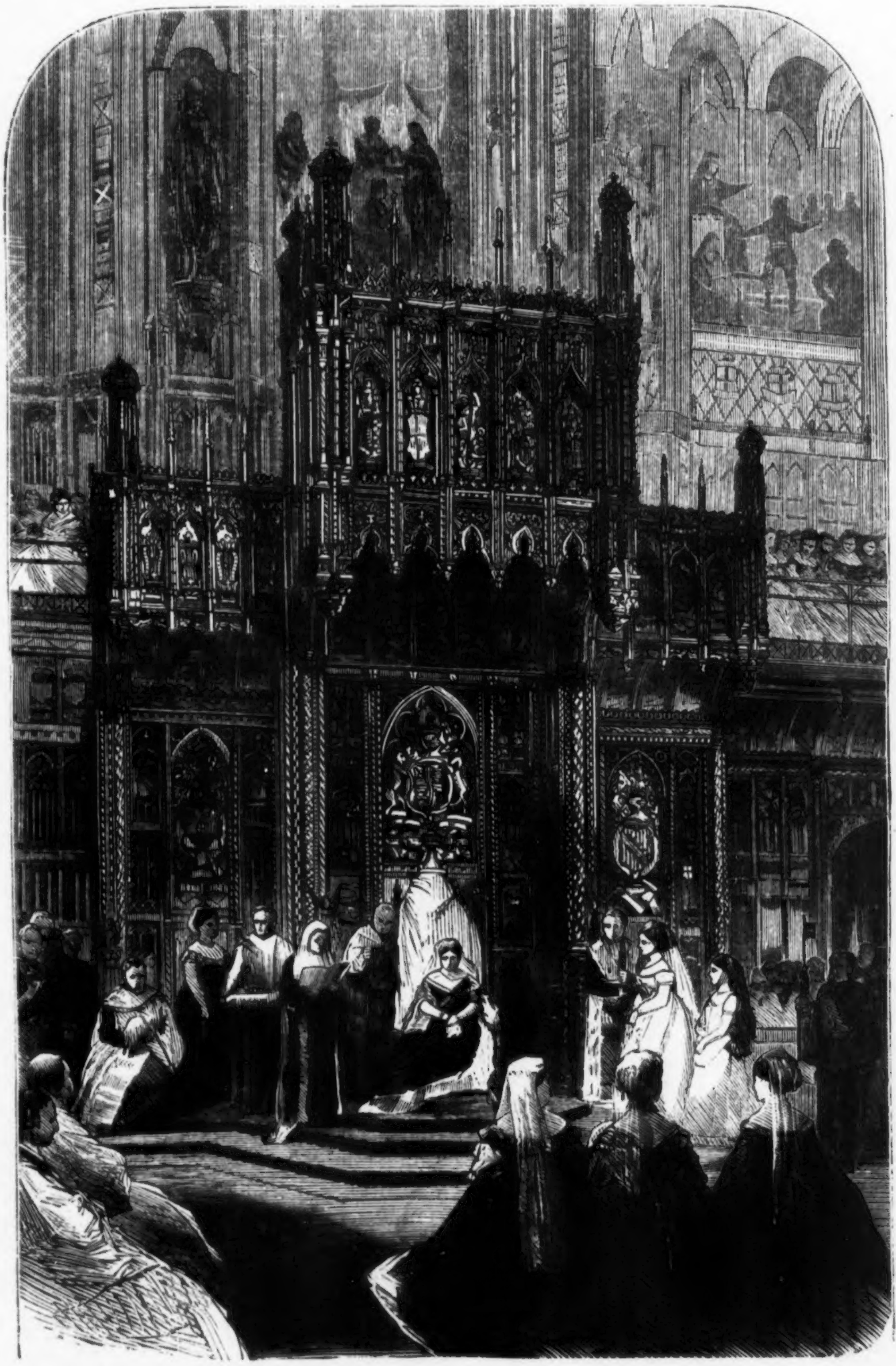
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 4. OCTOBER, 1884. $2.50 PER ANNUM.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

AT a monster meeting held in Hyde Park, London, on Monday, the 21st of July, the following resolution was adopted with frantic acclamation :

Resolved, That this vast assembly, consisting of seven enormous meetings, composed of representatives of the unenfranchised agricultural laborers, miners, urban and rural non-voters, and other unenfranchised classes, and of trade organizations, political and radical clubs, Liberal associations, and other organized bodies, political and non-political, emphatically protest against the rejection of the Representation of the People Bill by an irresponsible and unrepresentative House of Lords, notwithstanding its almost unanimous acceptance by the people and the people's accredited representatives; and it approves Mr. Gladstone's action in advising Her Majesty to summon an Autumn session of Parliament, and his determination to send up the Bill again to the Peers; and further expresses its opinion that the continued existence of an unchecked power of impeding and obstructing the popular will, at present exercised by the House of Peers, is not conducive either to the welfare of the people or the peace and prosperity of the country. That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Prime Minister.

The Prime Minister of England, Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, acting in and on behalf of the Liberal Government, of which he is the leader, early in the last session of Parliament introduced a Franchise Bill which was adopted by the House of Commons by a very decisive vote, the division showing 390 for the measure, and 210 against. What the Bill proposes

XUM

to do is, in general terms, to establish throughout the realm what is known as the Household Franchise.

This Household Franchise is no new suffrage; it already exists in the boroughs and cities of England, having been extended to them in 1876 by the Disraeli Administration. Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill, when it becomes law, then, will simply place the English counties and the Irish boroughs and counties on the same footing as that now occupied by the boroughs of England.

In the English counties at present a man is entitled to be registered as a voter only when he possesses one or other of the following qualifications: (1) if he be seized of an estate for life of the yearly value of £5 per annum or upward; (2) if he be a lessee for an original term of sixty years of the yearly value of £5, or a lessee for an original term of twenty years of the yearly value of £50; (3) if he be an occupier, as tenant or owner, of lands or tenements *rated* (for taxation purposes) at £12 per annum; (4) if he be an occupier of lands *rated* at *less* than £12, but for which he pays a *rent* of £50; or (5) if he be the possessor of an *inherited estate* held in fee simple of the value of forty shillings per annum. A man may possess one of these qualifications in each of several counties, in which case he is entitled to a vote in each of these counties.

In Ireland, counties and boroughs, the franchise is very much more restricted. Without going into details, we shall best illustrate this inequality between the existing franchises of the two countries by the statement that, while in England one man out of every ten to-day has a vote, in Ireland only one man out of every twenty-three enjoys the franchise. For example, the County of Mayo, with a population of 243,030, has but 3,088 qualified electors; while the County of Lancashire (Northeastern Division), out of a population of 238,544, has 13,133 electors. The population of Dublin is 273,282, and its electorate is 13,580; while the population of Sheffield is 284,410, and its electorate is 43,350.

The Household Franchise which Mr. Gladstone proposes to establish instead of this state of things, consists simply in the bestowal of the right to vote on the rated occupiers of *any dwelling-house;* and every *room* held separately in a tenement-house is considered a "*dwelling-house*" for the purpose of this franchise as it now exists in the English boroughs. A little reflection will show that this Household Franchise is a very extended kind of suffrage. For, as there is no specified value set on the *room* that a man is to occupy to be qualified to vote, only the vagrant class, practically, are excluded from representation. It is, in short, the next best suffrage to our own Manhood Suffrage.

As was absolutely expected, the House of Lords, under the Conservative leadership of the Marquis of Salisbury, rejected the Bill, whereupon Mr. Gladstone announced his intention of holding an Autumn session of Parliament for the purpose of again passing the Bill through the House of Commons to the House of Lords, to again reject the measure at its peril.

A conflict between the Peers and the Commons representing the people was and is inevitable. The only open questions about the matter were the time and the occasion. The time has arrived sooner than most persons had conceived to be probable; and the occasion is the very best that could have been desired even by the most determined Radical in the country, had the selection been left absolutely in his hands. The sagacious genius of Lord Salisbury furnished the favorable opportunity for raising the question whether the House of Lords or the House of Commons shall govern the country, and the nation will not be slow in answering it most severely. No amount of controversy, explanation, or *finesse*, can change the battle-ground, though every effort will be made by the Peers, their Order, and their supporters, to raise side issues; and all kinds of crafty devices will be resorted to for the purpose of trailing the famous red-herring across the path. These, however, will be ineffectual for their purpose, for the great bulk of the people make no such nice distinctions in matters of language and policy as many of the Peers seem to imagine possible to palm off upon them. Nor is it desirable that they should. They have been cajoled over and over again, and they have become suspicious. The feeling entertained is vividly expressed on the banner of one of the most important trades of the country—a trade-union which, in point of numbers, wealth, benefits, and organization, is second to none in the world—in these words; "Deal with us on the square; you have chiseled us long enough." "Society" may not have discovered the strong under-current of public opinion which is sweeping onward with irresistible force.

It is there nevertheless, and the gondola in which the "upper ten" recline with such indolent and complaisant hauteur, floating on the smooth surface, with scarcely a ripple to disturb its equilibrium, while its occupants are enjoying the fleeting hour and gazing upon the azure sky, is borne toward the fatal cataract with a rapidity of which they are unconscious, and will suddenly be hurled into the seething abyss below. They are too deeply absorbed in their own pleasures and affairs to heed the murmurs of warning that might have reached the ears of ordinary mortals and enabled them to avert the catastrophe. They see not the danger, and they must pay the penalty.

The question upon which the struggle has arisen is one of great magnitude and far-reaching consequences, and the dilemma in which the Peers will find themselves is this: If they resist the demand of the unenfranchised for enfranchisement, a demand backed by the majority of those already enfranchised—as, indeed, the latter were in honor bound to do, by compacts made during the Reform agitations preceding the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867, by the accredited representatives of the classes then unrepresented in Parliament—and persistently veto the measure of the Government passed by resolute and overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons, the country will be up in arms against the Upper Chamber, for daring to interfere with the decision of the Commons House of Parliament to reform itself, by basing its power and authority upon a wider electorate than at present, and giving to the manhood of the nation a voice in its government and the control of its policy. The matter wholly affects the election of members of Parliament, and the country will not permit a non-representative and irresponsible body to dictate the terms and conditions under which the representatives of the various constituencies shall be elected, either as to the franchise of the voters or the boundaries of the electoral divisions or districts. The constitution and character of the House of Lords might be so perfect as to need no reform. That would appear to be the opinion of the majority of the "noblemen" composing it, if their recent vote may be taken as indicative of their convictions—not that either their vote or convictions will weigh much in the impending struggle.

But the House of Commons is conscious of its own defects. It has pronounced in favor of reform, and has decreed an extension of the franchise as the primary and most pressing of the several matters requiring attention. In this it has shown its wisdom. It begins by laying the foundations, deep and wide, upon which to build up the superstructure of representative institutions. The Lords appear to think that the right way to build a house is to abolish "concrete," start without "footings," commence with a four-and-a-half brick wall, and gradually increase the thickness until they reach the top, and then to put on a coping-stone of immeasurable dimensions as a finish. The architects of the Pyramids thought differently. They were constructed with remarkable skill for that early period of history, with a wide base, tapering gradually to the apex. The "Peerage" would deem that to be a rude method, and, applying the simile to political society, are endeavoring to prop up a structure built upon a plan absolutely the reverse of those enduring monuments on the banks of the Nile, the apex being at the bottom, and the base at the top. The wonder is that they did not carry a vote in that sapient assembly instructing the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings to see that Cleopatra's Needle, on the Thames Embankment, was erected on the latter principle, with a plentiful supply of props to "shore it up."

The struggle on which the Peers have entered with so much gusto is one of no ordinary kind, because of the vast interests at stake. But every one with a grain of common sense in his composition must see that it is altogether futile. Nay, more, it is absolutely absurd. It supplies a further illustration of the accuracy and appropriateness of Mr. John Stuart Mill's description of "the great Tory Party" as the stupid party; the House of Peers, as such, being the quintessence of stupidity. This does not mean, is not intended, to convey the notion that there are not in the House of Lords numerous noble and striking exceptions to the wholesale condemnation of the members of the Upper Chamber implied in the foregoing sweeping expressions. The large number voting in the minority, when the rejection of the second reading of the Representation of the People Bill was carried, shows that many of those having seats in that House foresee the danger of a conflict with the people. But the description applies to the House as a concrete body. Individually, some of the Peers, all of them, perhaps, are worthy of any assembly in the world. They can boast of ripe scholarship, of varied learning, and of art-culture; of capable statesmen, not a few brilliant authors, and men of high scientific attainments. But none of them so excel in those higher branches of science, literature and art, or statesmanship, as to eclipse men of similar tastes in the House of Commons; and certainly a selection could be made from the ranks to enable the Government to carry the Franchise Bill forthwith, which would vie with any of the noble Lords in every respect, except possibly that of wealth, were it advisable to adopt such a questionable course as that indicated by the senior (and only recognized) member for Northampton, namely, the creation by Mr. Gladstone of a "batch of Peers" to outvote the opponents to the Bill in the House of Lords.

Arts and learning, trade and commerce, science and statesmanship, would survive, and even flourish, if patents of nobility were altogether abolished, at once and for ever, by a Bill, carried simultaneously with the Representation of the People Bill, and to come into operation and force immediately. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but the Lords have provoked them, and must bear the consequences. They will now be reminded of many things which it would have been to their interest to avoid. In the matter of mere wealth, apart from land-acreage, it is open to question whether the Peerage can boast of more wealth than the House of Commons. In clear annual income, possibly some members of the House of Commons may surpass a very large proportion of the Peers; and their title to such wealth and profits is far less questionable.

As "landed proprietors," the Peers probably would stand first, but they are unwise to sharpen men's memories about the land question. It is not too late to inquire into titles and acquisitions. The same power that created titles can revise or revoke them; and that power has become intensified and consolidated. The will of some five hundred great families cannot long withstand the more powerful will of the masses of the people; and the expression of that will cannot be averted, though it might have been somewhat delayed had prudent counsels prevailed. The Peers, as a body, have shown how utterly incapable they are of understanding the signs of the times, of rightly appreciating the march of events, and of weighing the consequences of their own rash and imprudent acts. They certainly have not gauged the temper of those whom they have insulted, as they will find to their cost. There is a moral conveyed in the old saw, "Let sleeping dogs lie," which they would have done wisely to heed. They will do well not to imagine that the slumberers' bark will be the only result. Having awakened the usually docile creatures, they should be cautious how they treat them. This is merely a hint by the way, but needful for the sake of peace and quietness. Many questions will crop up, are cropping up, as to the right of a handful of men to set at naught the solemn decision of those elected by the constituencies to do the nation's work, and register its decrees. The majority will remember that the House of Lords, believing in its own superlative wisdom and perfection, has refused to take measures for reforming itself, will not even admit that there is a necessity for touching the "venerable institution" with the view of bringing it into harmony with the spirit of the age and into conformity with the altered conditions of human society. Events ripen quickly, sometimes, and on this point they are ripening with a rapidity which is remarkable, not to say astonishing. And the Peers will be reminded, at every turn, of Milton's famous lines:

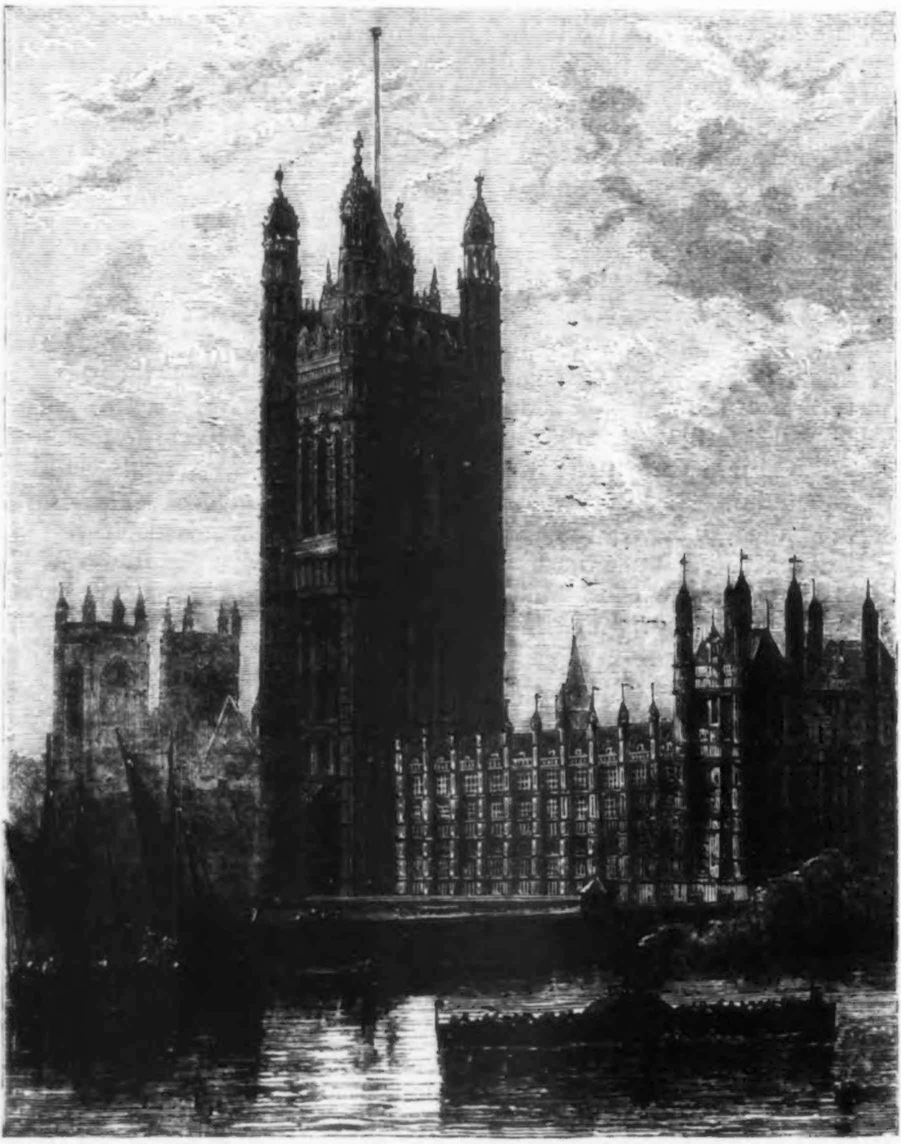
> "Man o'er men He made not lord
> Such title to Himself reserving."

The people will see that a House of Peers, as at present constituted, at least, is an anachronism in a Free State with Representative Institutions. They will be alive to the fact that such a Chamber is a standing menace to English liberties, and that it is provocative of revolution. The preposterous claims impliedly put forward in defense of the House of Peers will be brushed aside as so many cobwebs in a short space of time. No one believes in its immaculate wisdom or perfection—not even the Peers, though they will not admit the necessity for its reform. And there is against them a record of a long list of measures, both before and since the Reform Act of 1832, which they have opposed and resisted almost to the verge of revolution; while we look in vain for any grand measure for the benefit of the people which they have initiated. The good and beneficent measures which they have been compelled to pass have often been mangled, emasculated and delayed. There is no glorious roll of legislative achievements to their credit—nothing, indeed, to justify its continued existence as a Second Chamber.

Every schoolboy who learns history knows that the House of Lords is the descendant of the great council of

XUM

the realm, in which all tenants holding lands directly of the crown were present as of duty and not of right; that in course of time the absence of the less opulent tenants was condoned, and the attendance of only the most considerable was claimed; and that the persons thus summoned were reluctant in their attendance. The King directed his writs to whom he pleased. He rarely omitted any great lord, for as absence without leave was construed as a sign of disaffection, it was not likely that any powerful subject would be excused from waiting on the King. The presence of the opulent ecclesiastics, bishops and abbots, was similarly an obligation, which some tried to evade, setting up charters or other evidence of exemption from attendance. But the issue of a writ to other great tenants of the crown was at the pleasure of the sovereign, or even dependent on his caprice; for there are no two lists of units alike in the annals of Parliament during the times of the Plantagenet sovereigns. In order to insure attendance, the King took securities from the absentees, under the name of proxies, who were sureties for their fellows, and responsible for their action. In course of time what was intended to be a personal liability, and a serious one, too, was made the foundation of a most irrational and mischievous privilege — mischievous to a degree. Outvoted largely, if the assembly ever came to a vote at all, by the bishops and the heads of religious houses, who were far more numerous than the temporal lords, and much more regular in their attendance, the Lords relinquished to the Commons at an early date not only the practice of petitioning for redress of grievances, and for legislation, but the initiation of grants for the service of the Crown, and the habit of doling out supply as popular demands were satisfied or disappointed. It was the Commons and their leaders who, at their risk, curbed the prerogative of the Crown, and extended popular rights, in a rough and clumsy fashion, but with indisputable intentions; for the statute 7 Hen. IV., cap 15, under which the largest county franchise was accorded, a franchise not even conceded by the Bill which has passed the lower house, was enacted at "the grievous complaint of the Commons." The Lords have never, except on one occasion, when the country was unanimous, ever vindicated public liberty, or taken guarantees against arbitrary government, but have almost invariably been timid in the defense of public right, though eager and unscrupulous in maintaining and enlarging the privileges of their own Order.

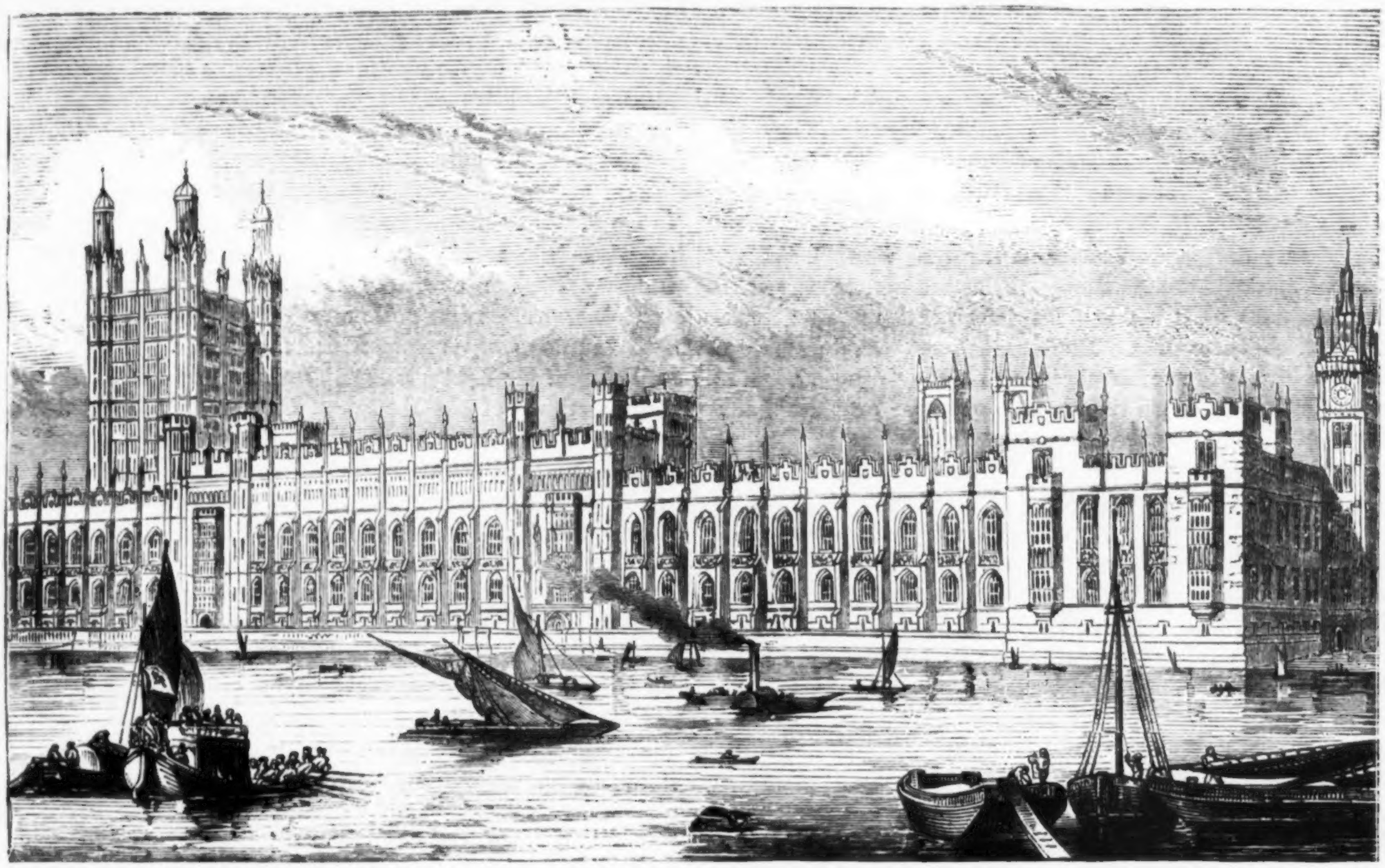


THE VICTORIA TOWER.

When the religious houses were dissolved the temporal Peers became a majority in the House of Lords; but they either cared not or dared not to withstand the royal prerogative. Even the privilege of free speech was secured at the instance of the Commons, though Stroud's Act was not declared to be a general Act till a century or more after its being passed. It was in the Commons that the spirit of resistance to arbitrary government was matured during the reign of Elizabeth, to be translated into action during the long period between the accession of James, when Speaker Phelips took the lead against the court, and the election of the Long Parliament, when the King and the greater part of the aristocracy were marshaled on one side, and the vigor, wealth and conscience of the nation on the other.

In 1649 the House of Lords fell with the Monarchy. The Commons voted that "the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The next day a similar vote was passed as regards Monarchy. But in effect, it must have been in the minds of the Commons that the writs to the Peers had been issued by the authority of the Crown, and that their vitality was lost with that of their origin.

The Peers assumed a new and very different position after the Restoration. The struggle with the Crown as to the right of Parliament to impose taxes was over, and the King had no reason to regret that he had relinquished the claims of his father. But the Peers set up the most preposterous claims to independence and authority. They wanted to challenge the right of the Commons to the custody of the public purse. They claimed an original jurisdiction in suits, and in various appellate judgments they delivered the most grotesque and scandalous decisions, which lawyers declined to report.

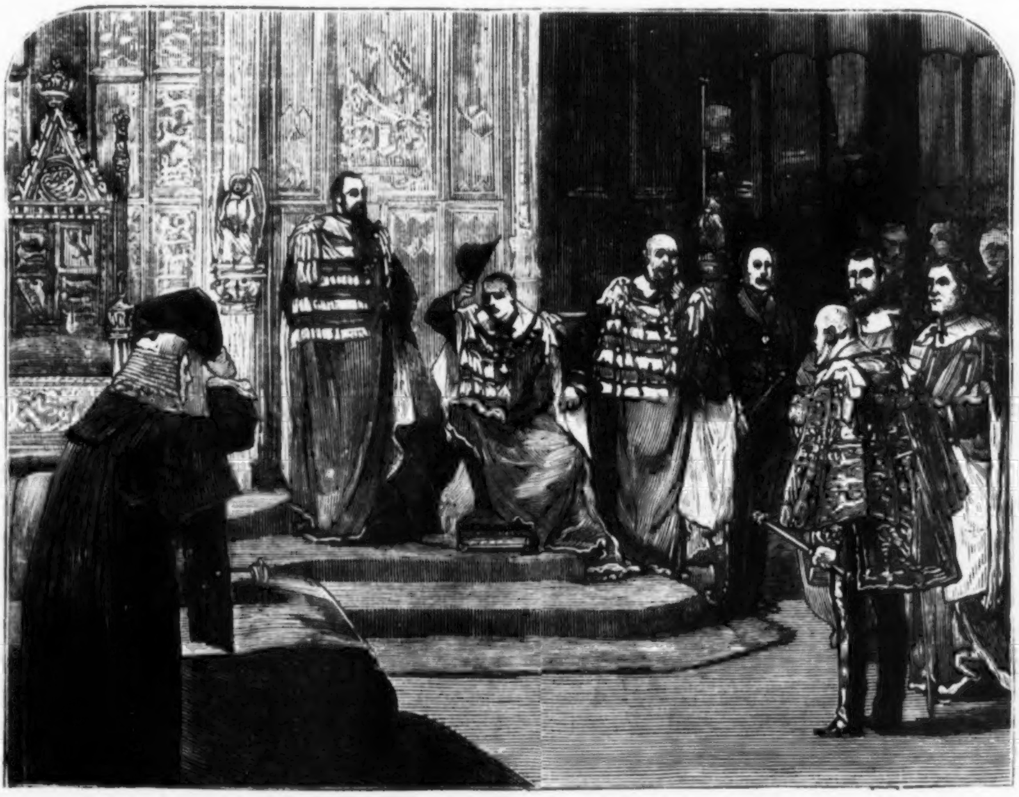


HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

They carried the doctrine of *scandalum magnatum* to an absurd extent. For many years they strove to carry a Bill, under which the trial of persons of their own Order was to be regulated, a Bill which the Commons regularly rejected. But their most audacious act was the resolution of June 18th, 1678, by which they asserted, in defiance of numerous precedents, that a peer could not by deed relinquish for himself and his heirs a title which had been conferred on him or on his ancestors.

The Lords had much to do with the Revolution of 1688, and a majority of them remained Whigs till the Treaty of Utrecht. During this time they formulated the reign of the families, which was continued till the revolt of George III. and the Administration of Pitt.

The House of Lords is now a body of over 500 persons, most of them having been ennobled in comparatively recent times, out of lawyers, military and naval persons, and opulent country gentlemen. If these persons commit felony they are triable by their own Order only, and if the trial takes place during the session of Parliament, by the whole Order. If they commit treason they are, by a statute of William III., conceded at last with great difficulty by the Commons, always triable by the whole of the body. As, however, Parliament is now constantly kept sitting with intervals of prorogation, and a new Parliament is also elected immediately on the dissolution of its predecessor, it is probable that any felony committed by a peer would be triable by the whole body, and that all the 500 odd would be summoned to the function. Since they have been tried by what is practically the whole of their own Order, only one has been capitally punished, viz., Lord Ferrers, in 1760; though not a few scandals have been created by the virtual impunity which so monstrous and absurd a



INSTALLATION OF A ROYAL DUKE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

XUM

court accords, as, for instance, the acquittal of Lord Mohun, in 1693, for one murder, and his pardon in 1697 for another.

As far as regards antiquity, there are not half a dozen peerages, other than baronies revived by the discretion of the House, and are therefore constituencies of a single elector which the Lords have themselves created, but which date before the Reformation. Every one knows the history of the Reformation peerages, though the representatives of some among these are among the most respectable, and, speaking historically, the most consistent in British annals. But little good can be said of those which were created in the Stuart period. The most distinguished is that of the younger branch of the house of Cecil, a family which became opulent in the first place by the plunder of the Church, a plunder which, when Burleigh was gorged, he was induced to stop. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of arbitrary taxation in the reign of James, and gave the earliest occasion for the quarrel which led to the overthrow of the Monarchy and the execution of the King. His son became a Parliamentarian, and as far as a peer could be, a regicide, for he sat in the Lords till the Commons extinguished it, on February 6th, 1649. The fourth earl became a Catholic, and was associated with the bigotry of James and the crimes of Sunderland. Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquisate, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the Opposition, the Marquis of Salisbury.

The fact is, the traditions of the English Peerage are every way disastrous. The Order is protected against its own vices by secret and mischievous conveyances, which often give an appearance of opulence to members of the body, who are all the while impoverished, and who, generation after generation, defraud their creditors. The existence, even in a moderate degree, of a pauper section in the house, would be a serious scandal, and in consequence families, as is notorious, are bolstered up by private Acts of Parliament, and even by sinecure offices.

One of the silliest and falsest of platitudes is that of the fierce light which beats on persons in exalted positions. They have every opportunity to screen their doings, every inclination beyond a cynical contempt for public opinion toward doing so, and an abundant array of accomplices and parasites who will aid them in the process. The fact is, the institutions which protect English nobles assist the survival of the unfittest.

The surroundings of a young noble are most unfavorable to the growth of morality and the development of a reasonable judgment in him. With an assured position from his childhood, he is peculiarly open to temptation. He is flattered by the attention of lackeys, and the deference of all the family to himself. The wholesomest part of his education is at a public school, for boys are the most democratic of Tories, though even here, unless all our satirists are in the wrong, he is sure to meet with toadies, who are bidden to especially cultivate his acquaintance and to defer to him. At the University, if he goes thither, though some of the grosser forms of obsequiousness are abandoned, he is privileged. Over and over again at college noblemen have been condoned for misconduct which would in any other person have involved disgraceful expulsion, if not civil penalties. Over and over again the inquiry into outrages have been dropped, because it was known or suspected that noble youth had been petulant or profligate. And the same leniency extends to other escapades, even in maturer years.

No better illustration of the singular mental incapacity of the Lords can be shown than in their late most preposterous demand to dissolve the House of Commons at their will, and to claim a plebiscite from a limited number of electors on the question as to whether a number of other Englishmen should be admitted to the franchise. And here it may be remarked that it is not a little noteworthy that many of those members of the House of Commons who are of recent foreign extraction, and who came to England, as Juvenal says, *quo pruna et cottana vento*, are characterized by a vehement passion for a vigorous foreign policy, and a deep-seated distrust of their new countrymen, while they who are by descent Englishmen for centuries, many of whom are descended from members of the House of Commons, have shown a marked and unvarying trust in their fellow-countrymen. In this demand for the plebiscite, formulated by the House of Lords, some Englishmen, and most pseudo-Englishmen, have joined.

If the English people likes, it will keep the House of Lords and leave it alone with powers strictly limited, or reform it. But it will be vain, if we can judge from the past, to expect that this second Chamber will ever be other than an obstacle, or to imagine that it will give wise counsel or restrain rash action. When it cannot obstruct, its debates and its resolutions are of no more account than those of the Oxford Union. Hence it can only vindicate its existence by obstruction, because it is in this that its only vitality consists.

There is an institution familiar to the people, though unknown to the constitution, as we are told, which fulfills all the functions of a second Chamber. It checks irregular and hasty action, it invites debate, it lives by the popular will. Those members of it who are in the House of Lords are more or less amenable to public opinion, for their term of office depends on it. It can stop all legislation which it deems unsuitable, for the sturdiest private member has never following enough to defy it. It is constrained to be prudent, for if it gets the reputation of success, it bears the ill repute of failure. It is bound up with the Parliament which it controls. It checks its followers by one set of risks, its followers check it by another set of risks. It is called the Cabinet, and in my opinion it is not only the best second Chamber devisable, but the only second Chamber which is necessary.

The members of the House of Lords are divided into two classes, Lords Spiritual and Temporal. The Lords Spiritual are the two archbishops and twenty-four bishops of the English church, and one archbishop and three bishops from the Irish church: the Irish bishops have seats in the House of Lords by rotation. The question has been much discussed, by what right the Spiritual Lords have seats in the House; and they have been represented as sitting there by virtue of the baronies annexed to their offices. But the bishops formed a chief portion of the "Great Council" of Anglo-Saxon times, and were regarded as the most important and responsible advisers of the sovereign. It is therefore more rational and convenient to consider that their right to sit in the House of Lords arises from their having formed a chief portion of it in very early times, and long before the Legislature had assumed anything like its present shape. Another question has also been discussed, Whether, as the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, though sitting together, form two distinct *estates* of the realm, the concurrence of *both* is not requisite in any determination of the House of Lords; just as the consent of both Lords and Commons is requisite to every determination of Parliament. It is now, however, settled, that the Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal are but one body, whose joint will is to be collected by the gross majority of votes; and statutes have been made in the absence of all the Spiritual Lords. The three oldest peerages date from the 13th century, and only four others go back to the fourteenth.

The Lords Temporal now form the great body of the House of Lords, though, before the Reformation, they were equaled, if not outnumbered, by the Lords Spiritual. This was owing to the circumstance that the superiors of many of the monastic establishments, under the names of abbots and priors, sat as Lords Spiritual. The suppression of these establishments greatly reduced the number of Lords Spiritual: but six more bishops were added to the House when the abbots and priors were removed.

The great body of the House consists of hereditary Lords Temporal, with twenty-eight Irish peers, who are each elected for life, and sixteen Scottish peers, who are all elected for each new Parliament. There is no limit to the number of English hereditary peers, who sit by virtue of their descent, or as being created by the Crown, and their only qualification is, that they be of full age, and not incapacitated by mental imbecility. The Lords Temporal, though each has an equal vote, are divided into classes, denominated dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons; and they rank according to precedency. But though each class has its particular place assigned to it in the House, the ceremonious forms are not observed, except on state occasions. The Lords, on all ordinary occasions, sit promiscuously, with the exception of the bishops, who always retain their places.

The Lord Chancellor, by virtue of his office, presides as Speaker or Chairman of the House of Lords, but his authority is not so clearly defined, by any means, as is that of the Speaker of the House of Commons. But though Speaker of the House, by virtue of his office, the Chancellor can leave the woolsack, and deliver his sentiments in the course of any debate—a right which is perpetually exercised: whereas the Speaker of the Commons is expected to preserve a strict neutrality. When the Lord Chancellor leaves the woolsack, some other noble lord, at his request, takes his seat for him: the Chairman of Committees (which office has been long ably filled by the Earl of Shaftesbury) acts as deputy Speaker of the Lords.

In addition to its legislative character, the House of Lords has supreme judicial functions; and it tries individuals who are impeached by the Commons; peers on indictment; hears and determines appeals from decisions of the Court of Chancery, as well as other appeals. When sitting as a court of justice, the House is open to the public, and the visitor may walk in unquestioned into the space below the bar. The peers in attendance on these occasions are usually only two or three law Lords; it may be the Chancellor, with one or two ex-Chancellors, and perhaps a judge who has retired from the bench. Judges are not members of the House of Lords by virtue of their office. They are formally summoned to attend the House to give their advice, and on some particular occasions are expressly called on to do so. But it is only such of the judges as have been created peers that can sit and vote, which, of course, they do by virtue of their peerage and not of their office.

The site of the old Royal Palace at Westminster is now occupied by the Houses of Parliament, or, to speak more correctly, by the New Palace. This forms one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected in a single decade in Europe—probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world. Some idea of its vast proportions may be gleaned when I state that it covers an area of nearly nine acres; that to the eastward it presents a frontage of nearly 1,000 feet; that the great tower at the southwestern extremity reaches the gigantic elevation of 350 feet; that towers of lesser magnitude crown other portions of the building; that fourteen halls, galleries, vestibules, and other apartments of great capacity and noble proportions, are contained within its limits; that it comprises eight official residences, each first-rate mansions, fit to receive families of distinction; that twenty corridors and lobbies are required to serve as the great roadways through this aggregation of edifices; that thirty-two noble apartments facing the river, are occupied as committee-rooms; that libraries, waiting-rooms, dining-rooms, and clerks' offices, exist in a superabundant measure; that eleven greater courts, and a score of minor openings, give light and air to the interior of this superb fabric; that its cubic contents exceed 15,000,000 feet, and that the structure contains not less than between 500 and 600 distinct apartments, amongst which is a chapel formed out of the crypt of old St. Stephen's.

Viewed from the river, the building presents a frontage of nearly 1,000 feet, and consists of a centre portion with towers, two wings, and wing-towers at each end. The wings have two stories above the basement; the centre and wing-towers, three stories. The wings and centre portions are divided into 35 bays by hexagonal buttresses.

The House of Lords usually meets in February, and continues its sittings to the middle of August. That their lordships are nobly housed I shall now proceed to relate.

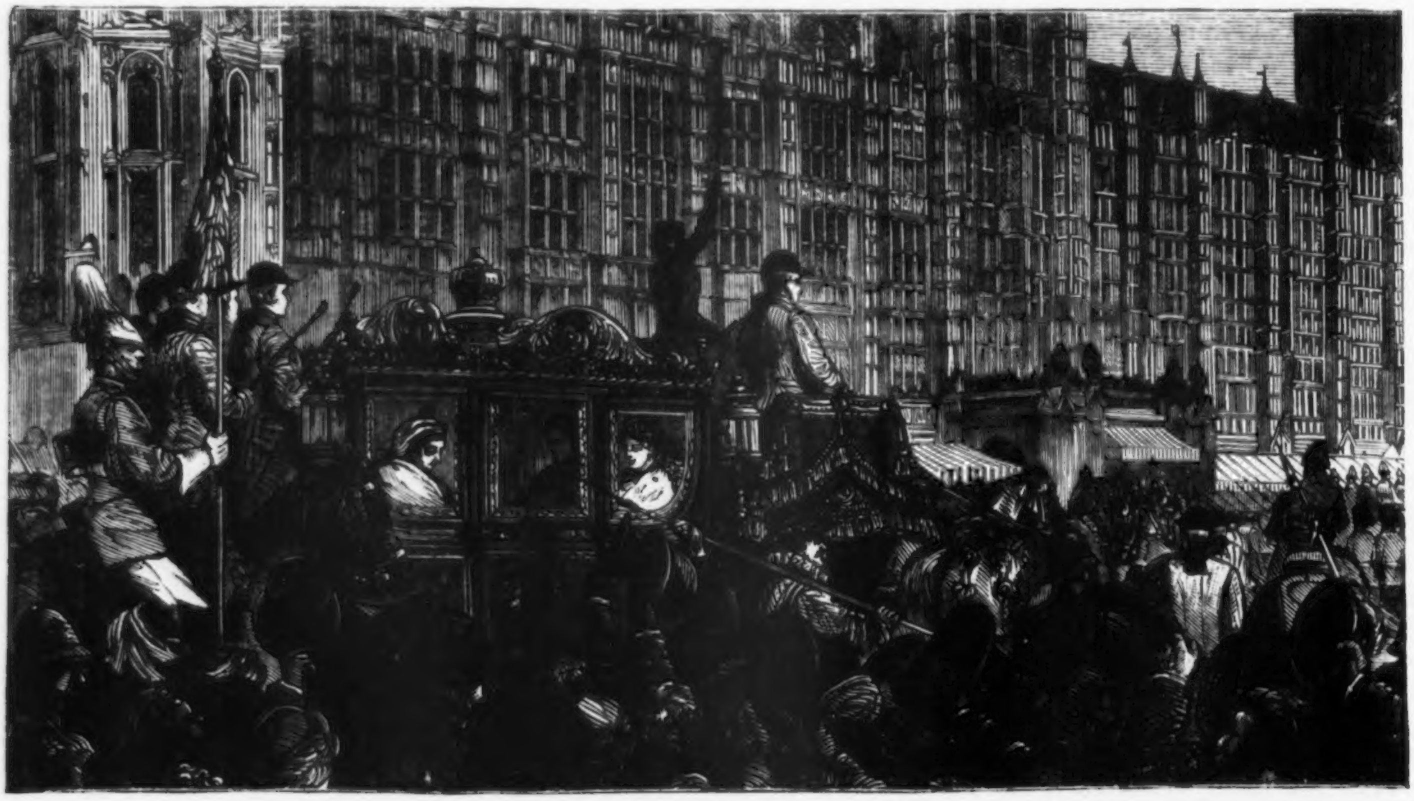
The Royal, or Victoria, Tower, through the gilded gateway of which the sovereign enters the House of Lords, is one of the most stupendous works of the kind ever conceived. It is 75 feet square, and rises to the height of 350 feet. Compared with this magnificent altitude, all other towers shrink into insignificance. The royal entrance beneath the tower is most striking, effective and superb. The loftiness of the vaulted groining, the rich and varied bosses at its intersections, the canopied niches over the doors, and the exquisite variety of the details, all unite in producing a charming whole. The royal staircase is entered from the Victoria Tower, and is very beautiful of design. There are three flights of eight stairs each, leading to a vestibule of exquisite beauty, having clustered columns supporting a very elegantly groined roof. Groups of pedestals, with statues, are at the bases of the statues. In this vestibule are doors of entrance into a guard-room and into the Queen's Robing Room.

The Robing Room is a lofty and spacious apartment, with a canopied Throne at the further end, opposite to which is a fresco from the "Legend of King Arthur." There are two doors to this room, one close upon the porch, the other nearer the Throne; and Her Majesty, entering at the former, comes forth at the latter into a noble hall, 110 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. This is called the Royal Gallery, and is decorated with frescoed illustrations of the "Death of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar," and the "Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo," by Maclise. The windows are filled with stained glass, and the ceiling is richly adorned with gilding and heraldry.

Passing from the Royal Gallery, the visitor enters the Prince's Chamber. This apartment is decorated with equal splendor to that just described; it contains a noble marble group, by Gibson, of "The Queen Supported by Justice and Mercy."

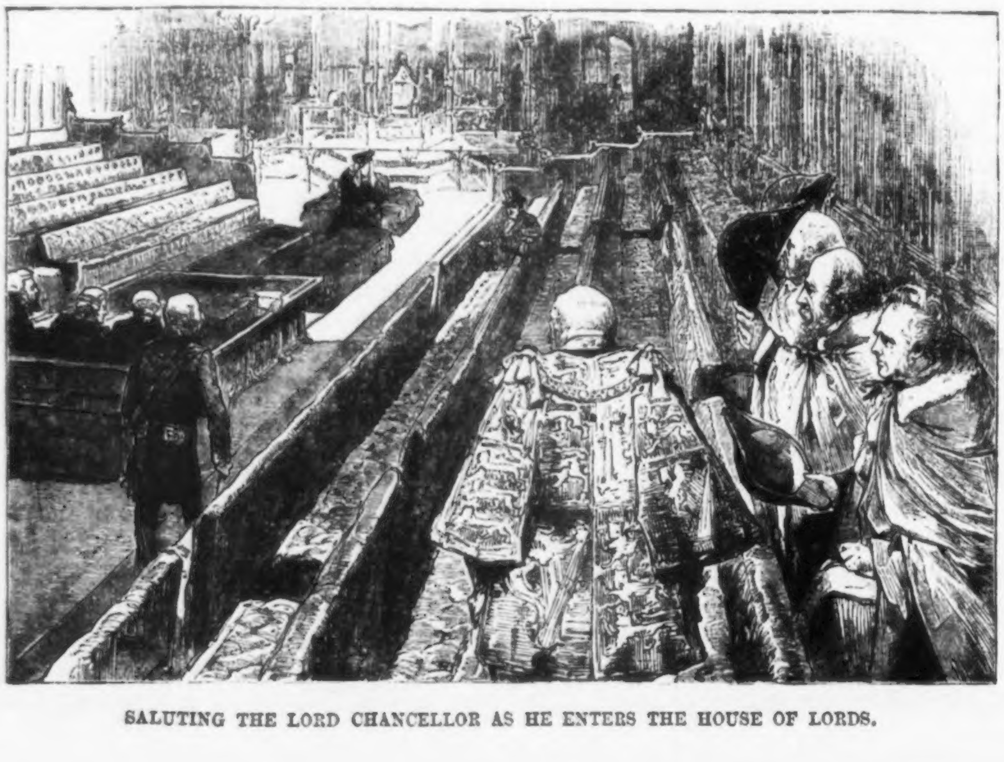
The House of Lords, which we now enter, is nearly 100 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. The chamber presents a *coup d'œil* of the utmost magnificence, no expense

XUM

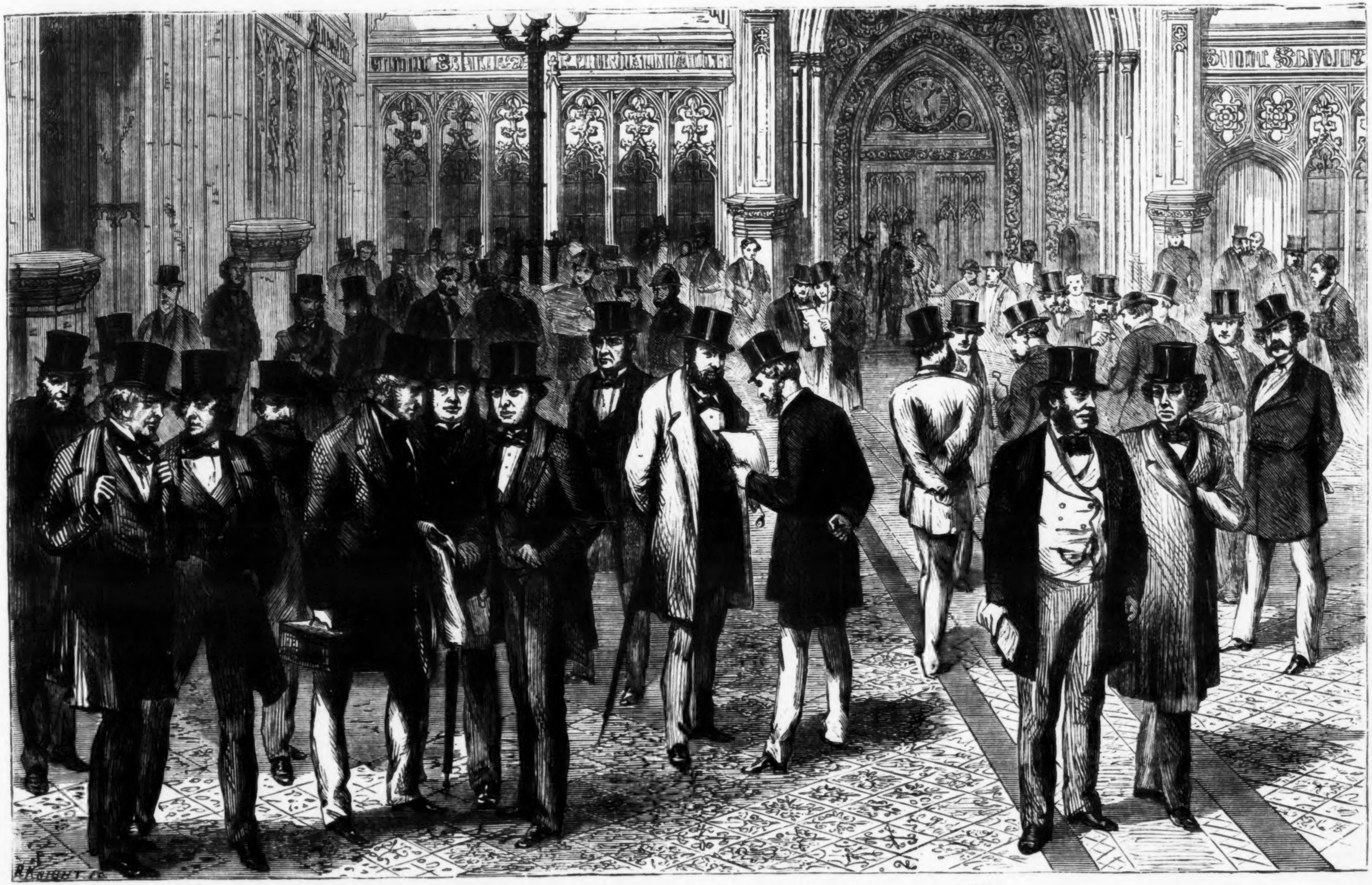


THE QUEEN PROCEEDING TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO OPEN PARLIAMENT.

having been spared to make it one of the richest in the world. The ceiling first attracts attention. It is not arched, but perfectly horizontal; massive ribs, carved and gilt, divide it into 18 compartments, and each of these is subdivided into 5 minor compartments, or panels, the ground of the panels being azure, enriched with heraldic devices. The ribs are, of course, supported by corbels and spandrels, perforated. At each point in the ceiling where the ribs intersect each other there are pendants which greatly enhance the beauty of that portion of the building; but there are no depending lights, no lustres, no chandeliers, to conceal elegance or cover deformity. The House of Lords betweeen its windows is richly frescoed, the fresco of "Henry Prince of Wales Committed to Prison for Assaulting Judge Gascoigne" being especially remarkable. In eighteen niches are life-size statues of the Magna Charta Barons. The gallery allotted to strangers bearing peers' orders occupies the north wall, and contains accommodations for 150 persons. The Throne and the Reporters' Gallery fill spaces of nearly equal extent, but at opposite ends of the House. With the exception of those spaces, there is carried round the entire apartment a light gallery with seating space for 200 persons. The railing which protects these seats is a very beautiful specimen of brass-work and enamel. The Reporters' Gallery is placed in front of the Strangers' Gallery, but considerably nearer to the floor, and immediately over the bar. The floor of the house presents to the eye of the spectator three principal divisions, which extend transversely, viz., from east to west, each occupying the full breadth of the apartment, but unequal parts of its length. In the upper or southern division is the Throne, together with spaces on either side assigned to distinguished foreigners and the eldest sons of peers. Next comes the central region, or "body of the House," the table and Woolsack occupying the middle portion of the floor. On each side of these are placed, on ascending steps, five lines of benches, covered with scarlet morocco leather, which are reserved for the exclusive use of the Peers. The northern or lower boundary of this division is called the "bar." Here the Speaker, accompanied by the assembly over which he presides, stands when summoned to attend Her Majesty or the Royal Commissions. From that place gentlemen of the long robe address the House in its Judicial form; witnesses are



SALUTING THE LORD CHANCELLOR AS HE ENTERS THE HOUSE OF LORDS.



HALL BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND HOUSE OF COMMONS, AFTER A DEBATE, IN 1871.

also there examined, and culprits are arraigned. The space below the bar affords standing-room for two or three hundred persons, who are entitled to admission there.

The Throne is distinguished by an airy, light and graceful appearance, which harmonizes at once with the building and its surroundings. The platform on which Her Majesty's chair stands is ascended by four steps, and constitutes a sort of central compartment, on either side of which, forming, as it were, two wings, are minor elevations, where stand two other chairs of state, one for the Prince of Wales, and the other was placed for the late Prince Consort. The former is on the right of the throne, and the latter on the left. The framework of Her Majesty's chair of state is carved in gilt, and studded with crystals. In other respects the structure of these seats is conformable with the established fashion of such furniture, being cushioned with velvet and gold embroidery. The royal arms are emblazoned on the central chair; those of the heir-apparent, on the chair appropriated to the Prince of Wales; the other chair is adorned with the shield of the late Prince Consort, surmounted by the multitudinous crests which Germans of gentle blood are usually entitled to display. In the most elevated and conspicuous part of the Throne are five niches, in which are placed statuettes, fully armed, each in the costume of one of the chief British Orders of Knighthood.

Passing southward, through the Peers' Lobby and corridor, we reach the grand central octagon hall, above which rises the central tower, 60 feet in diameter, and 300 feet high to the top of the lantern surmounting it.

The Refreshment Rooms of the House of Lords are the most luxurious apartments imaginable; the beautiful ceiling, the richly-carved doors, screens and panelings, the fittings-up, the crimson and green paper-hangings, and the general decorations, being extremely striking and harmonious. The Refreshment Rooms are situated on the river front of the Palace, behind the Lords' Library, and are approached from the House of Peers by the Bishops' Corridor, which communicates with the Victoria Lobby. These rooms are divided from each other by an elaborately carved screen, or bar, at which the refreshments are served by means of elevators from the kitchens below. The rooms are lighted by windows on one side only which give on the Peers' Court. On the opposite side the walls are paneled and have fireplaces of rich and beautiful design, the stone chimney-pieces being highly decorated with vines and foliage.

I have enjoyed some luxurious luncheons in these palatial apartments, and after a turtle-steak and a veal-cutlet, washed down by Dry Monopole, or one of the Chateaux, have felt "every inch a lord."

NUMBER NINETY-FOUR.

"YES," said Roland Glenavon to his friends when the servants left the room after the dessert had been handed round, "I know you all want to hear how it was I married at last. Nay," he added, seeing some deprecating gestures, "my wife is fully aware of my previous character, and won't mind my telling you the story. Will you?" inquired he, turning to the hostess, pretty Mrs. Glenavon, who was assisting her husband to entertain a party of men.

"Certainly not," replied she, laughing. "But I may as well leave you to your wine and cigars. The story will be better told in my absence."

And, rising with a smile for her husband and a gracious bow for young Denton, who held the door open, she left Roland to amuse his friends with the tale of his courtship, which I now give my readers as I heard it.

The previous history of Roland Glenavon must, however, first be briefly told. Heir to a fine estate in the Midlands, he was left an orphan while still an urchin in petticoats, and the result of a long minority was, that when he took a first-class at Oxford he came into a very handsome sum in Consols, as well as a good rent-roll. Roland, though something of a rowing and riding man before he went up, was studiously inclined, and had been infected by that Balliol enthusiasm which turns out prigs and fine fellows in almost equal proportions. His love of sport saved him from being a prig, and his love of books prevented him becoming a mere athlete. A deep friendship formed at a private tutor's, and cemented at Oxford, induced the graduate to forego the temptations of London and the attractions which were the more powerful that they were still untried, in order to accompany an eclectic young theologian on a prolonged foreign tour, which ended only when the influence of the Church of Rome had induced Roland's traveling companion to modify his views and change his future plans. So at four-and-twenty young Glenavon began his first London season with all the freshness of inexperience, and yet with the University angles rounded off by foreign travel. Well-grown and good-looking, a pleasant companion, an excellent dancer, a fair tennis-player and a cultivated man, he was sure to become popular; and his income of over fourteen thousand pounds made him decidedly *the* catch of the season among the commoners. When July drew toward its close, however, Roland Glenavon was still uncaptured, and after a round of country visits he retired to Glenavon Castle—a fine old feudal residence in the Midlands—to shoot and hunt with a party of friends. Several years rolled on, and at last even the most enterprising of dowagers put Roland down as "decidedly not a marrying man." He still danced from April to July, and flirted occasionally, but he remained to all appearances heart-whole, and he was so careful that no big brother nor over-anxious mother had yet dared to ask him his intentions. Sometimes an elderly aunt—a widow—took the part of hostess at Glenavon, and then the old house was filled with young married couples, with bevies of laughing girls, and with men who were not always selected from the most fashionable clubs, but who were always good company at home and in the field. During the hunting season the stables, which Roland had rebuilt, were filled with horses for friends, and there was no more enthusiastic votary of the chase than the host himself, who offered stable room to men possessing their own studs, and mounts to those who did not keep horses. He entertained royally, and no one was more popular. But he was rapidly approaching his fortieth year, and yet he did not marry.

It is now time to let Roland resume his own story.

"You may remember last Winter," he said, "that we began cub-hunting very early, and that there was no frost to stop us till February. Most of you fellows were here then, and there were a lot of women, too, about Christmas time. The ladies rode harder than you did, and what with big runs and long days, and the chapter of accidents, I had scarcely a horse fit to go when New Year came. I must have turned some of you out, or left you at home to play billiards, if I had not thought of running up to Tattersall's one Saturday to pick up a few. I would not say what I was going for, or I know many of you would have left Glenavon rather than put me to trouble and expense: so I said I had business with my lawyers, left dear old Aunt Veronica and Vickers there (nodding at a man at the foot of the table) to look after you, and bolted. Of course there were all sort and sizes up for Monday's sale, and with the assistance of my vet. I soon spotted a few that might suit us. In looking down the Fourteen Stall Stable I was much struck by a dappled gray, whose coat was of a remarkably beautiful color and brilliancy. He did not look much like a hunter, and he had no character in the catalogue; but the horse was so handsome, and had such a singularly intelligent head, that, when I marked the hunters I had proposed bidding for, I returned to have another look at him. 'That is not your style at all,' remarked the vet. 'Don't look like jumping a bit, either; has some Arab blood in him, I should think.' This thought had struck me, also, for the horse had that very small, black muzzle, wide forehead, and deep jowl of the desert-born, while his silvery coat was of a finer texture than I had ever seen before. 'He might do for a hack,' I said, and ordered him to be brought out. His action was showy, and in the daylight he looked still handsomer than in the stable. The surgeon could not pronounce him unsound. Still I was fain to confess that he was not the sort of horse I had come to buy. At most fifteen hands, with somewhat straight shoulders, he looked fit neither for the field nor for a covert hack. So I went back to my club, and there again referred to my catalogue, which simply said, 'No. 49, Rajah, a gray gelding.'

"Nothing could well be less satisfactory, and on that day I thought no more about him. But Monday was a fine bright day, and when Rajah was brought out, and his beautiful coat glistened in the sunshine, while his intelligent head was stretched out, his large eyes gazing wonderingly at the crowd, and his inflated nostrils showing the fine pink, shell-like skin, I could not resist making a bid of five-and-twenty for him. To my surprise he was knocked down to me, and when I bought four hunters, I took the afternoon express down. The horses came on next day, and you may remember that most of you laughed at my anxiety about Rajah, and laughed still more when you saw him.

"I was quite fascinated by that horse. I fancied that he gave me a look of recognition when I brought him into the stable-yard, and certainly, when I went up to him in his box, he rubbed his nose against my face in the most affectionate way. But I had not the cheek to ride him to the meet, and to face all your chaff, for I was sure that he had some terrible defect which I should discover in half an hour's hacking. I was determined to try him myself, and alone. Nor was an early opportunity wanting. There was to be one last day's shooting in the Hedgebury Spinnies, to finish the season, and we fixed the Wednesday for it, as there were no hounds within reach. I left you fellows over the lunch, and sneaked home to get Rajah saddled. I rode him down the avenue at a walk, and he went as quietly as possible—rather sleepily, perhaps, but still at a fair pace. I then trotted and cantered across the park, and his action was unexceptionable, while his mouth was light as a feather. Well, thought I, he is at any rate a charming lady's hack. From the park I turned into the Dipston Road, and then through the farmyard, round the end of the outlying spinnies. I did not want you to see me, but was rather anxious as to how you had got on, so turned into Hedgebury Lane, which, as you know, takes to those crossroads in the woods where my property joins my late neighbor's, Mrs. Wycherley's. I was cantering along the grassy lane when one of you fired. Rajah stopped as if he had been shot himself, and thinking it was only natural nervousness, I allowed him a moment to recover, then patted his beautiful neck, and gave him the slightest touch with my whip. He did not move an inch, so I patted him again, talked to him, and let him have a very tiny hint from the spurs. Still he would not budge, but looked round at me with a very curious expression in his large eyes. I began to get impatient, and gave him a good cut. He planted his forefeet firmly in the ground, and would not move a step forward, but again looked round at me, as I thought, almost wonderingly.

"At last I made up my mind to give him a severe dressing, and I shoved the spurs into him, while administering some very sharp cuts of my whip. He turned his head again, and I almost fancied his eyes were moist with tears; but he seemed still determined not to move, so that I am sorry to say I quite lost my temper, and thrashed him most unmercifully. The chastisement finally produced some result, for he dashed off at full gallop, and tore down the lane as hard as he could go. I was not unwilling to test his paces, and therefore let him have his head. He was in full swing, and we had just reached the crosroads, when there was another shot from your party. He stopped still more suddenly than before, and taken unawares as I was, I was sent clean over his head, and came down against the root of a tree, with one leg under me. I felt a violent wrench, and tried to get up, but unsuccessfully. I sank down again in agony, with the conviction that my leg was broken. But I was fully possessed of my senses, and watched the manœuvres of the horse with ever-increasing surprise.

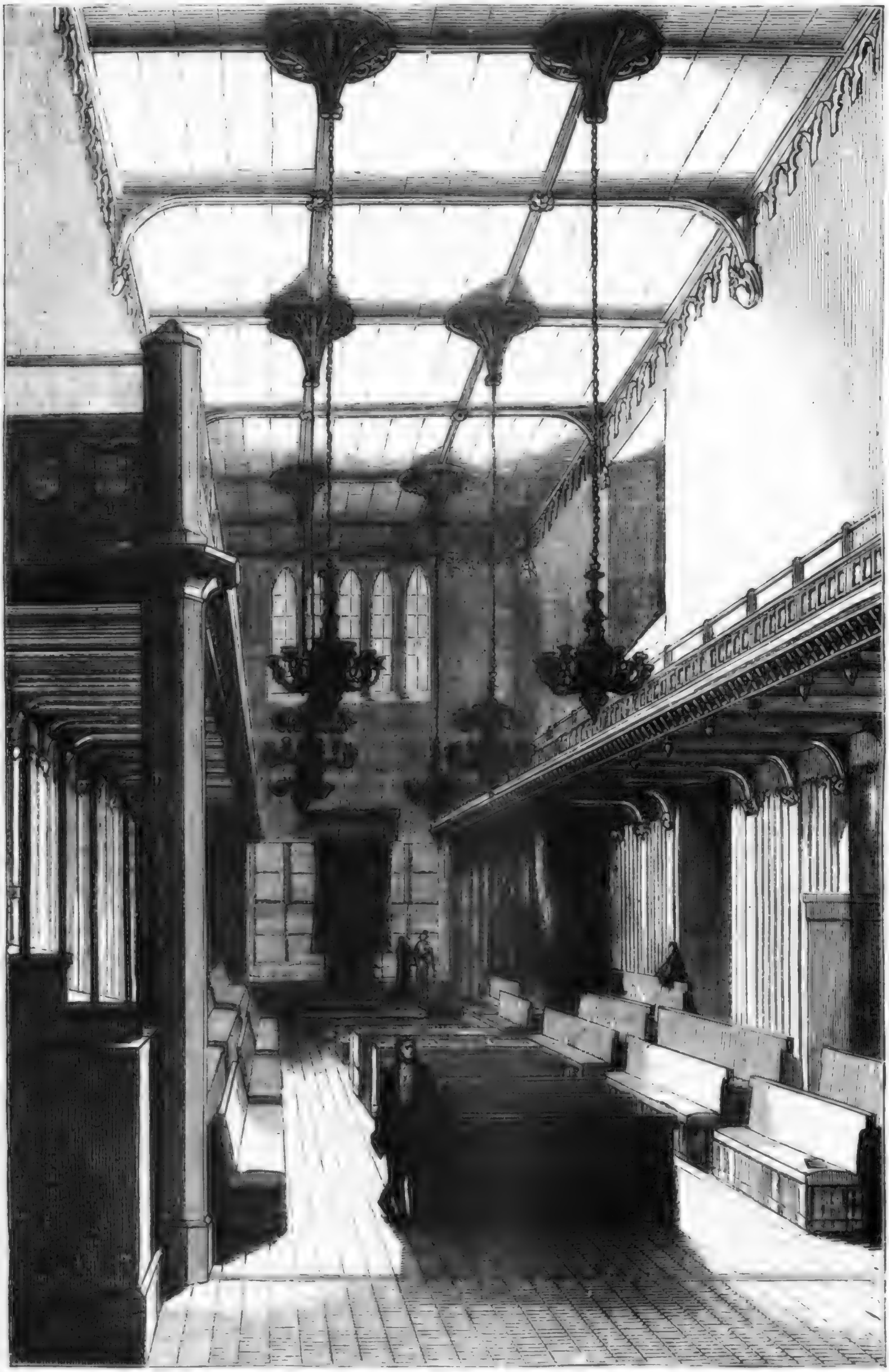
"When he saw me attempt to rise, he stretched out his neck and looked at me with the same wondering expression I had noticed before; but when I sank back again on the ground he seemed more satisfied, and neighed loudly. He then knelt down by my side and sniffed me all over. Apparently content, Rajah rose to his feet again, and proceeded to push a quantity of dead leaves toward me, working with his nose and his forefeet. There were plenty of leaves about, and in a very few minutes he had pushed up quite a respectable heap, which he tried to cover me with. I could not move my injured leg in the least, and was in mortal fear lest he should touch it with his hoofs. But he seemed very careful, and having made a large heap, gently pushed the leaves over me with his nose, till some were scattered pretty fairly all over my prostrate body. Then, as I wondered more and more, he galloped away down the lane toward Crampton, neighing loudly.

"I had heard no more shooting, and it was evident that you fellows were working toward home, which was more than three miles off. It was not of much use to shout, and I felt faint and weary, and therefore thought it better to wait for a chance passer-by. Nor had I very long to suffer in solitude, for very soon I heard the tramp of a horse down the lane, and the next minute Rajah reappeared, still neighing. He galloped up to me, and seemed satisfied at finding me in the same spot. He looked toward the lane; so did I, and from it emerged a pony carriage, driven by a lady, whom I soon recognised as my amiable and charming neighbor, Mrs. Wycherley, who had lost her venerable but (excuse my saying so) very tiresome and silly old husband the year before.

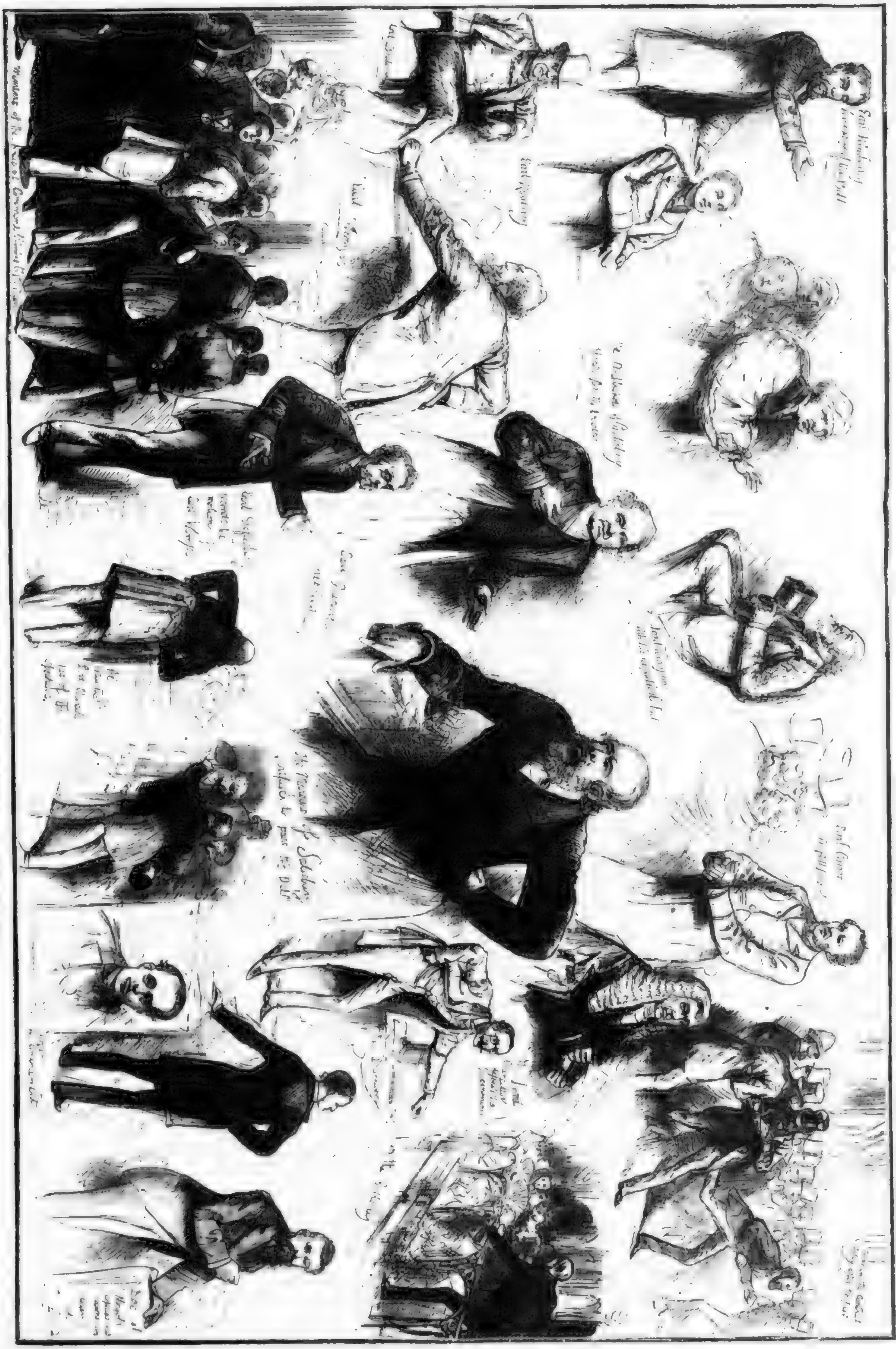
"'Why, there is somebody under those leaves,' she exclaimed to the lady who accompanied her, and pulled up the ponies. 'It is Mr. Glenavon, I declare!' she continued. 'What on earth are you doing there, Mr. Glenavon?'

"'I am afraid I have broken my leg,' I answered, meekly. 'At any rate I can't move.'

XUM



THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN 1835.—SEE PAGE 385.


The Marquis of Salisbury refuses to pass the Bill
Earl Kimberley
Earl Granville

SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS DURING THE DEBATE ON THE FRANCHISE BILL.

"In a moment she was out of her carriage. 'Charlotte,' she said to her companion, a lady of more than mature age, 'you are something of a doctor. Can you find out what is the matter with him?' And she turned away to look at Rajah, who was standing by the phaeton in the most composed manner, with a self-satisfied air, which would at any other time have made me roar with laughter. As it was, I could scarcely help shrieking with pain, even under the light touch of the lady doctor.

"I think Mr. Glenavon's leg is broken,' said this lady; 'we must either take him home or send for help.'

"'Oh, take him home," answered Mrs. Wycherley, quickly; 'your husband can attend to him at once. Dr. Clarke and his wife are stopping with me,' she explained, 'and he can set your poor leg at once, if you don't mind. The groom will walk back, and Mrs. Clarke and I will drive you. It is not half a mile to the house. and it's ever so far to Glenavon.'

"In a few minutes the ladies had piled up all the cushions in such a manner as to make almost a horizontal couch of the front of the phaeton, and while I endured tortures the three helped me into it. Mrs. Wycherley sat down beside me on the bare boards, while 'Charlotte' perched herself on the seat behind, and the little groom led Rajah back to Glenavon. It was a very short drive to Mrs. Wycherley's pretty home, and the rugs and cushions made it fairly easy. There was, however, time for me to admire my fair companion's eyes, which were large and liquid, and seemed full of pity and anxiety; her dainty gloved fingers, which so deftly handled the reins and whip; her—— But why describe her, gentlemen? You have seen her and know her. Excuse the enthusiasm of a husband who is still a lover.

"To resume, Dr. Clarke had me carried to a spare room and set my leg at once. He absolutely prohibited my being removed for a week at least. He, his good wife and Mrs. Wycherley took turns at nursing me, and when after a few days his professional avocations called him to town, Mrs. Wycherly was my constant companion. An invalid-couch was brought, which enabled me to be wheeled into the adjoining room, and my fair hostess was so kind, and made my convalescence so pleasant, that I was quite sorry when I was able to hobble about on crutches, and had no longer an excuse for trespassing on her hospitality. The party here broke up when you heard of the accident, of which you could not guess the details, and you were all good enough to come and pity me, while *I* felt that I was the happiest man alive. You know the rest. As soon as I recovered the use of my leg I knelt at Mrs. Wycherley's feet, and she is now Mrs. Glenavon."

"But what about Rajah?" we all asked.

"Oh! Rajah's history is this: I discovered it afterward. He came out of a traveling circus, and had been taught to perform as a Life Guardsman's horse in Egypt. His master was supposed to be wounded by a shot from an Arab, and to fall off. Rajah had then been trained to bury him in the sand all but his head, and to gallop away to fetch an ambulance. The poor horse expected me to fall off at the first shot, and was very indignant at my not doing so. When at last I tumbled, he was grieved and astonished at my not remaining motionless like the circus rider. He then covered me with leaves, as there was no sand, and galloped off for the ambulance, which he met in the shape of Mrs. Wycherley's pony phaeton.

"Her attention was, of course, attracted by the riderless horse, and his neighing and other extraordinary antics induced her to follow him, with what result you know."

"What have you done with Rajah?" I inquired.

"He has the best and most comfortable box I could build," replied Roland, "and my wife rides him from May till August. In the shooting season he is led about by a lad for fear of accidents, and when he gets old he will be pensioned, for he has made me the happiest man alive."

FRUIT IN SUMMER.

The bland varieties of fruit (says a medical contemporary) are the most wholesome and nutritious—strawberries, apples, pears, grapes and gooseberries. The last named, however, with currants and raspberries, are less wholesome than the others. Stone-fruits are apt to disagree with the stomach; but the more watery, as peaches and large plums, are better than the smaller and drier, as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among foreign fruits, bananas are wholesome. Dried fruits and the skin of fruits in general are indigestible. Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit, and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated, it is productive of good, and no harm; but it is a fundamental principle that whatever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe and not over-ripe. This may sound trite, and, indeed, the principle is commonly admitted, but not, it would seem, by all; for we still find people, and not a few, who will themselves deliberately take, and worse, will give to their children, green gooseberries, green apples, etc., the very hardness of which, apart from their acid pungency, suggests their unfitness for digestion. Such people use as food an acid irritant poison, whose necessary action is to cause excessive intestinal secretion, with more or less inflammation. Hence arises diarrhea. On the other hand, fruit which is over-ripe, in which fermentation has begun, is a frequent cause of this disorder, and equally to be avoided. It should never be forgotten by any who incline to follow the season in their feeding, that the want of such precautions as the above may produce that dysenteric form of diarrhea which is occasionally as rapidly fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease.

A CZAR'S LOVE ADVENTURE.

The father of Peter the Great, Alexis Michaelowitz, was one of the most popular czars Russia ever had, and he would have been one of the greatest if his brilliant son had not eclipsed him.

Like many other crowned heads we have read about, Alexis was wont to dress in a plain civilian's garb or a common soldier's uniform, and move among his subjects, thus finding out their likes and dislikes, their wrongs and grievances; and very frequently the monarch's *ukases* were the result of the private's experiences among the people.

Not far from Moscow lived a poor nobleman named Matwies, who often received visits from the czar in his various disguises. Although Matwies recognized the czar every time, he was always careful to treat him according to his diguise, so that the other members of his family were entirely ignorant as to the real character of the visitor.

One day the czar visited Matwies dressed as a captain of the "guards." While conversing together a young lady entered the room where they were, but immediately retreated when she found it occupied. Alexis saw enough of her to notice that she was beautiful.

"Who is this young lady, Matwies?" he asked, after she had closed the door. "I never saw her here before."

"That is Nathalie Narajchkin, a distant relative from the country. She is poor, but amiable, and is an apt pupil. I have adopted her in my family, and love her as my own."

"Well," answered the czar, "take good care of her and teach her well, and I will find her a husband and give her a wedding-present. Does she know me?"

"She does not, sire. She never goes out. She never saw you."

"Introduce me to her as a simple captain, and do not let her know who I am."

At dinner the czar met Nathalie, and found her a very intelligent and highly interesting maiden, so much so, indeed, that he fell desperately in love with her, and the great Czar of all the Russias was conquered by a modest girl.

From that day the czar came more frequently than ever before, and being handsome and gallant, it was but a short time before Nathalie found herself longing for the visits of the captain. Although no declaration was made, yet she was not blind to the captain's devotion to her.

Matwies, however, saw with alarm their growing attachment to each other, as he was aware of the fact that the czar was about to choose a wife from among the most handsome noblewomen of the empire, and he feared that his acquaintance with Nathalie would end ignominiously.

On the day before the one appointed by the czar for the choice of his czarina, he once more came to Matwies as captain.

"Matwies," he said, "you know that to-morrow I shall make a choice from the ladies of the Kremlin as to who shall share my throne with me. I desire Nathalie to be present and choose for herself a husband from among my courtiers, and whoever the fortunate man shall be I will rapidly promote him."

"Your will shall be obeyed, sire," said Matwies.

"Well, then, remember that for twenty-four more hours I am the 'captain' to Nathalie."

On the evening of the long-expected day the entire city was illuminated, and the palace, the Kremlin, was gorgeously decorated, while the brilliant lights threw their beams far across its surroundings; inside all was gayety, but with the handsomely attired ladies there was a general feeling of anxiety.

Who would be the happy one? They all rivaled each other in the splendor of dress and sweetness of manners. One, however, was more confident of success than all others, and that was the handsome but haughty Elizabeth, who was considered to be the belle of Moscow.

As the czar had been wont to mingle with these ladies occasionally in various incognitos, while one of his courtiers was representing him, none of the ladies knew whether the czar was present or not. Added to this the gentlemen were all masked. Consequently the ladies were anxious for the time to approach when the czar should command the masks to be lifted.

A long way back in a corner, with Matwies, sat the humble Nathalie, with a plain dress, and not a single diamond to adorn her beauty.

She thoroughly enjoyed what was to her so novel a scene. Suddenly she recognized among the masks her lover, by his captain's uniform. As soon as the captain's wandering eyes had found what they looked for, half hid in a corner, he came to her. She asked him whether or not the czar had made his choice yet.

"No, not yet," answered the captain. "But come with me, and I will bring you nearer to the monarch, and who knows but what he may choose you when he sees you."

"Oh, no!" said Nathalie, "I do not desire a crown; and how can I compete with so much beauty? Moreover," she added, looking archly at his eyes, as they shone through his mask, "I am happy enough now."

"You are very modest, Nathalie. Remember you may add to the happiness of your czar."

"I do not desire to be a czarina. Please, do not insist any longer," she answered, rather reproachfully.

Alexis saw that the only woman he cared for loved him also.

Going a few steps away from her, he commands—"Lift your masks!"

A deep silence pervaded the room, and every eye rested on the czar. The ladies trembled with fear and expectation, while the noblemen were curiously waiting to see to whom the honor should fall.

The czar took his crown, and placing it on the head of the modest Nathalie, said:

"Noblemen, see your czarina!"

The masked gentleman with whom the haughty Elizabeth had been promenading, and whom she felt sure to be the czar, was the court jester!

"I HOPE YOU'LL WHIP HIM!"

Coleridge was about seven years old, when one evening, on severe provocation from Frank, he rushed at him, knife in hand. Mrs. Coleridge interfered, and Samuel Taylor, dreading chastisement, and in fiercest fury, ran away to the banks of the River Otter.

The cold evening air, it was reasonably calculated, would calm his nerves and bring him quickly home, but the calculation was incorrect. He sat down in resolute stubbornness on the banks of the river, and experienced a gloomy inward satisfaction from reflecting how miserable his mother would be.

It was the end of October; the night was stormy; he lay on the damp ground, with the mournful murmuring of the Otter in his ear; but he flinched not, nor relented; with dogged determination he resolved to sleep it out.

His home, meanwhile, was in a tumult of distress and consternation. A search in all directions was instituted, and before morning the ponds and rivers were dragged.

At five in the morning the little rascal awoke, found himself able to cry but faintly, and was utterly unable to move. His crying, though feeble, attracted the notice of a gentleman who was passing that way, and he was borne home.

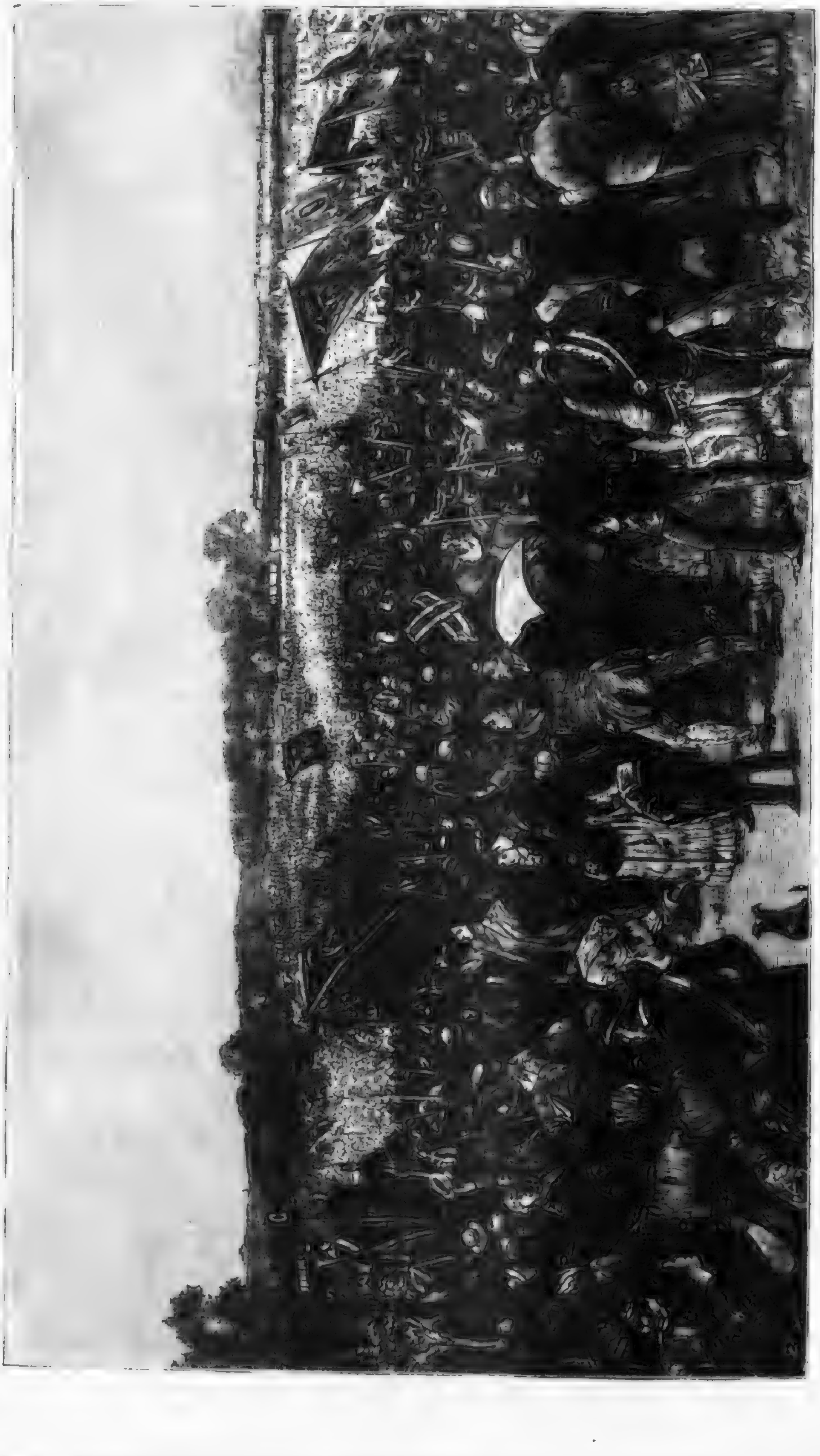
The joy of his parents was inexpressible; but, meantime, in rushed a young lady, crying out: "I hope you'll whip him, Mrs. Coleridge!"

Coleridge informed us that neither philosophy nor religion was ever afterward able to allay his inveterate antipathy to that woman.

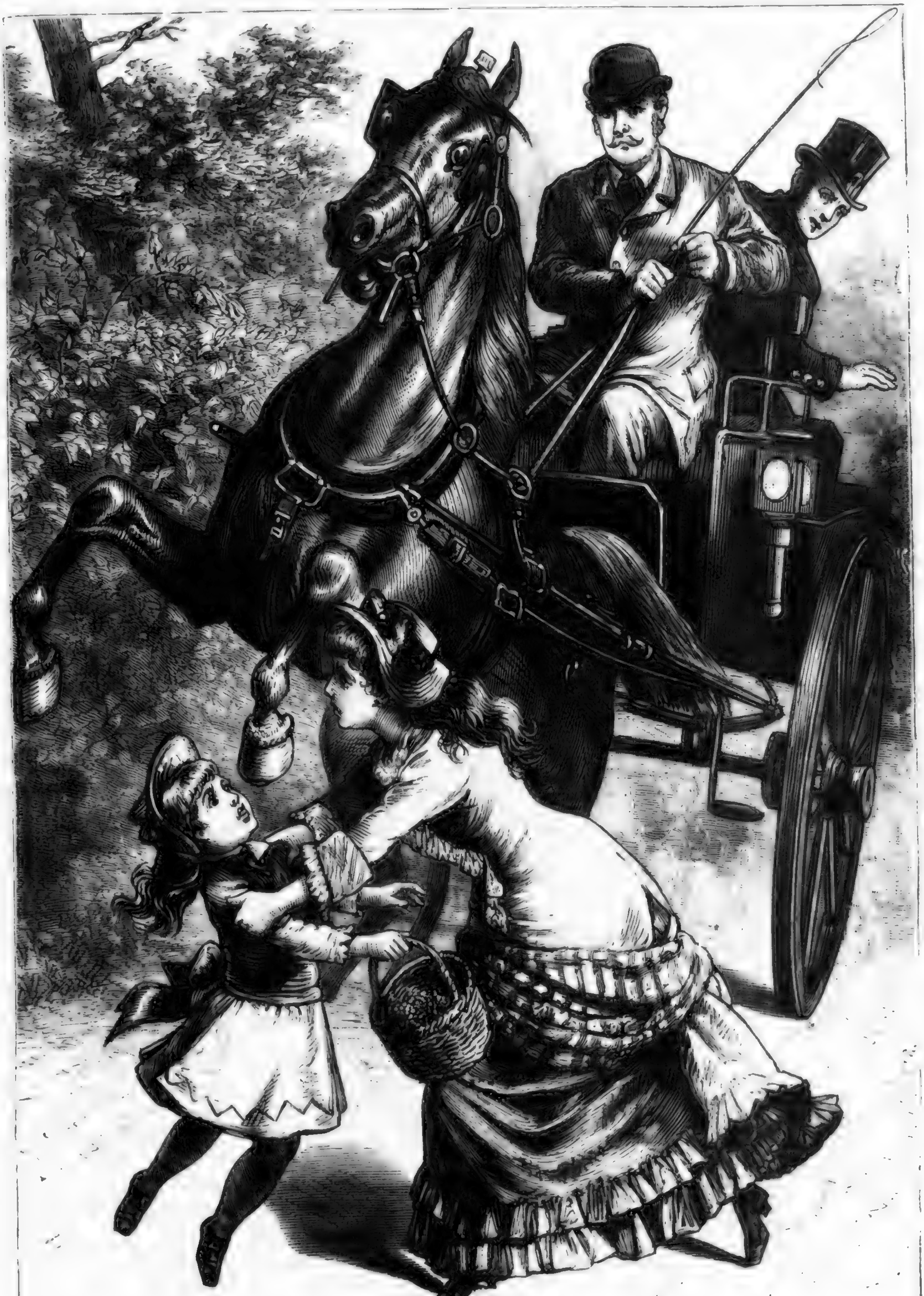
To be true men and women, we must be self-poised, self-directing and self-respecting. We must never hang our opinions upon another's thought or a party's dictum; we must never indolently shift responsibility or sink into mental captivity to a stronger nature. The most modest of us all, however lightly he may hold his own powers, must remember that they are his own, and on that account are of priceless value to him.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be great.

XUM



GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN HYDE PARK, LONDON, TO DENOUNCE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—SEE PAGE 385.



MY SISTER'S SWEETHEART.—"THE DOG-CART SUDDENLY TURNED THE CORNER, AND, HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MAUDE PULLING ME HASTILY FROM UNDER THE HORSE'S NOSE, I SHOULD INEVITABLY HAVE BEEN KNOCKED DOWN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

TO ——— WITH A WATER-LILY.

By F. Hardyman Parker.

(Translated from the Norwegian of H. Ibsen.)

See, loved one, what I bring—
A white-plumed flower!
Dream-weighted in the spring
Erewhile it slumbered,
On stillest streamlet sailing
'Mid lily cups unnumbered.

Clasped in the nunnery of thy soft breast
Wilt thou, dear, closely wear it?
Rocked on thy heart in a sweet unrest,
Do thou, love, softly bear it?
But the stream of the mountain-tarn,
Fly, oh, fly!
There dangers lurk, and, sweet, to dream there
Is to die.
The Water Spirit lures on sleep,
And the lilies float o'erhead on the deep,
Beware! beware!

Ah, child, the world is the mountain-tarn,
And to dream there, dearest, is to die,
And overhead the lilies lie,
And the Water Spirit with his song
Lures deep sleep and Death along.

MY SISTER'S SWEETHEART.

By M. Norcott.

Chapter I.

"O purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, or false for true!"
—Tennyson.

Among the earliest remembrances of my childhood is that of being nearly run over by a dog-cart drawn by a large golden chestnut, and driven by a young man in a gray overcoat. This, to the best of my belief, was the first time I ever saw Valentine Druce, my sister's sweetheart.

We had been blackberrying—my sister and I—and when about to cross the road in search of richer spoil, the aforesaid dog-cart suddenly turned the corner, and, had it not been for Maude's pulling me hastily from under the horse's nose, I should inevitably have been knocked down.

The young man, who had been driving at a good pace, certainly did his best to pull up, which he did with such a sudden jerk that his horse reared and plunged in a most alarming manner. He shouted his apologies and raised his hat, and would, I think, have liked to have spoken to us; but Maude bowed and hurried me away in the opposite direction, my heart thumping from the shock I had received.

A very handsome young man was Mr. Druce. I did not know him to be then, as I do now, our best friend and benefactor, but I felt an irresistible liking for him from the first, in spite of our *contretemps* with the dog-cart. His was essentially a good face, with truth, honesty and intellect written clearly in every line and feature, a beautiful soft smile and a gracious sweetness of manner:

"A mouth for mastery and manful work,
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes,
A brow the harbor of grave thought, and hair
Saxon of hue."

That day, as he drove past us in his handsome turnout, smart groom and glittering harness, he seemed, to my youthful fancy, one of the princes out of my fairy tales, and quite the handsomest person I had ever seen.

"Maude, who is he?" I asked, as soon as I could command my trembling voice.

"Who is he?" repeated Maude, in a dreamy voice. "Oh, that is Mr. Valentine Druce; he owns that pretty place over the river opposite us. Now, darling, you had a narrow escape. Take care in future. It was his fault, though; he ought not to drive at that pace round a corner."

A very pretty girl was my sister. In the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, there is a picture of which I am very fond, which reminds me strongly of what Maude was in those days. It is a study of a girl's head by Greuze. The golden-chestnut hair, with the little band of blue ribbon running carelessly through it, the deep-set, earnest blue eyes, the full red lips, form a lovely face, breathing softness and life.

It is, I fancy, a well-known picture, for artists are always more or less to be found surrounding it with their easels. As I said, that picture recalls Maude's sweet young face to my mind, only her complexion lacked the vigorous, healthy glow of Greuze's little maiden; Maude's was a pale, transparent skin, with rarely any color.

"Oh, tell me something about him," I continued; "why have I never seen him before?"

"He hasn't been home long, and there is nothing to tell you, dear, except that he lives all alone, poor fellow, with his sister, that lady with the white shawl and curls, you saw in church last Sunday."

"Poor fellow, how dull he must be," I replied, with a vivid recollection of the plain, uninteresting-looking countenance of the lady in question; "was that he in the drawing-room, Maude, yesterday? I saw a hat and stick in the hall, and nurse said I wasn't to go in, as it was a young gentleman come to see you. So I obeyed her, as in duty bound."

"Nurse had no right to prevent you coming in—yes, it was Mr. Druce; he brought some flowers from his sister; but, come, we must turn back now, as our tea will be waiting, and we have plenty of blackberries to make a tart for supper."

So we retraced our steps homeward, along the smooth, level country road, with the hedges on each side rich with Autumn tints, and overhung with nut-trees, brown copper-beech, mountain ash, with its brilliant berries, and dark fir and pine trees, behind which the hills rose up.

Ah, me! when I think of our sweet home in the Wye Valley, the tears rush into my eyes. How dear to me were those rambles, returning home to our comfortable house beside the river, with a frosty, wintry smell in the air, knowing a bright fire and pleasant tea were awaiting us.

The Germans have a word called "*heimweh*," for which we English have no equivalent—we cannot translate it into such ugly words as "home-sickness," or "home-longing." It has a peculiar beauty of its own, which can only be felt by those who have experienced it.

We were orphans, my sister and I. Our father—our last remaining parent—had died a year previous to the time of which I write. We had few relations in the world, and those we had were in India.

So in the quiet Wye Valley we lived, away from every one, with our old governess, who acted on occasions as chaperon to Maude. We had our friends all the same, but as they lived some miles off, we seldom saw them. Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Mr. Druce's appearance caused me some little excitement, and speculations about him occupied a great deal of my thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

NOT for a week after our blackberry expedition did I see Valentine Druce, or any trace of him. During that week I extracted from my nurse all that she knew about him, the sum total of which was that he was a very rich young gentleman, and supposed, by the domestic portion of our establishment, to be courting, as nurse termed it, my sister.

This gave me a new and profound interest in him and his affairs. I longed for Maude to make me her confidant, and hinted darkly sometimes about my future should she marry; upon all of which occasions Maude quietly said she had no intention of ever getting married.

Besides Valentine Druce, there was another who favored Maude with his attentions—a certain Sir Frederick Lewis, a young man of about twenty-eight, who lived close by.

From the first I hated him. A stout, thick-set figure, a thick, heavy, square face, with a very dark complexion, horrid, sleepy black eyes, that always had a disagreeable, odd leer in them. In short, Sir Frederick was as great a contrast to Mr. Druce as could be found anywhere.

I was never tired of telling Maude how I disliked Sir Frederick, more especially as I guessed the reason of his frequent visits to us; but I need have entertained no fear as to Maude's feelings on the subject, as she cordially agreed with me in detesting the very sight of him.

One day my sister and I were walking in the lanes before breakfast, but not alone this time. We were accompanied by Valentine Druce, who looked quite as handsome and princely on foot as he did driving. He and Maude were chatting gayly, his merry laugh and his full manly tones blending most harmoniously.

A thick mist had risen from the river, sometimes completely enveloping the two figures on before me as I lingered behind, gathering an Autumn nosegay, diving into the woods and long, damp grass in search of treasures; for, with a child's quick, intuitive perception, I felt I was in the way. I liked Valentine, and was desirous that Maude should like him as well.

Soon, I think, they forgot my existence, so taken up were they with each other, conversing in low tones, Maude's cheeks flushed with youth and health, and he such a splendid young fellow, tall and stalwart. But I must not digress.

Once I heard Maude say, in answer to something he said:

"I will think about it, Valentine."

My eyes glistened. Here was a romance! She had called him Valentine! Would that blessed privilege ever be mine? Then he seemed to monopolize the rest of the conversation as well as Maude's hand, while she listened; and so our walk continued.

I was just beginning to realize that, with the best intentions to the contrary, playing gooseberry did become an insufferably dull task after a time, and that flowers, blackberries and even nuts, were not a "joy for ever," when a diversion appeared on the scene in the shape of Sir Frederick Lewis on his gray horse.

Maude and Valentine started a distance of several yards apart, and appeared deeply interested in the hedges, while the latter exclaimed, angrily:

"Here comes Lewis; what a tailor he looks on horseback; he has a nice animal, though."

"Horrid man; I quite detest him," answered Maude.

Meanwhile the innocent subject of their remarks was approaching, his usually scowling face looking blacker than ever at the sight of those two; he saw Maude's heightened color, and, if I am not much mistaken, he saw those two start asunder at his approach.

"Good-morning, Miss Dacres. D'ye do, Druce? I wonder you are not afraid of catching a cold on your chest such a morning as this; the fog is as thick as pea-soup. I didn't know you were given to this sort of healthy exercise, Miss Dacres, walking before the sun is up! I'm sure I wouldn't be out now, if I could help it; but I have to get to Chepstow about some business, and be back by lunch-time. Don't you pity me?" and he looked sentimentally at Maude, with his head on one side, with an expression that was intended at once to be interesting and captivating. It was, however, wasted, as Maude, looking away from him, said:

"Indeed, I do not, Sir Frederick. I think nothing could be nicer than a good long ride this lovely morning."

"Lovely morning!—ha! ha! I like that. Well, tastes differ; any way, I don't fancy you'd care for the ride or the lovely climate alone"; and he looked at Maude, who was looking away over the river to the picturesque little village of Brockweir, where some fishing-boats lay in the mud waiting for the tide. Some children were playing about—fat, fair children, with chubby red cheeks and yellow curling hair—their shouts came over the water to us, to Valentine and me, who were waiting, perched on a a stile at some distance from the other two, Valentine all the time helping himself plentifully to the nuts and blackberries in my basket. Sir Frederick noticed Maude's inattention with a little pique. He had not usually to repeat his remarks twice for the benefit of his friends.

"You seem preoccupied this morning, Miss Dacres, so I will say good-morning!" he remarked, somewhat testily; and Maude, awakening to the position, answered, quietly:

"Well, if you have so far to go, and so little time to do it in, perhaps you had better."

'You did give him a capital snub," remarked Valentine, as Sir Frederick put spurs to his horse and cantered away.

Valentine then took Maude's arm within his own, and marched on with an air of proud possession; neither of them thought of me, with damp shoes and wet frock from my contact with the long damp grass and dripping trees. For their every moment was golden; they were in a world of their own, supremely happy.

But all things have an end. Valentine left us at our gate, and we found a nice hot breakfast awaiting us.

That evening Maude told me of her engagement to Valentine, and I think my joy almost equaled hers. It was such a novelty, too, to think of having a brother-in-law in prospect.

We wept a little, too. What women do not in such cases? There is always a gentle touch of melancholy attached to one side of the question, and I am sure we made the most of it.

After that Valentine was a good deal with us, and the more I saw of him the more I loved him; and Maude—well, I think she would have died for him, her devotion was such.

Often Miss Druce came to see us, and the flowers she left behind her were the wonder and astonishment of the neighborhood. Sometimes we went to see her. Maude liked that better than visiting Mrs. Walker, Valentine's married sister, who lived some miles off, and whose house was always full of visitors. She—Mrs. Walker—was a kind woman all the same, but I am sure she was disappointed at Val not choosing some one richer than Maude for his wife, Valentine being what she termed her "young brother."

XUM

She had always expected great things of him, and made a great fuss with him, and the number of eligible heiresses that were invited to stay at the Grange for his benefit had been legion.

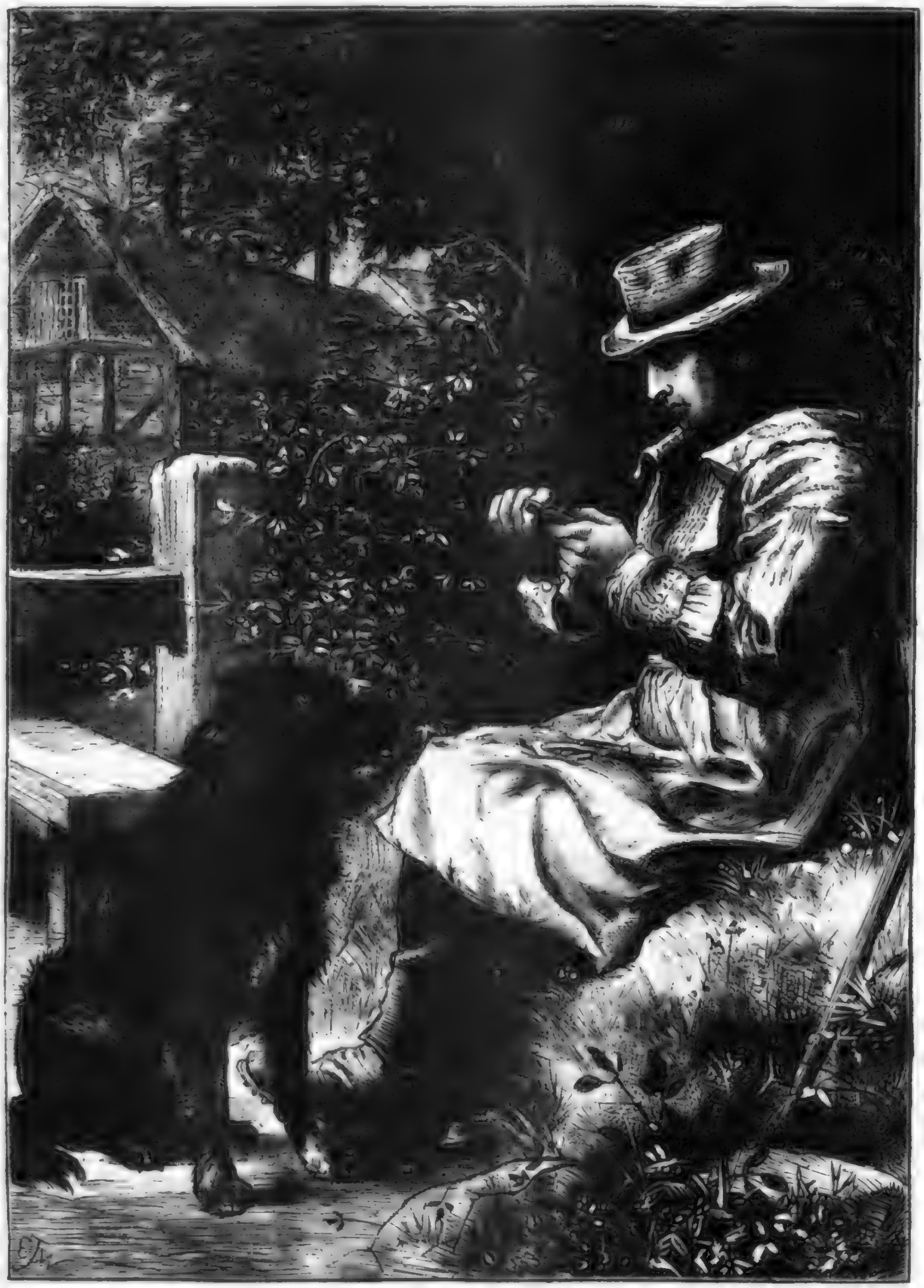
Valentine, however, hitherto escaped heart-whole, only to fall desperately in love with my portionless sister, who had, however, the truest, noblest nature in all the country round.

However, Mrs. Walker resigned herself to the inevitable, and sent Maude a card for a ball she was giving, but from which my sister excused herself on a plea of her mourning for my father.

Valentine was disappointed, and began to entertain serious thoughts of not going himself, for which he was severely reprimanded by Maude.

"You silly boy, of course you must go; you will have to entertain the people, and I promise not to be jealous if you dance more than twice with Miss Banks—isn't that *carte blanche* for you? So go along, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

The Miss Banks in question was the last imported heiress at the Grange—really a nice, pretty girl—but Maude knew very little of her, she being a young lady who preferred gentlemen's society to ladies'.



THE WHISTLE-MAKER.

Chapter III.

One day, as I was returning home from a walk with my old governess, we met Sir Frederick Lewis coming out of our gate. He was walking fast, with an angry scowl on his face, and took no notice of us, only when Muff, our dear Skye terrier, accidentally ran across his path, he kicked him out of the way with muttered curses. I ran quickly indoors and found Maude in the drawing-room, standing like a statue in the middle of the room.

"Maude, what is Sir Frederick angry about? We met him at the gate, and he looked in such a rage, and kicked poor Muff."

Maude's lips curled with disdain.

"Did he? How like him! Yes, he is a wicked man," she repeated to herself.

"Maude," said I, suddenly approaching her and speaking in a whisper, "I am sure he wants you to marry him, and he's angry because you like Val best."

"Hush, child! What makes you think of such nonsense? Come and help me move these plants into the room. We must make it look pretty, as Val is coming to tea to-night."

And a bright, joyous light came to Maude's face as she stepped through the lace curtains into our pretty conservatory.

Maude's face among the flowers, stooping every now and then to smell their perfume; the neat, small head, with the wealth of yellow hair, gleaming from among the palms and ferns—this is a sweet picture that has never faded from my mind.

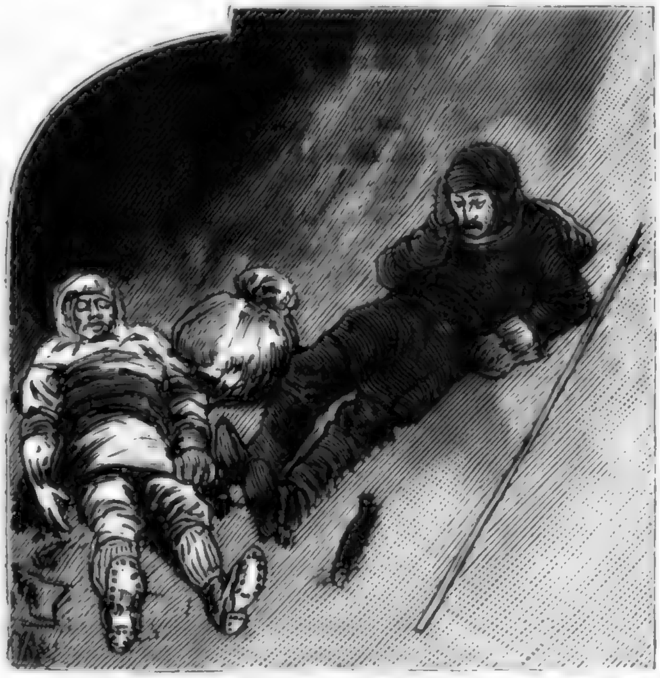
Suddenly a head was put in at the door—Val's. He saw the pretty figure in the conservatory, not a motion of which missed his observant eye. He ran to Maude's assistance with the flowers, and we were all busy together, when our parlor-maid entered.

"Mr. Beeching is in the dining-room, ma'am, and wishes to speak to you."

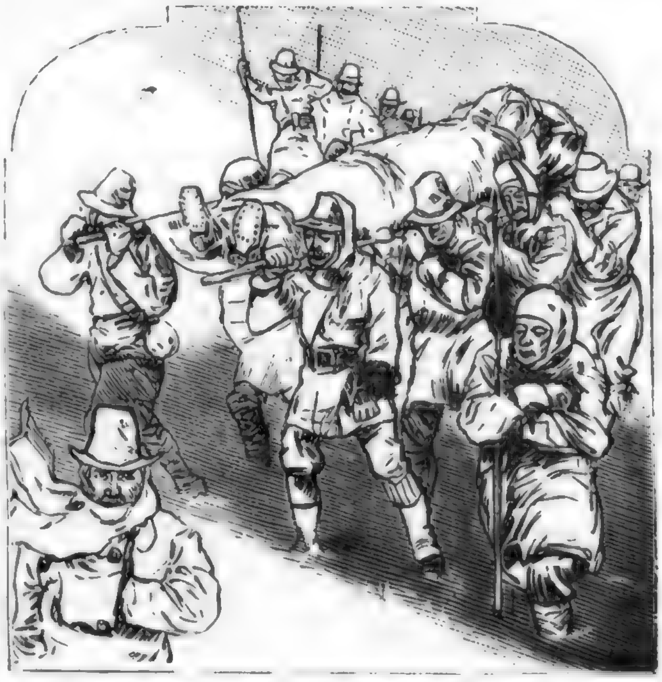
"All right, Jane. I'll come in a moment. Val, show the child how to play chopsticks while I am gone. What can the man want, I wonder?"

And Maude danced out of the room to interview our landlord.

In the meanwhile Val, who had mastered the treble difficulties of chopsticks under Maude's tuition, vainly tried to impart his knowledge to me. Perhaps he had not the gift of teaching—it is a gift, I believe—or perhaps he missed the stimulating influence of Maude's presence—anyhow, my progress was slow, and I had scarcely mastered the first variation, when the door opened to admit Maude, with a long, horrified face.



A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.—"ALL NIGHT LONG THE TWO MEN LAY ON THE SNOW, EGGER SLOWLY BLEEDING TO DEATH." SEE PAGE 411.



A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.—"ON THE FOLLOWING DAY THE BODY WAS CARRIED DOWN TO GRINDELWALD."

"Val, we must leave this house. He wants to sell it."

We both started to our feet.

"The deuce he does! What! do you mean to say Beeching has given you notice to quit?" exclaimed Val.

"Well, he didn't say so at first," answered Maude, looking very frightened and speaking in a strange voice; "but he said he wanted money, and had had a good offer for it, and would I prefer to buy it or leave?"

"Confound him! The scoundrel!" from Val.

"So I said I was sure I could not buy, as we had only a small income; and so I—I supposed we should have to go."

And Maude finished her sentence with something that sounded suspiciously like a sob.

"The villain!"

And Val, clinching his teeth, strode about the room, while I sat scared and horrified, but still confident that nothing so dreadful could possibly happen to us; while Maude continued:

"He suggested writing to Mr. Hill, our lawyer, but I told him it would be no use; we had no spare money. Oh, Val! I know it is cowardly, but I feel too miserable when I think of having to leave this dear house."

"You sha'n't, either, rest assurred! There must be some mistake. I'll go and see Beeching myself, and find out what he's about, the old idiot!" said Val.

"Well, after all, if the house is his, and he wants money, we mustn't blame him," replied Maude. "He can't be supposed to consider our feelings in the matter so much as his own. Take care what you say to him, Val." And my sister, with a miserable pucker on her pretty brow, followed Valentine into the hall.

Val snatched up his hat and stick.

"Don't worry yourself, darling; it will be all right. The house sha'n't be sold, if I can help it," I heard him say; and in a few moments the hall-door shut with a bang, and he was gone, and Maud came back into the

XUM

warm, pretty room. It was quite dark then, and the fire threw out a comfortable glow of light into the room, falling like a golden halo round Maude's figure as she sat on the rug, her head bent down upon her hands. She was crying softly to herself.

I seated myself beside her, mingling my tears with hers, and rubbing my little smeared countenance against her hand as a token of silent consolation.

"Don't cry, Maudie. Val will make it all right."

Val did not return that night, but next morning came a note saying all was right, and he would explain all to us that afternoon. He was going then on horseback to Chepstow on business.

About three o'clock Valentine rode up, splashed from head to foot, for it was a damp day and the roads were muddy. He looked radiantly happy.

I like to think of him as I saw him then, in his strong health, his flushed young face, with the happy, conscious, almost bashful, look upon it as we ran out to meet him.

He gave his horse to the gardener, and ran up the steps to us. He drew from his pocket some thick parchments, and held them up to Maude.

"Wouldn't you like to look inside? What do you think it is—eh?"

"Oh, Val, tell me!" from Maude.

Val looked delighted, and held the papers high above his head to elude my hand, as I was making furtive springs at them.

"Oh, Val, tell me!" begged Maude.

Down came the papers into her hand. Val could no more have resisted that voice than he could have flown.

Maude opened it, with a gentle fluttering at her heart and a bright color in her cheeks as she gazed at two or three sheets of closely-written paper in a copper-plate hand; then she looked at the end, where some names were signed.

Meanwhile, Val watched her face with dancing, joyous eyes.

"Well, can you make it out?"

Maude raised her eyes, full of astonishment.

"Why, Val, does it mean that you have bought this place?"

"Just so; or, in other words, I am your landlord."

A long silence.

"Well, don't you like me? Sha'n't I be strict if you don't pay your rent to the day! Won't you catch it, just!"

At this I was fairly too overjoyed to do anything but half smother Val with embraces, and had to get on a chair for the purpose.

Maude's eyes were overflowing with tears; she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, Val, you are the best and kindest boy in the world! There is no one like you! Come in and tell us all about it!" I cried.

And, together, we dragged him on to the sofa in the drawing-room.

"Well," began Val, when we were seated, "I settled it all last night with Beeching. It seems some man from Leicestershire has had his eye on this place for some time, and offered Beeching a good price for it. Beeching, being only of human nature, could not withstand anything so tempting, especially as he wanted money; so he came away straight to you. Well, I found him rather hard work at first, but he came round after a time; and when I bid a trifle higher for the house than the gentleman from Leicestershire, he quite snapped at it, and we arranged to meet at a lawyer's this morning to sign the deeds, and here they are; that's all."

From that day forth Valentine was placed—in my estimation—on a pedestal miles above any other person on earth.

"Now, Maude, when we are married, you can have your choice of coming over the river to me at Kilmorey or remaining here."

"We will take it turn about," answered Maude, laughing.

"By-the-by," said Val, drawing a letter from his pocket. "I have just had a note from Kittie. She wants me to go over there to-morrow morning. She says they are getting up some surprise for the evening of her ball—she doesn't say what. I hope she does not want me to black my face and do a nigger with a banjo. I don't want to go. I want you to ride with me, Maude."

"No, Val. Of course you must go. We will have our ride next day; and I will take the opportunity to drive over and see Beatrice Ashton."

"Very well; then I'll tell you what you must do. After your visit, drive on to Kittie's; if you don't meet me on the road, drive on to the house. It's an age since you have been to see her; and she will be offended if you don't."

Maude smiled. She had a pretty good idea of how much Mrs. Walker would be offended, and also of that lady's indifference to her; but she answered, gayly enough:

"Very well; I'll come." And then, as Val rose to go, she said, smiling: "But don't flirt *too* much with Miss Banks."

Val gave her a delighted look, and then answered:

"I'll do my best to withstand the fascinations of that charming damsel; but I am but mortal."

Here a scuffle took place. Maude was threatening to box her boy's ears; her victim, feigning the most abject terror, was calling to me for protection in the most piteous and heartrending accents; then the hall-door banged, and then both passed the window arm-in-arm.

I watched them disappear; Maude was evidently seeing him safe off the premises. How pretty she looked, clinging to his arm and laughing brightly up in his face, the sun streaming on her yellow hair!

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was a bright warm one—a day we often meet with in September, and so much appreciated because so unexpected. Maude, in her pretty hat and plume, looked radiant as we drove away from the house along the weary, up-hill road toward Chepstow.

"Punch" was a lazy pony, fat and well-cared for, and that afternoon he felt no inclination to hurry himself as usual; I administered the whip at intervals.

Passing first Tintern Abbey, nestling down in the pretty village, and so on up-hill till the Wyndcliff was reached—the beautiful, majestic rocks—we stopped to look back and admire the glorious view, the winding, graceful river twining like a silver thread among the meadows, and in the faint, hazy distance a bright streak of water—the Severn.

Maude's friend was from home, so we drove straight on to Mrs. Walker's in quest of Valentine. We soon reached the park paling, and then swept into the drive.

A lovely old Elizabethan pile of red brick; a smooth, sloping lawn; tall brown copper beech-trees against the blue sky; croquet-hoops everywhere, and peacocks strutting about. This is my remembrance of "The Elms."

We were shown into a long drawing-room, handsomely furnished and hung with gorgeous drapery; the room was pervaded with the smell of fresh lavender—a scent that, if I smell at any time now, brings back vividly to my mind that day.

The room was empty; but at the end hung thick velvet curtains, which partially concealed a room beyond.

From this room came voices which, as we drew nearer into the room, we heard distinctly. The voices were without doubt Miss Banks's and Valentine's, speaking not in low tones, but in distinct, audible utterances.

Miss Banks was speaking, and, from where we stood, we could see part of her long silver drapery within the curtain.

"Do you dare to address me thus, sir, when I know it is evident to every one that your affections are given to another?"

Then Valentine's voice, clear and distinct:

"Do not speak so. You would judge me less harshly did you know the truth. I am indeed promised to another; but how bitterly I regret that one rash act no words can tell. I love you and you only—and you know it!"

Here the curtains opened to admit Sir Frederick Lewis; he looked surprised to see us, and advanced eagerly to Maude.

"Miss Dacres! You here? I am glad." Then, receiving no greeting from Maude, who was staring at him with a white, agitated face, he said:

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

Maude steadied herself with an effort in the interval before she spoke. We could hear those two voices still talking behind the velvet hangings from which Sir Frederick had emerged. My sister's voice sounded strange.

"Tell me, please, was that Valentine I heard speaking to Miss Banks?"

"Of course it was," answered he, staring at her in astonishment.

Suddenly he started as if a sudden thought had struck him, and into his eyes came a quick, eager look.

"You heard what he said, did you?" he said, lowering his voice, and his eyes glittering and bright like a serpent's "You heard him tell her he loved her, did you not? You should have heard him just now; he asked her to elope with him. I always told you he was not the model young man you thought him. Ha! ha!"

How I hated him as he stood there, and how I longed to take up the cudgel for Valentine; and yet how could I, when with my own ears I had heard that treachery to my sweet sister?

Poor Maude! how I pitied her! She sat staring at the curtains, scarcely seeing Sir Frederick, though each word sank deep into her heart.

Suddenly the curtains opened, and Miss Banks stepped into the room, followed by Valentine. He had a book in his hand, which he threw on a chair as he came forward to greet us.

"Maude, when did you come?"

Fortunately for us, just at that moment Mrs. Walker entered from another door, so my poor Maude advanced to meet her, and talked with her on all subjects, as if in a dream. Not once did she raise her eyes to Valentine, who was standing near her. Then a move was made by Miss Banks, who suggested that we should all stroll out into the garden, which we accordingly did. Maude kept behind, between Sir Frederick—who attached himself to her—and Mrs. Walker, and Val and Miss Banks walked on ahead; we walked slower than the couple in front, as we stopped continually to admire some plant or shrub. Coming to a turn in the avenue, Mrs. Walker said:

"Will you excuse me for a minute, Maude? I have forgotten something," and she walked back to the house.

Maude turned to Sir Frederick.

"I do not think I will go further to-day, thank you, Sir Frederick. Perhaps you would kindly call my pony-carriage round; it is getting late."

Sir Frederick was off in a minute.

"Oh, Maudie! won't you wait for Val?"

"Certainly not! Why should I?"

The tears came into my eyes. What a miserable visit this was! However, we had no time to talk. The carriage was waiting, and Sir Frederick ready to help us in. He pressed Maude's hand, and whispered smilingly to her, but she took no notice, and bowed coldly as we drove away down the avenue.

We did not talk much; each was occupied with the same thoughts—the words heard behind those velvet hangings.

Oh, how my idol had turned to clay!

Maude had given the reins to our little tiger in the back seat, who made Punch fly at a rate hitherto unexperienced before by him.

Maude sat with her hands folded, deep in thought. So we flew over the ground. It was getting dusk, and there was a frosty smell in the air which penetrated my bones. I had brought no cloak, neither had Maude; it had been so warm when we started.

"Maude, aren't you cold? I am."

Maude roused herself.

"Are you, dear? Never mind, we shall be home soon. By-the-by, dear, what do you think if we went to X—— to-morrow to stay with Dr. and Mrs. Burton?"

This *was* startling. I could only gasp, "To-morrow?"

"Yes; why not? We have promised them so often, and I think we must go to-morrow."

"Oh, Maude! they are such stupid old people; *must* we go?"

"Yes; and I should like to start to-morrow. I've made up my mind, so don't ask me any more questions. I am very unhappy."

I sat wondering at this sudden move, but immediately guessed the cause of our sudden flight. Maude wished to avoid Valentine, and no wonder.

So we flew along, the hedgerows being the only objects that met our gaze. What a miserable drive it was! but nothing compared to the misery that came after.

That night we packed till midnight—Maude having telegraphed to Mrs. Burton our intention of visiting her.

When the morning came I ran up to my sister's room. I met her at the door with a note she had just written in her hand. She called a servant to take it over to Kilmorey, to Mr. Druce, and then we both went down to a hasty breakfast.

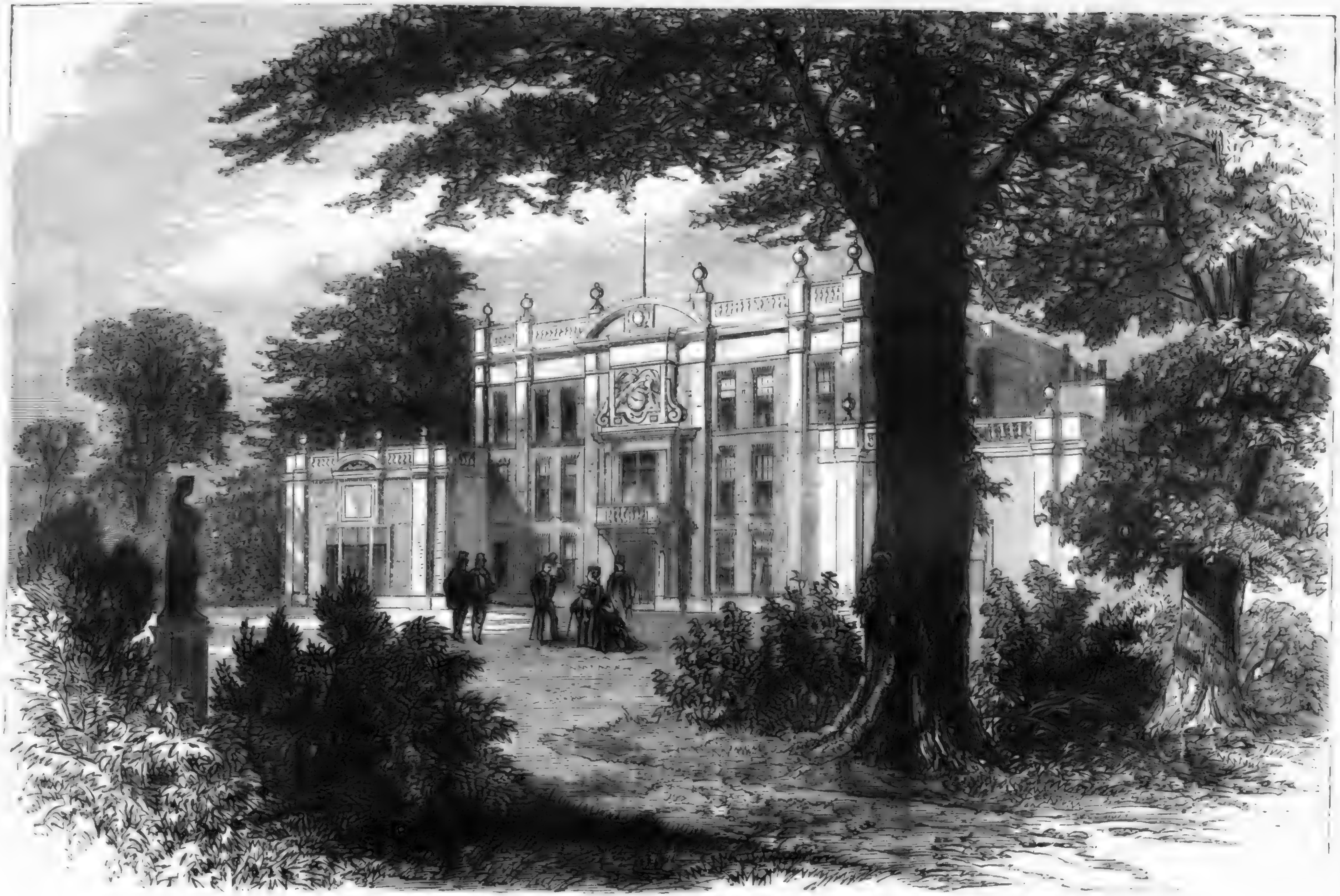
CHAPTER V.

THE journey to X—— was a short one—two hours at the most; but we were, nevertheless, glad to reach our destination, and to find Mrs. Burton, a little fat, fair woman, with a smiling, pleasant countenance, at the station awaiting us. She had been a great friend of our mother's, for whose sake she was willing to love us a great deal.

She made us at home at once, and assured us the dear doctor was dying to see us. The doctor was fond of ladies, young ones particularly. This we found by experience a few hours later.

That same evening, as Maude and I were sitting by the open window, gazing out at the black river with the black barges at anchor, their masts and rigging showing

XUM



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—CAMDEN PLACE, CHISELHURST, ENGLAND, RESIDENCE OF NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE.—SEE PAGE 412.

finely against the sky, the moon shimmering out bright upon everything, I said:

"Maude, isn't it like Venice, those old tumble-down houses over there, and the great tower rising up from among them?"

Maude smiled.

"It isn't a compliment to Venice, but all the same it is beautiful. How calm and cold the moon is, and how clear its reflection in the river! How still everything is!"

I looked at Maude. Her face looked white, and the eyes looked restless and miserable. It was a tired, weary face. Oh, how different from the one that I had seen pass the window a few days since on Valentine's arm!

I sat thinking over it all and felt very miserable, when I was suddenly aroused by the noise of a carriage driving rapidly up the quiet street. It stopped at our door, and two men, which we distinguished by the gas-lamp's glare to be policemen, jumped out, and rang loudly at the bell.

Maude and I watched them attentively, stretching our necks out of the window and gazing below. In a few moments Dr. Burton issued hastily from the house, and, together with the two men, jumped into the fly and drove rapidly away.

Maude and I drew in our heads and looked at each other.

"Some one must be very ill," said Maude.

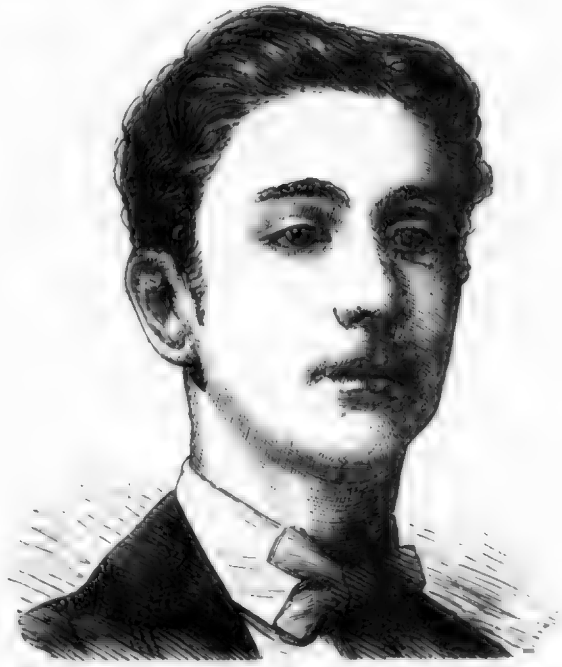
"Or, perhaps, they are taking him to the police-station," I volunteered.

Our surmises were put an end by Mrs. Burton entering the room in a dreadful hurry, wringing her hands.

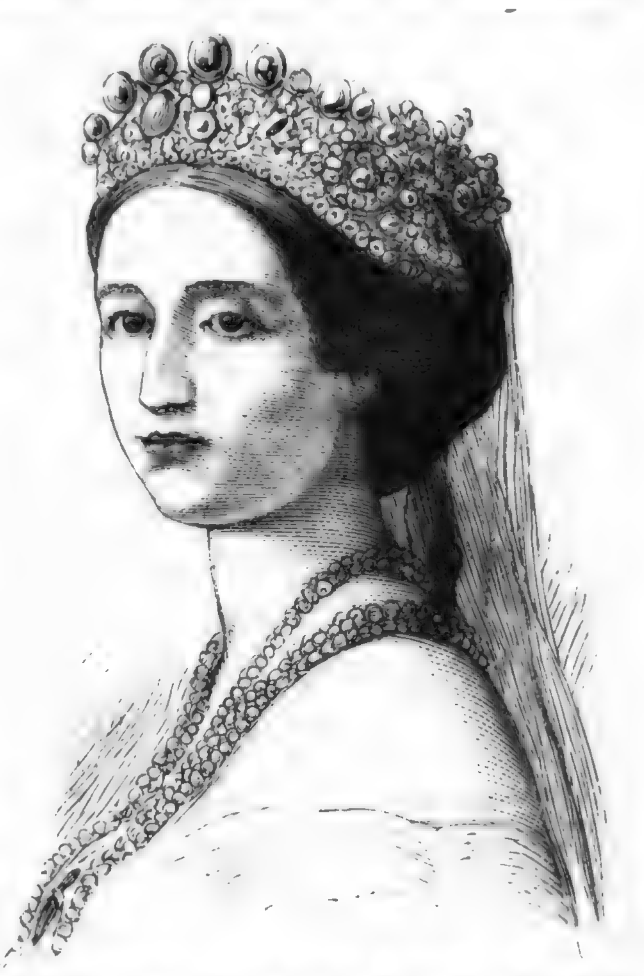
"Oh, girls, fancy! there has been a dreadful railway accident between this and B—— A special train is waiting to take the dear doctor, and he has just gone. How providentially you have escaped, my dear children—the very line you came by this morning!"

"How dreadful!" said Maude, in a hushed voice. "Are many hurt?"

"Oh, yes, several killed; but, of course, they cannot tell to what extent. The train ran off the line and tore through some plowed fields. They are preparing beds at the hospital; but I am sure they will not have room for them."



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—SEE PAGE 412.



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.—SEE PAGE 412.

We talked on in awestruck voices, looking out into the pale moonlight, the white moon as radiant as ever.

What a scene of horror and misery she was now illuminating miles away among those dreary fields! How many now were lying cold and dead who, but a few hours since, were well and strong!

Where were they all now? Were they all safe up above in that clear, vaulted sky? Ah! who can tell? I could only wonder in my child's way, frightened and awestruck at this near approach of death.

* * * * * *

I opened my eyes to find it was eleven o'clock, and I had been fast asleep; the room was very warm, and lamps were burning on every table.

Mrs. Burton and Maude were by the window, looking out. I joined them. The moon was nearly above our heads now, and a million stars were visible. I felt tired and stiff.

"How are the poor people, Maude?"

"We are sitting up for the doctor, dear. He has sent us word to get some beds ready here, so we have prepared the dining-room. You go to bed now, dear."

"No, let me stay with you. I will be quite quiet."

Receiving no direct refusal, I retired again to my chair in the corner.

Maude had run down-stairs on some errand for Mrs. Burton, when we heard the sound of wheels again coming up the street, driving slowly this time.

"They are coming now," said Mrs. Burton. "You remain quietly here, darling;" and she ran down-stairs.

I rushed to the window, threw up the sash, and gazed out below. Some men were carrying a stretcher from the fly into the house, on which lay a form covered up.

A thrill of horror ran through me. Shall I ever forget that hour? I hastily drew in my head and sobbed bitterly, with my face in my hands. Suddenly I was aroused

XUM

by a piercing scream ringing through the house. Maude's voice. I rushed to the door and tore out into the passage.

There, in the hall below, lay my sister, her head on Mrs. Burton's breast, who was kneeling beside her; she warned me back as I ran hastily down the stairs and entreated to be told what was the matter.

"Nothing, dear child. She will be better soon; she has fainted. It was a great shock for her; it seems she knew the poor young man in the room yonder; she said his name was Valentine. Did you know him?"

Chapter VI.

Next day was a day of misery and mourning. Yes, true enough, it was our Valentine who lay pale and death-like in the hushed, quiet room below.

But he was not dead, though unconscious from a fractured skull. An eminent doctor had been telegraphed for, and was expected that afternoon.

Maude and I were too miserable to do anything. Neither of us had moved from the stairs all night long, waiting from hour to hour to hear if he had regained consciousness, or was to go out from us for ever without one word, one look, or even the knowledge that those who loved him were near.

As the afternoon wore on and still the doctor had not come, Maude, from sheer exhaustion, fell asleep on the sofa in the drawing-room, while I sat on a stool at her feet, with my head on her lap.

We were aroused by a servant opening the door and announcing, much to our profound astonishment: "Sir Frederick Lewis!"

He came toward us hurriedly, while Maude started to her feet.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt, Miss Dacres. I have come, with Mrs. Walker and Miss Druce, as soon as we heard of this shocking affair. I have left them below. I could not rest till I had seen you and explained everything."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this—that I helped you that day at The Elms to imagine what was false, instead of telling you the truth—that they were only rehearsing their parts for some theatricals Mrs. Walker was getting up."

Oh! Maude, my poor sister, my heart bled for you! She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, moaning, "Oh, Val, Val!" Sir Frederick continued:

"I know you will hate and loath me more than ever now, but I can't rest till I have told you. Druce refused to act at all, but, in the absence of young Smith, consented to personate him and read his part, as you heard him. When I came into the drawing-room I thought, on my honor, that you were aware of the whole proceeding. It was only when I saw your astonished, horrified face, and heard you speak, that I guessed you were misunderstanding things. I think then Satan must have entered into my soul, tempting me to make the most of my opportunity, and letting you quietly think him untrue to you. What will you say to me? Oh, Miss Dacres, forgive me!"

He sank on his knees beside her, his face—no mistake this time—looking haggard and miserable.

Maude sprang away from him, her eyes flashing with rage.

"How dare you speak of forgiveness! I would kill you if I could. Go, leave me; you have ruined us both, and killed him! Oh, Val, my darling!" and throwing herself down upon the sofa-cushions, she burst into a paroxysm of tears.

I cannot tell what Sir Frederick would have done next, for the door opened to admit Mrs. Burton, accompanied by Valentine's sisters. She understood now in what relationship Valentine and Maude stood. Sir Frederick took the opportunity to slip away out of the room.

"You must not give way so, darling," said Mrs. Burton, stroking the golden head that lay half buried in the cushions.

"Mr. Druce is better. He is quite conscious now, and the doctor is with him."

Maude raised her head and looked at Mrs. Burton, and as she read in her face the confirmation of her words, her own face changed, a look of sudden joy took the place of the intensely-miserable one that had possessed it.

"Oh, is it true? Thank God!"

* * * * * *

So Valentine, before whose eyes the gates of the Eternal City had been slowly opening, was given back to us; the golden gates were shut, and he awoke, hour by hour and day day, to realize the glorious truth that he was to "live, and not die." The Angel of Death that had been hovering over us spread his dusky wings and left us; how happy we all were together then, and how far dearer he was to *us* than ever.

It was a long, tedious illness, however, and it was not till the very end of November that Val could be pronounced well enough to return home. How well I remember the afternoon before that remarkable day. Maude and I had been into town to make some purchases; when we got back to the house it was quite dark, we went straight up to the drawing-room, where we knew we should find Val. Maude opened the door gently and entered. The room was dark, a bright fire was burning on the hearth, and before it was Valentine, laying back in a low armchair. He did not look round as Maude came in, but he knew she was there; he felt her presence, felt the sweet rush of outer air which clung to her clothes.

"How dark it is, Val! Won't you have candles lit?"

"Not yet, love. Come."

Val stretched out his arm and turned a face, haggard and pale from suffering, but full of love and entreaty, to her.

Maude moved across to his chair and knelt down. He drew her soft head down upon his breast.

"Darling, how soon shall we be married?"

"Whenever you like, Val."

"I have a fancy that I should like you and I to begin the new year together, and I think, as I am an invalid, you must humor me in this. Will you, Maude?"

A pause.

"Speak, love—say you will?" asked Valentine, again.

"Yes, dear, if you wish it," replied my sister, and I, feeling I was no longer wanted, rose quickly and left the room.

A NIGHT ON THE BERGLI.

The Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes, under date of November 19th: "A strange, and to one of the concerned a fatal, accident occurred a few days ago in the Bernese Oberland. On Sunday last the weather, as it has been for a month past all over Switzerland, being fine and abnormally mild, Herr Anderfuhren, engineer, of Interlaken, set out from Grindelwald for the Bergli hut, which he has undertaken to reconstruct. He was accompanied by the guides Egger and Kaufman, and by a porter of the name of Schlegel. The first part of the ascent was accomplished with ease, but in the afternoon deep snow was encountered, and the progress of the party became slow and difficult. Then Schlegel fell ill, and half an hour before the hut was reached they were compelled to leave him behind. He thought that with a short rest he would be able to follow them; and it was agreed that after the others had cleared a path and opened the hut the two guides should return to meet him. A little higher up they had to cross a crevasse, which Schlegel could not have got over alone; and as soon as the hut was in view Egger went back to help the sick man over the obstacle, and to fetch the bag of provisions, some candles, and the lantern that Schlegel had been carrying. But when Egger neared the crevasse there was no sign of Schlegel, and, fearing that he might have become worse, and would require rather to be carried than merely helped, he went back for Kaufman. By this time night had fallen, and a light of some sort being indispensable, Egger knocked the bottom out of an empty wine-bottle which they found in the hut, and by putting a candle into the neck improvised a fair lantern.

"Thus equipped, the two guides made their way to the crevasse, where they were rejoiced to hear a shout from Schlegel, and to learn that he was not so bad as they feared, and that he required only the help of one of them. On this Kaufman, after giving Egger a lift over the crevasse, returned to the hut, leaving his companion to bring up the porter and his bag. By this time it was seven o'clock and quite dark, and a few minutes afterward Egger's candle went out. Unable, for lack of a match, to relight it, he was compelled to grope his way partly on his hands and knees in the direction of Schlegel's voice, whom he eventually succeeded in reaching. Then the two men, seated side by side on the snow, began to seek for matches and trim their lanterns. Just as Schlegel struck a light he heard Egger call out that he had cut himself. It was too true; the poor fellow had severed the radial artery of his right arm with the jagged edge of his bottle lantern. After vainly trying to stop the bleeding, Schlegel set off for the crevasse, with the intention, if by any possibility he could make his voice heard, of summoning the others. But he had only gone a few yards when Egger called him back; he felt that he was dying, he said.

"All night long the two men lay on the snow, Egger bleeding slowly to death, and Schlegel, by reason of his illness and long exposure to cold, little more than alive. In the meanwhile, Anderfuhren and Kaufman remained in the hut, ignorant of what had befallen their companions, and utterly unable to afford them any help, or even to ascertain what had become of them. Egger had taken the only candle they had, the others being in the bag, and the night was so dark that to have ventured forth among the precipices which surrounded them, and the rifts which in every direction intersected the track, would have been to court destruction. Toward three o'clock, however, the darkness being by that time somewhat less intense, they left the hut, and, roped firmly together, made with the utmost caution for the crevasse. This they safely crossed, and, guided by the light of Schlegel's lantern, succeeded in reaching the spot where the two men lay. Both were in a pitiable condition, and Egger's arm was still bleeding profusely. Herr Anderfuhren's and Kaufman's first proceeding was to take off their flannel shirts and give them to their disabled comrades, who had suffered terribly from the cold. Then, after a hurried consultation, they resolved to descend to Grindelwald with all speed for more strength and a surgeon.

"Long before they could return Egger was dead, and on the following day his body was carried down to Grindelwald. Schlegel is seriously ill, and it is doubtful if he will recover."

HOUSEKEEPING.

Every good wife must work out the practical details of housekeeping for herself. We are at last gradually learning to admit the great influence our daily food, and consequently our digestion, has on our daily life. The next thing to do is to put this newly-acquired wisdom into practice. If you wish to be a good housekeeper, begin by realizing that, as in other trades, there is no royal road to success, and that, beyond certain hard and fast rules, you have several very uncertain tastes and wants to take into account. "One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old proverb, truly enough. You may draw up an ideally perfect housekeeping code on paper, and in practice it will break down hopelessly at the first start, because you have totally forgotten the warning given in that old saw. The list of daily and weekly fare occasionally given by some of the correspondents of the newspapers have possessed a deep, unholy fascination to us. How, in the name of all that is wonderful, were they carried out, not by mortal men, but by mortal maid-servants? The thing is, that every one may be right in his own particular case, but wrong in expecting every one else to go and do likewise. If your household is to be comfortable and healthy, you must, to a certain extent, study individual tastes and wants, and not insist on reducing all to the same orthodox level. Give a little real thought to your daily bills of fare, for nursery, kitchen and dining-room alike, and you will be amply repaid. A wise man once said that the road to people's hearts lay through their stomachs. Well, why not? Our temper undoubtedly depends a great deal on our digestion, and we are far more likely to be grateful to and fond of the people who study both, than we are of the good folk who stump along regardless of either.

CHINESE METHOD OF SHAVING.

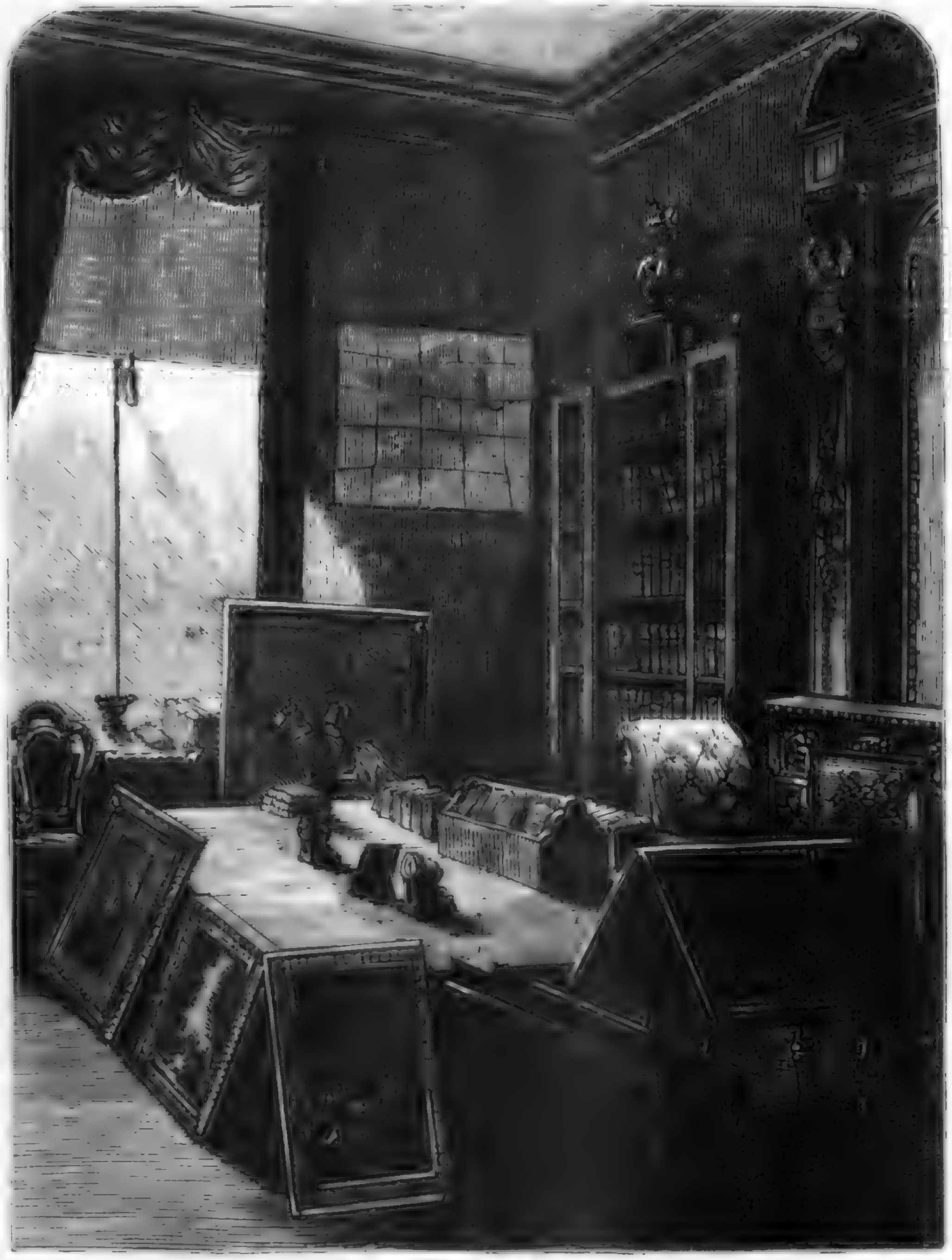
Chinese shaving is a slow process. The customer seats himself erect on a stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he is released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and lower part of the backhead are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and head are then washed and rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the "Swedish-movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulator stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers and even his toes, until the joints crack.

XUM

A DAY AT CHISELHURST.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

An hour's ride from London brought us to one of the prettiest but saddest of English towns, Chiselhurst. As we walked up the smooth, white roadway leading from the station to the village, so like the streets of ancient Rome, an exquisite landscape lay before us. On either side, the high walls, which always inclose an English home, were matted with ivy. Above these were great hawthorn trees, covered with red, pink or snowy blossoms, and here and there a laburnum with its golden clusters.



PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STUDY.

The houses, half wood and half brick, with large piazzas and broad lawns, looked restful and inviting. One, with its profusion of flowers, was so attractive that we ventured to ask if three Boston women might walk about the grounds. With a cordiality that made our hearts warm toward the English people, Mrs. Powell, a descendent of the famous Mary Powell, bade us welcome, asked us to take refreshments, which we felt would be too great a tax upon her hospitality, and sent her servant to cut us a bouquet of choice flowers.

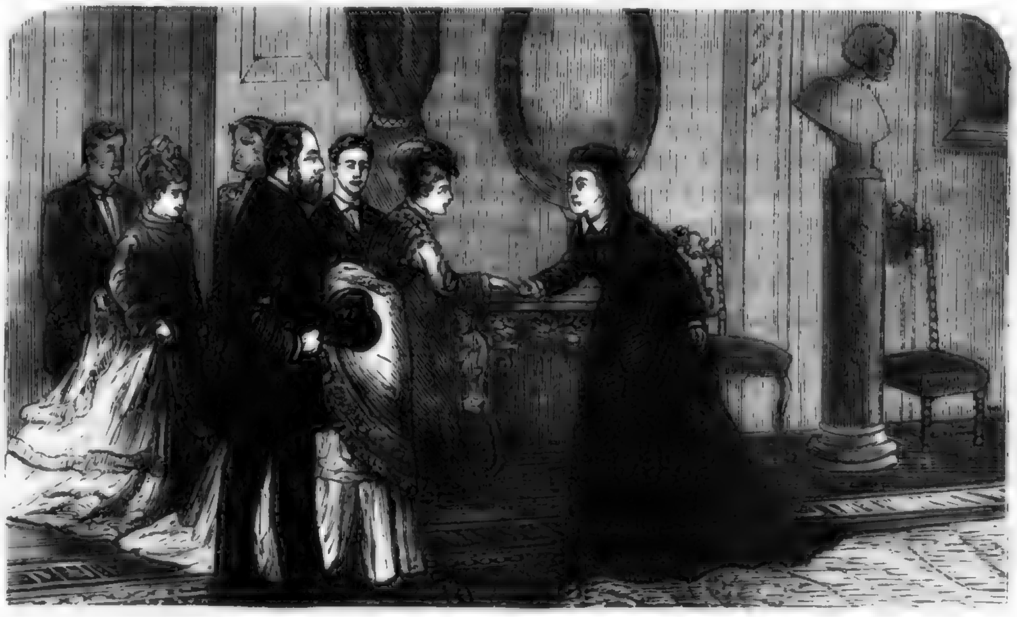
The large brick house in front and rear was covered with pink and yellow roses, while one end was as white with clematis as the ground after a snow-storm. Great beds of pansies, white and red daisies, brilliant tulips, purple rhododendrons, red and white azaleas and yellow narcissus and honeysuckle, scattered about the lawn, made a picture, rich in color, such as one rarely sees in a lifetime.

A half-hour's walk brought us to Camden House, the home of the Empress Eugénie, a cream-colored brick mansion with red brick trimmings, in Italian style, half hidden by cedar trees. In front stretches a great open space, filled with golden furze, and in the distance is the little vine-covered St. Mary's Church, where her husband and son are buried. What a history has this home! As we sat before it on this exquisite June day, we remembered how Eugénie, at one time the most beautiful woman in the world, had fled thither from the Tuileries in her waterproof and thick black vail, while the half-mad populace shouted, "A bas l'Impératrice! A la guillotine! la déchéance!" She did not come, however, by her own will, for, at the last moment, as she was almost dragged out of the palace by Prince Metternich, she said—being Regent while Napoleon was at the front—"I have no more right to abandon my post than a captain has his ship when the tempest rages. Leave me, prince. I know how to die; my place is here."

Mr. Strode, the owner, who had long been the friend of the Emperor, offered Camden House to her as soon as she arrived in England. At her request he received rental, but expended it in making the place more attractive.

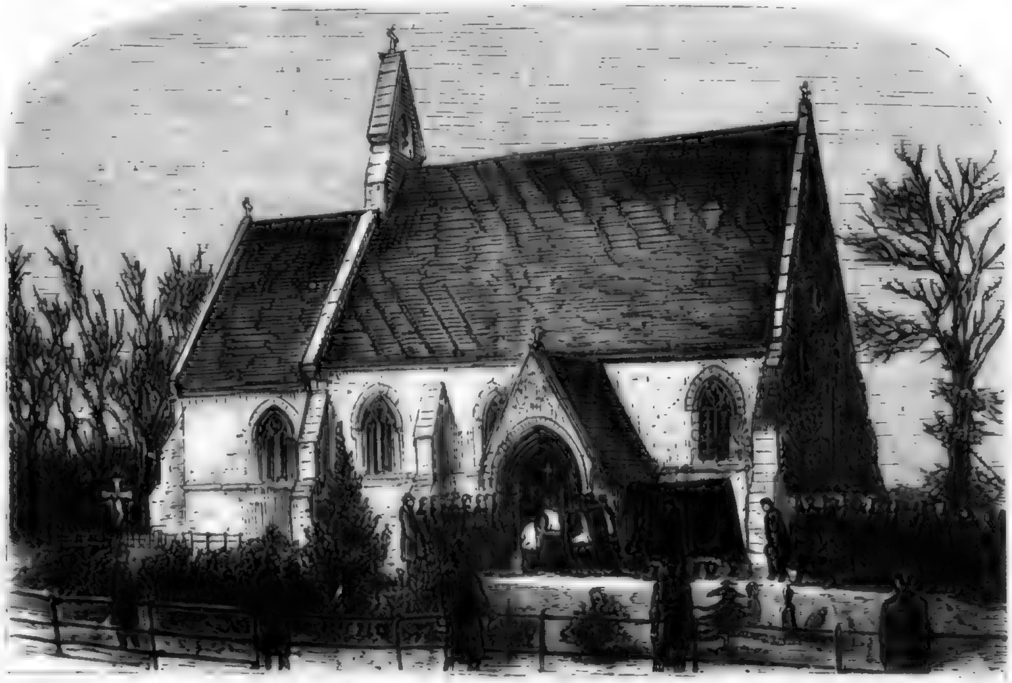
Here Napoleon came in 1872, after the humiliation of Sédan and the captivity of Wilhelmshöhe, to die. Down that graveled walk, and across the common to the church, 30,000 persons followed the body of the fallen

Emperor, once an exile in America, a prisoner at Ham for five years, then the great ruler of a great people.

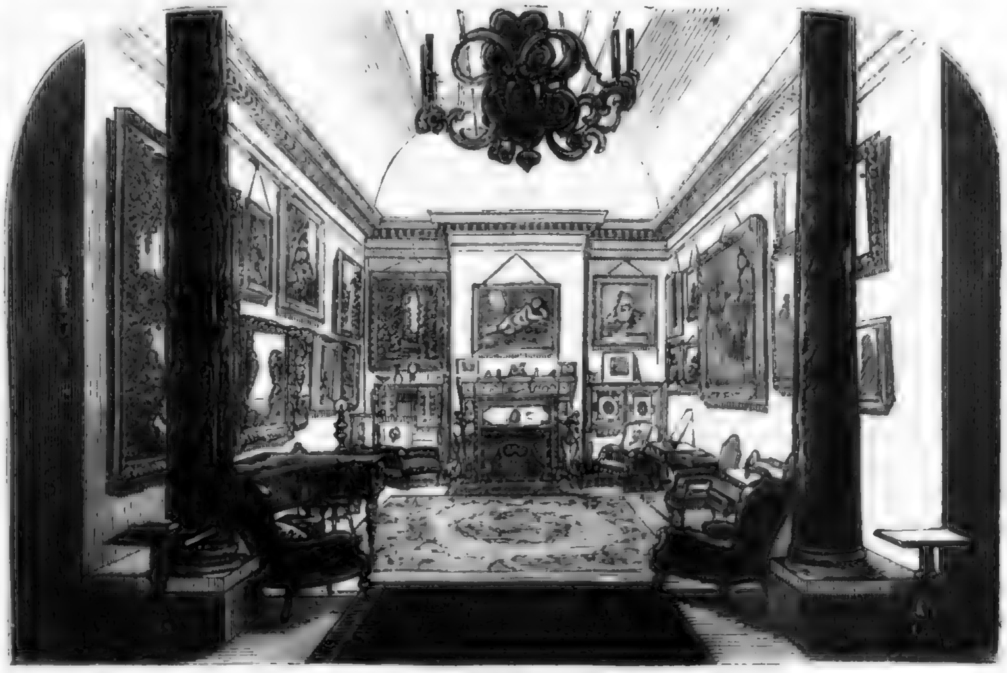


THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE IN HER WIDOWHOOD RECEIVING FRIENDS.

But, beyond all this, Camden House is fragrant with memories of a noble boy, the Prince Imperial, whose fate is as pathetic as anything in history. For the birth of no child was there ever more magnificent preparation. Three rooms were filled with his twelve dozen embroidered robes and other wearing apparel. Paris sent a rosewood cradle in the form of a ship, with an eagle of precious stones at the prow, and at the stern a figure in gold, representing the city. When his birth was announced the streets were gay with flags, bells rang, 101 guns were fired, the city voted $20,000 for poor infants, and the peasants made the babe a present of $150,000, no person being allowed to give over five cents. As a thank-offering, Napoleon established a society to aid respectable poor, which in five years loaned over a million dollars. His baptism at Notre-Dame reads like a fairy tale, so gorgeous was it, with its hundred bishops, soldiers and state carriages. Three hundred balloons, filled with bonbons, were sent up into the air, to break for the delight of the children. The Emperor and Empress stood godfather and godmother by proxy, to 3,000 born on the same day as their darling son.



ST. MARY'S CHAPEL, CHISELHURST.



DRAWING-ROOM AT CHISELHURST.

No child was ever more idolized by his parents, or returned it perhaps with more obedience, purity of character and devotion. He was generous to the poor, always emptying his pockets if he saw a person in need. Once, at a party of his mother's guests, he passed around his hat for money for a poor woman who gathered sticks on the street. He wept when reproved for discourtesy, and returned the funds, which were soon made up to him.

When Louis was five years old, he was presented with a striped donkey from Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. This he determined to ride up the Tuileries steps and through the palace. The animal stoutly refused, but the prince commanded the servants to lift the donkey's feet, stair by stair. The spirited boy conquered, and rode through the rooms, much to the amusement of his imperial parents, who watched the proceedings from behind a curtain.

His playthings were miniature cannon and muskets. At fourteen, he went with his father to the Franco-Prussian War, and at Saarbruck received, as the Emperor wrote back to the Empress, his "first baptism of fire." Months after, the boy would start in his sleep, as he dreamed of the horrors of war, exclaiming: "The poor soldiers!" When sent to England for safety, both father and son wept at the parting. Later, when told of his father's defeat, he said, in a manly way: "The Emperor has done his duty, and could not expect a better fate than his soldiers"; but when alone, he threw himself on a sofa and sobbed aloud.

After his mother had safely escaped, and joined him in England, he was sent to Woolwich to receive his military education, Queen Victoria furnishing his rooms at her own expense. There he won the hearts of all by his fair and noble nature. Though unused to the language, he would accept no private examinations, nor receive favors of any kind.

When summoned to Camden House, on the illness of his father, he said to an attendant: "Tell me the worst; I can bear it." His mother fell upon his neck, sobbing: "My Louis! my Louis! I have no one left but yourself." After embracing again and again the dead body of his father, he motioned all to kneel, and the boy of sixteen prayed earnestly.

After the funeral, as he passed up the walk from the gate, the men shouted, "Vive Napoleon IV.!" but he waved his hand, and said, in a firm voice: "My friends, I thank you, but the Emperor is dead. Let me join you in the cry of 'Vive la France!'" and this was taken up by all. Then, in the drawing-room of Camden House, this boy received the fealty of the thousands who had come from France to honor Napoleon III.

On his eighteenth birthday, when, by his father's last will, he attained his majority, Chiselhurst was again filled with his admirers, 8,000 coming from one station in Paris. A branch of chestnut, brought here from the Tuileries garden, he laid reverently on his father's tomb. In his address, he said: "United to my mother by most tender and grateful affection, I shall unceasingly strive to acquire knowledge, and thus forestall the march of time. If the hour ever arrives when another government shall accord me the majority of the country's votes, I shall be ready to bow with respect to the decision of France. My courage and my life belong to her. May God watch over her and restore to her her prosperity and her grandeur!"

After completing his studies at Woolwich, where he graduated with honor in 1875, he remained at Camden House for over three years, studying and writing; but the quiet life was depressing to his eager and ambitious spirit. His political opponents in France accused him of cowardice and inactivity, which was most cutting to one who was brave even to recklessness.

England—whether justly or not—had engaged in the Zulu War. The whole nation had been stirred by the butchery at the camp of Isandhlwana, where out of 1,500 only 30 escaped. Many Woolwich officers were to start at once for the scene of action, and were anxious for the prince to join them. Here was an opportunity for him to serve the country which had given him a home, and to show to his own nation that he was no coward. At first his mother tearfully opposed his going, but finally consented.

On the day before his departure for Africa, thousands of telegrams came from all parts of France. In answering some of these, making his will and writing letters, he sat up till two o'clock in the morning, and at half-past seven went to receive the sacrament in St. Mary's Church. He lingered so long in prayer at his father's tomb, that a messenger was sent to hasten him. Forgetting to say good-by to the old lady who kept the chapel, he returned, lifted his cap and apologized for the omission. The Empress accompanied him as far as Southampton, and parted from him with the deepest anxiety and sorrow.

Although the English authorities requested that the prince be carefully guarded, he seems to have been permitted to go wherever his boyish spirit and bravery led him. He loved skirmishing, but expressed a hope that he might never die that way; but if "in a great battle, if Providence willed it, all well and good."

He was greatly beloved in both hospital and camp, would never occupy a tent better than others, and was the life of every circle, being called "the dear boy" by all.

On that last fatal day he had gone out with eight persons to reconnoitre and make drawings. When near some huts, all alighted, and prepared coffee. As he gave the order to mount, a volley rang out on the air, and the Zulus were upon them. The horse of the prince took fright, but he sprang after him, grasped the pommel of the saddle, when the leather gave way! Then the heroic youth turned and met his foe face-to-face, first using his revolver and then his sword. His comrades had fled for their lives, and he alone was left to the savages. He fell pierced by seventeen assegai wounds.

All night long the prince, so tenderly reared, lay in his blood in the rank African grass. When found he was lying on his back, his arms crossed on his breast, one of his mild blue eyes open, the other put out by an assegai, his clothes gone, but around his neck, untouched, a locket with his mother's picture, given on the very day they parted from each other. Her Louis had loved her till the last. No wonder these words were found among his writings: "In France the true order of things is reversed. Children no longer respect their parents; and when parental authority is abnegated that of the law follows. I intend to set the example of honoring and respecting my mother."

The slight form was wrapped in blankets, embalmed as well as it could be, and sent back to the stricken Empress at Camden House. The whole world wept with the heart-broken mother around that coffin from Zululand. All night long, after the body came, the Empress sat or knelt beside it, and in the morning was carried fainting to her room, where for weeks she lay more dead than alive.

Again thousands gathered at Camden House. Queen Victoria came and knelt and prayed at the foot of the coffin, and laid on it a wreath of gold laurel-leaves, tied with a white-satin ribbon, and a card in French in her own handwriting. Princess Beatrice—the world believed they loved each other—brought an exquisite porcelain wreath, that it might last for ever. Albert Edward and Alexandra, in their own handwriting, gave a wreath of purple violets and white clematis, "In token of affectionate regard for the prince who lived the most spotless of lives and died a soldier's death, fighting for our cause in Zululand." On and around his coffin were over five hundred wreaths, mostly of sweet-scented violets, roses and immortelles.

Six horses drew the gun-carriage on which was placed the purple velvet coffin, covered with the Union Jack and the Tri-color, and his hat and sword. Then followed the royal pallbearers, the favorite horse of the prince, "Stag," in crape and riderless, and the vast concourse of people. The muffled drums beat, the minute-guns were fired, bells tolled, and then the coffin, covered with flowers and borne on the shoulders of the cadets who loved him, was laid in St. Mary's, opposite the Scotch-granite sarcophagus of his father. To me there is no place more touching in all England than this grave of buried hopes. I doubt if any have ever stood there unmoved to tears. The saddest memento of all is the wreath of flowers recently placed there, gathered by his mother, in Africa, where her boy's blood wet the sod. Victoria has marked the spot by a cross, with the words, "He fell with his face to the foe."

On the common, in front of Camden House, with the furze all abloom, is a Greek cross in granite, over thirty feet high, erected by the people of Chiselhurst, with the words:

EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH,
PRINCE IMPERIAL,
Killed in Zululand,
1st June, 1879.

On the opposite side are the lines: "I shall die with a sentiment of profound gratitude for Her Majesty the Queen of England, for all the Royal family, and for the country where I have received, during eight years, such cordial hospitality."—(*Last Testament of the Prince.*)

And thus ended a beautiful life, whose keynote was the prayer found written by him: "I pray not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles from my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. . . . Grant, O God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love, and who are dead, shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my inmost thoughts shall never make me blush."

Was his death best for France? Who shall say. We who love a republic hope that at last France is able to govern herself, but Napoleon IV., doubtless, would have been a wise and able ruler.

We walked away from St. Mary's silently, the pink roses and yellow honeysuckles, growing among the ivy on her walls, seeming to take away something of the harshness of death; crossed the meadows so yellow with buttercups that not a spear of grass could be seen; lingered under the full-bloom horsechestnut and hawthorn trees; heard the cuckoo as she sang plaintively above the quiet churchyard, and went back to busy London thinking that life is a strange drama.

AN ENGLISH CONVENT IN PARIS.

THE oldest British institution in Paris has celebrated its fifth jubilee. The Augustinian Convent of Our Lady of Sion was founded in 1634 by the exertions of Pinkney, *alias* Carr. During a long period it received, as nuns or pupils, members of the leading English Catholic families. During the Reign of Terror the nuns were prisoners in their convent, the inmates of two other English nunneries being lodged there with a throng of French women, about a dozen of whom only left the building for the scaffold. The adjoining Scotch College, where the brain of James II. was last year discovered, was likewise full of political prisoners. During the Consulate and the First Empire the pupils were necessarily French; and a little later on George Sand (whose grandmother and mother had both been prisoners here) passed three years in the convent, which she has graphically described in her memoirs. The pupils are still mainly French, numbering seventy to eighty, one attraction to parents being the facilities for learning French.

HOW THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" WAS WRITTEN.

THE "Arabian Nights" is as much the work of a single mind as the Book of Proverbs. Instead of being a story, emanating, as is commonly supposed, from one person, it is doubtless a title on framework for a vast collection. It is a vehicle for many tales told by various story-tellers with very different degrees of ability. Many of the stories in the Rich MSS. present a remarkable similarity to Western anecdotes. Nor will any reader be surprised at this who remembers how closely connected is the old history, first told by Galland in a Western tongue, of Schahriar and Schahzenan with that of Astolfo and Giocondo in the twenty-eighth canto of Ariosto's "Orlando," or the Genie imprisoned in the brazen vessel, in the story of the "Fisherman," with the Diablo Cojuelo in a vial of Luis de Guevara, or the "Sleeper Awakened" with the induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," or the "Enchanted Horse" with Chaucer's "Steed of Brass," on which Pierre carried off the fair Maguelone, afterward imitated by Cervantes.

LOST COUNTRIES FOUND BY COINS.

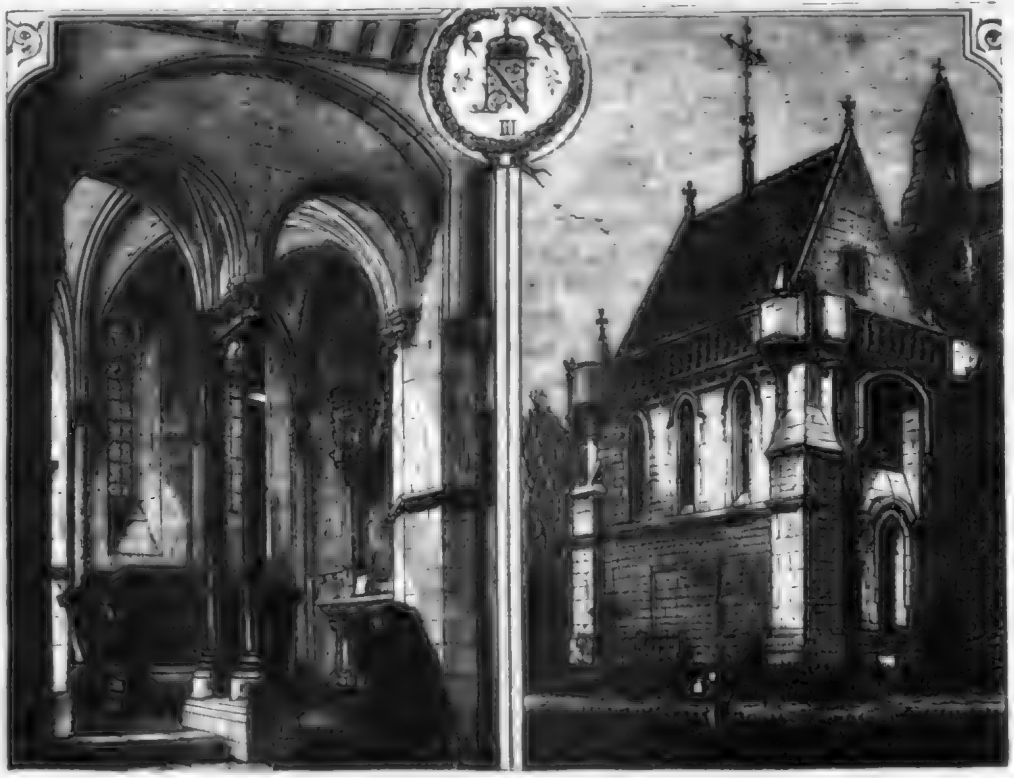
IN citing the historical information derivable from coins, the geographical facts we acquire from them are of equal importance. A case was stated some time ago how an island of the Ægean, which had been lost, was disdiscovered by means of a coin (the piece not bigger than a half-dime), and how recent soundings proved the existence of this isle. There was a lost city which owes place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the eye of a numismatist. There were the letters, Pandosia, inscribed on it, and what is still better, there was an emblem indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with the same certainty as if the place had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position, Bruttium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography its worth is very much enhanced. This silver coin, which did not weigh more than a quarter of a dollar, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum $1,000, which was the price they paid for it.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

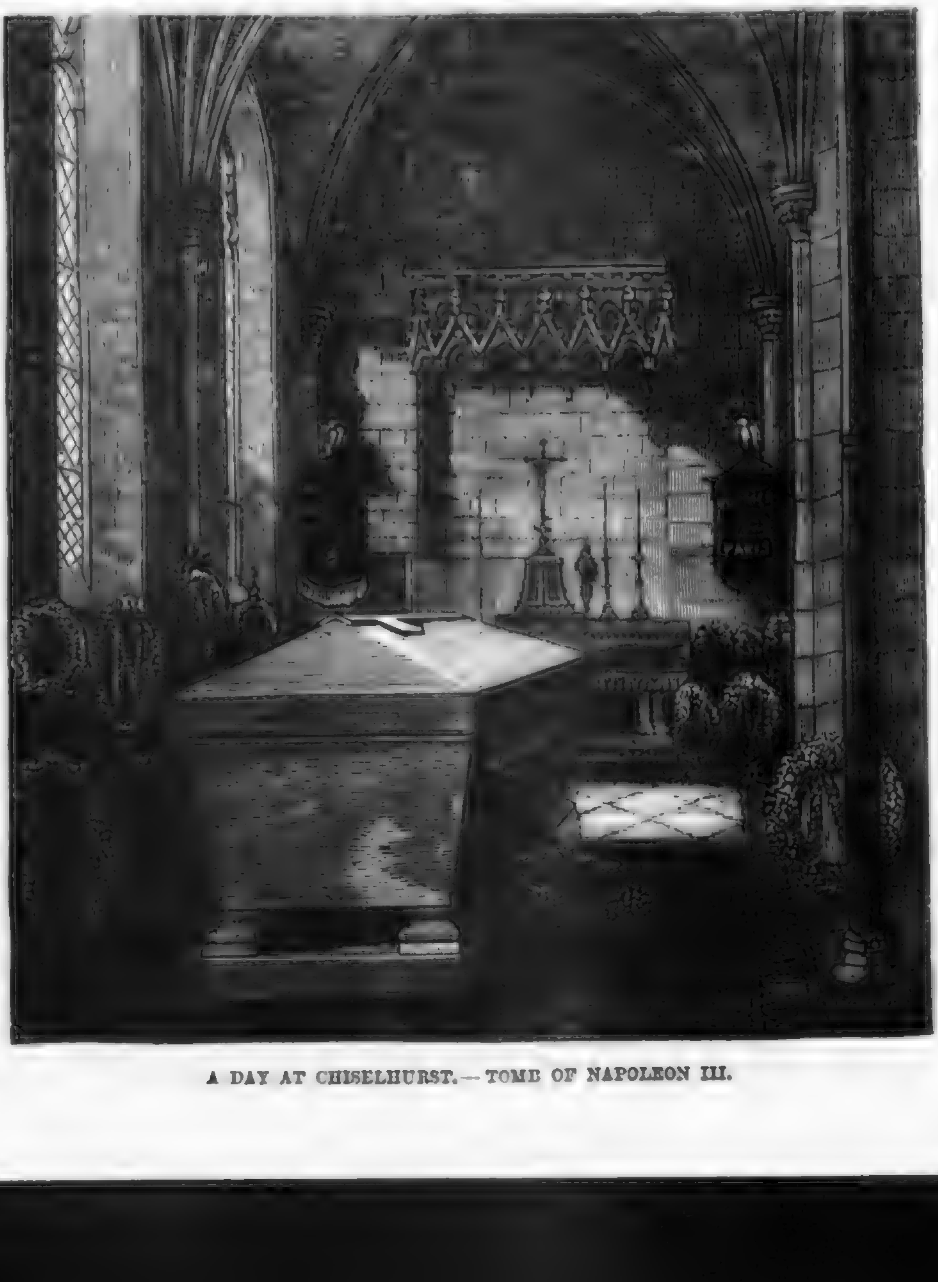
MANY persons imagine that French is the language of France. It is the language of books and newspapers, but the great mass of the people cling to their old patois. In many parts of Brittany the priests still preach to their congregations in a Celtic dialect. The Iberian tongue is

XUM

still the idiom of the Basques. The inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine speak a dialect resembling that of the Swabian minnesingers. In French Flanders there are local newspapers and popular books printed in Walloon and Picard. In Burgundy the farm people talk and sing in dialect, and south of the Loire the peasants still speak the various Provençal dialects of Poitou, Dauphiné, Limousin, Saintonge, Périgord, Gascony and Languedoc, besides the Provençal Maillane and Orange, which has remained the least corrupt, and which is the basis of the language written by Mistral and Maillane. This Provençal vernacular threatens a sort of revival, an association of literary men having agreed to use it in place of the state language. This is the speech which Dante thought of adopting for his epics, but finally decided in favor of the Italian. It is the language of the troubadours, and used to be the language of all Frenchmen south of the Loire, and which is still spoken in various dialects by 14,000,000 people from the Loire to the Pyrenees, and even beyond the Pyrenees in Catalonia. For the language is the same in spite of the differences of color, of accent, and pronunciation, that nature imposes on it in different districts, whether it be called Roman, Provençal, Catalan, Limousin, Majorcan, or Languedoc.—*American Queen.*



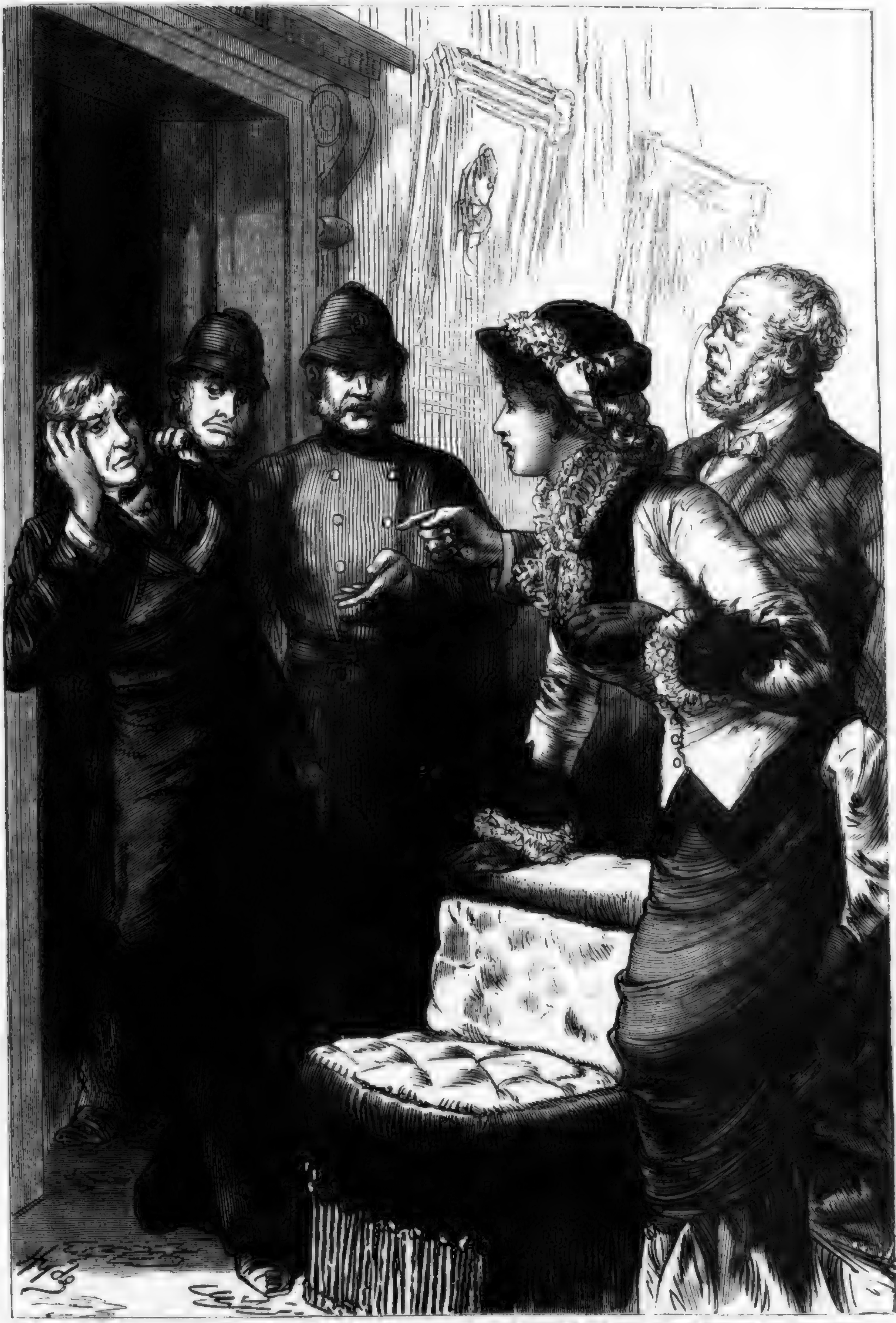
A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—MORTUARY CHAPEL IN MEMORY OF NAPOLEON III.—SEE PAGE 412.



A DAY AT CHISELHURST.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON III.

REPROVE NOT WITH ANGER.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a good thought. There is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown; but, amid all, let memory call them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned—where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

BELIEVE nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what may hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it.



"TO FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION."—"WHILE THE UPROAR WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, THERE WAS A STIR IN THE PASSAGE, AND PRESENTLY HE—MR. FLETCHER—WAS LUGGED INTO OUR MIDST BY A POLICEMAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

TO OCEAN.

By Charles Grindrod.

To watch thee, Ocean, from the level shore,
Coming and leaving, like a common friend
That has, or has not, liberty to spend—
This is a wanton pastime, and no more.
But, like a free bird, to be skimming o'er
Thy billowy bosom—in the wilderness
Of thy wild waves to feel man's nothingness,
Yet feel man's guardian nearer than before—
To be a part of thee—free to caress
And be caressed—by turns to laugh and brood,
And mark thy spirit in each changing mood,
Seeing in thy mirror our own changefulness—
Rightly to love thee, and to learn thy lore,
This, Ocean, is the way thou must be wooed.

"TO FAMILIES OF DISTINCTION."

By Annie Thomas.

I had always admired my Aunt Barbara intensely for her wonderful gift of seeming the thing she wished to be at the moment! But I had never seen her make such a stupendous use of her exceptional power as she did on the occasion of this advertisement to families of distinction first meeting her eye.

"I will answer that before I'm an hour older—or, rather, Edith, you shall do it for me," she said, handing the newspaper over the breakfast-table to me, and pointing out the paragraph with a finger that trembled a little from pardonable emotion.

"But you're not 'a family of distinction,'" I humbly suggested.

She looked at me as if she felt sorry for the weak grasp I had of possibilities, and replied:

"My position as the widow of your uncle, a man whose whole life was devoted to the study of that momentous question of the merits of vegetarianism, gives me *some* little claim to distinction, I trust."

This being a vexed question between us—for my lamented uncle had never practiced the vegetarianism he preached—I put it aside and proceeded to read the advertisement.

It ran as follows:

> "To Families of Distinction—A middle-aged gentleman desires to meet with accommodation in a well-appointed house, where he can have cheerful society when he pleases, and his privacy be perfectly undisturbed at other times. Private sitting-room, bath-room, and a cab-stand close at hand, absolutely indispensable. Liberal terms will be given, and first-rate references required."

Dear Aunt Barbara was one of the sweetest-natured and kindest-hearted of women, but she was not endowed with any great gifts of prudence or discernment. During the five years I had lived with her in her pretty, thoroughly old-lady-like and comfortable house in the Brompton Road, I had been obliged to employ all the arts and science of which I was mistress in order to keep her out of debt. Her extravagances were all so entirely unselfish, and so harmless to others, that I frequently had hard work with my own feelings to check them.

Her income was not a large one. The house and furniture was her own, and she had just £400 a year to keep it on. As she had generously burdened herself with my maintenance since the death of my father, it may be imagined that at times we had to draw the purse-strings rather tightly in order to tide over current difficulties.

It was a tall, straight house to look at outside, exactly like its fellows apparently; but inside, the architect had given play to his imagination, and had devised rooms and passages in unexpected places. And these rooms and passages were filled with furniture and pictures that had been accumulating in Aunt Barbara's family since the days when James II. was King. It was not the modern high art revival furniture, but it had about it that higher art of perfect truth and harmony which things that were *really* made in the period they affect to represent are apt to have.

There were four sitting-rooms in the house—the comfortable crimson-hued dining-room, with its massive carved mahogany appointments; the drawing-room, that was patchy and scrappy with its variously-dated pieces of furniture, but that was still wonderfully pretty; the breakfast-room, where we spent half the Winter days, because its wide windows let in all the morning sun there might be in the skies, and "the study," as dear Aunt Bab persisted in calling a little room of old-fashioned luxurious comfort that was the resting-place for the couple of dozen books that she possessed.

"It is the very thing for us, Edith," she said, pursuing her idea with ardor. "A wealthy, refined, middle-aged gentleman will be a great acquisition to me in many ways. He can have the study for his own room, the cab-stand is just outside, the bath-room would satisfy a real prince, and——"

"But how about the cheerful society?" I interrupted. "*You* are always sweet and nice; but if I were told to 'dance before the King,' my feet would cleave to the earth."

"I shall never request you to dance before him, Edith," she said, gravely; "but you sing and play pleasingly, and I shall occasionally have little friendly gatherings, which I hope he will enjoy."

"You've made up your mind he's coming, Aunt Bab?"

"Quite, my dear! I feel convinced that, at last, I am going to do a very prudent and remunerative thing, and *you* shall benefit by it, my child. I shall be able to make you a better allowance, and it will be a greater pleasure to me than I can express, Edith, to see your pretty face and figure set off by better dress. When I die, you shall have all I have, of course; but while I live I want to do more for you."

The loving tears were in her gentle eyes as she spoke, and in the teeth of so much thoughtful affection I could not bring myself to give expression to the strong feeling of aversion I had to being benefited by means of the possible boarder.

Accordingly, without further let or hindrance from me, she responded to the advertisement, and the air of well-bred veracity and simplicity conveyed in that response, I suppose, struck the advertiser, for, without waiting for further references, he agreed to come, and came!

His terms were very liberal—seventy-five pounds a quarter, paid in advance, and for this he did not seem to require much in return. Well-made coffee and a roll at eight in the morning; the privacy of his own sitting-room sacredly observed whether he was out or in during the whole day, and a dinner well served at eight in the evening. Mortal man, paying seventy-five pounds a quarter, could not ask for less!

It was promised to him with promptitude, and before either Aunt Barbara or I had even seen him, the middle-aged gentleman had become an inhabitant of our house.

When I did see him, the day after his arrival, at dinner, I was favorably impressed with him at once. He had the most benignant expression of countenance I ever saw out of Seymour's sketches of "Pickwick," and his manner was as agreeable as his face. Dark eyes, hair slightly silvered, and a fair, smooth, pale skin on the top of a tall, well-grown figure, made up a most prepossessing appearance.

How was it possible, I asked myself, that such a man should have lived to unmistakable middle age without giving hostages to fortune in the form of wife and children?

He did not join us in the drawing-room this evening, but waited in his own room—"the study"—till he heard the dinner-bell ring. Then, as Aunt Bab and I crossed the little hall, he came out and followed us into the dining-room, where he was introduced to me as Mr. Fletcher, and he was told that I was Aunt Barbara's very dear niece and companion, Edith Haviland.

Aunt Barbara and her old cook had given grave thought and consideration to the dinner, and it was a triumph in its small way. There was a something about that oyster-soup that would have tempted the strictest abstainer from shellfish to break his or her vows of abstinence that day. The turbot was boiled to perfection; the sweet-bread, the roast capon, the crowning *bonne-bouche* of snipes, and the rice-pudding, were each and all perfect as freshness and cookery could make them.

Mr. Fletcher manifested further facial development as he partook of each delicacy, and, when dinner was over and we were taking our winding-up cup of fragrant coffee, Aunt Barbara said, in a glow of satisfaction:

"Your society to-day has made such a pleasant charm, and given such a pleasant promise of sociability to my niece and myself, that I do think nothing will occur to put an end to our existing arrangement for a long time, Mr. Fletcher."

He bowed his nice-looking, silvery-haired head, and acquiesced in her hopes; and then I ventured to say:

"But we don't fulfill the chief one of your advertised requisites, Mr. Fletcher; we can't claim to be a family of distinction?"

He smiled upon me with a forgiving, superior air, that I found hard to bear, as I felt that I was not his inferior, and had not done aught to offend him, and said, deliberately:

"I merely inserted that clause in order to protect myself from the herd of boarding-house people who would have replied to my advertisement if I hadn't taken some such precaution. As it is, I may safely affirm that I have 'struck oil.' To find myself admitted into the sacred centre of such a household as this, is a boon I had no right to suppose even money would have procured for me."

Aunt Barbara blushed and smiled approbation of the laudatory sentiment. She was as fresh as a girl in her feelings, and I felt the more time-worn woman of the two as I began perplexing my brain as to the probable causes which had conduced to make Mr. Fletcher settle down at such a sumptuous rate of remuneration into our humdrum life.

"Shall we have the pleasure of your company in the drawing-room to-night?" Aunt Bab said to him as we were separating; and he lifted his hands and shook his head in gentle deprecation of any such festive intention being his.

"I am a mere student—a mere student," he said; "my whole time is devoted to the acquisition of knowledge of various sorts, and I greedily devour every work I meet with that may help to enlarge my mind."

"My late husband's library was small, but well selected," Aunt Barbara remarked, with proper pride; and again Mr. Fletcher bowed his benevolent head, and smiled his bland smile.

"To what special branch of study was the late Mr. Haviland more especially devoted?" he asked, patronizingly; and when I hastily answered, "Chemistry!" at random, he lifted his hands aloft and murmured:

"Singular, singular! I, too, am an ardent and indefatigable seeker into the mysteries of chemistry; indeed, Science in all her branches is the sovereign whose sway I own."

"Mr. Haviland was just like that; he and you would have got on so well together," Aunt Barbara, said, delightedly, and then our interesting and sympathetic inmate shook his head in sorrowful resignation and remarked:

"Such a happy conjunction was not to be; my dear brother-lover of science has departed from this world of uncertainty and small motives, and all I may ever glean of his lofty aims and earnest aspirations will be from your graceful reminiscences of him, my dear lady."

"Uncle Haviland was a great lover of art, too!" I blurted out—not that Uncle Haviland had ever expressed any rapturous feeling on the subject, but simply because I wanted to find out how many tastes in common this redoubtable stranger possessed with Aunt Barbara's dear departed husband.

"A lover of art! Doubtless a painter, or a sculptor, or, at any rate, a creator of something beautiful and true in color or form?" Mr. Fletcher said; and as we had slid unconsciously almost into the drawing-room, he sent his eagle glance round the room, in search of anything that might serve as a clew.

"My husband's talent was not executive," Aunt Barbara said, modestly, "but he had a rare eye for beauty."

"*That* was proved by his choice," Mr. Fletcher said, bowing to my dear, sweet aunt, who, at fifty, was so devoid of vanity that I believed she blushed more with pain than pleasure at the implied compliment.

It is a fact that, despite his blandness and benevolence, I began to hate the man from this moment. A premonition of something evil that would happen to us through him flashed into my mind, and I had work to suppress all appearance of the groundless suspicion I felt of him. His suavity, his politeness, the way in which he went on being satisfied with everything as, day after day and week after week passed, satiated and sickened me.

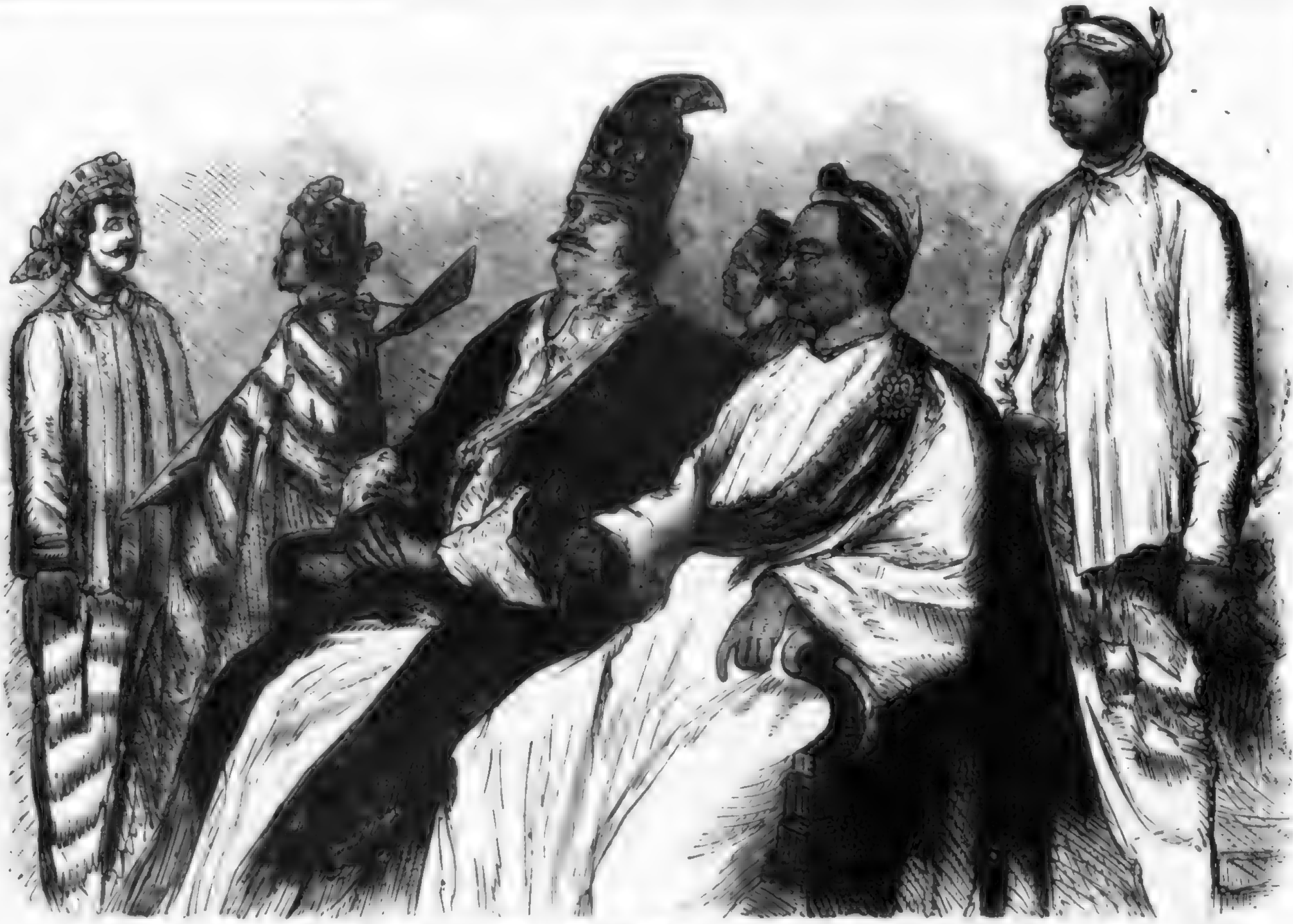
I saw his influence growing over dear Aunt Bab, and intuition taught me that it was a bad one, for she ceased to confide in me, and to rely upon me as she had done.

"Why should this stranger come between us?" I asked myself, passionately, and two or three times I was on the point of having the matter out with Aunt Bab, but foolish pride prevented me.

Had I done so, the awful end that did come might have been averted, and Aunt Barbara and I might still have been living together in peace in our happy seclusion.

I could not bring it against Mr. Fletcher that he was *exigeant* or gave trouble in any way. His days were spent in his study, from whence he rarely emerged till evening, unless I went out. When I did this, I heard from the servants that he would quietly creep into the drawing-room, and "bear the missus company." But on this information I could not act in any way, since Aunt Barbara did not give to me herself.

As a companion, though I hated him, I had no fault to find with him. He played well and sang with great skill and feeling, and with a voice that was a marvel of power and fresh sweetness for so middle-aged a man. Our evenings were all musical now. Aunt Barbara began to hint that she might even commit the extravagance of buying a new piano.



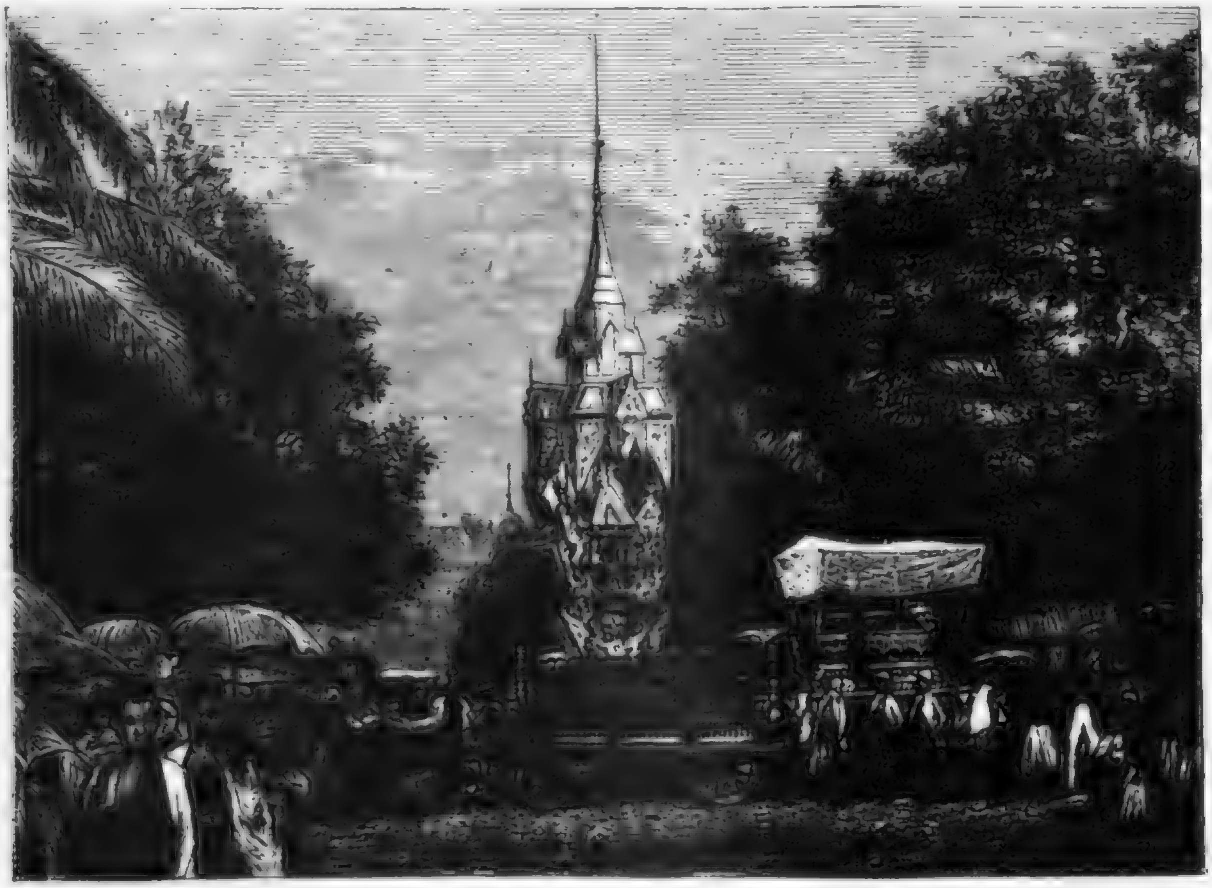
AN AMERICAN IMPRESSARIO'S EXPERIENCE IN BRITISH BURMAH.—BURMESE GENT. EMEN.—SEE PAGE 426.

"But why?" I urged, when she made this reckless determination known to me first. "The piano is better than my playing, therefore the piano is good enough for me."

"But it's not good enough for Mr. Fletcher's playing."

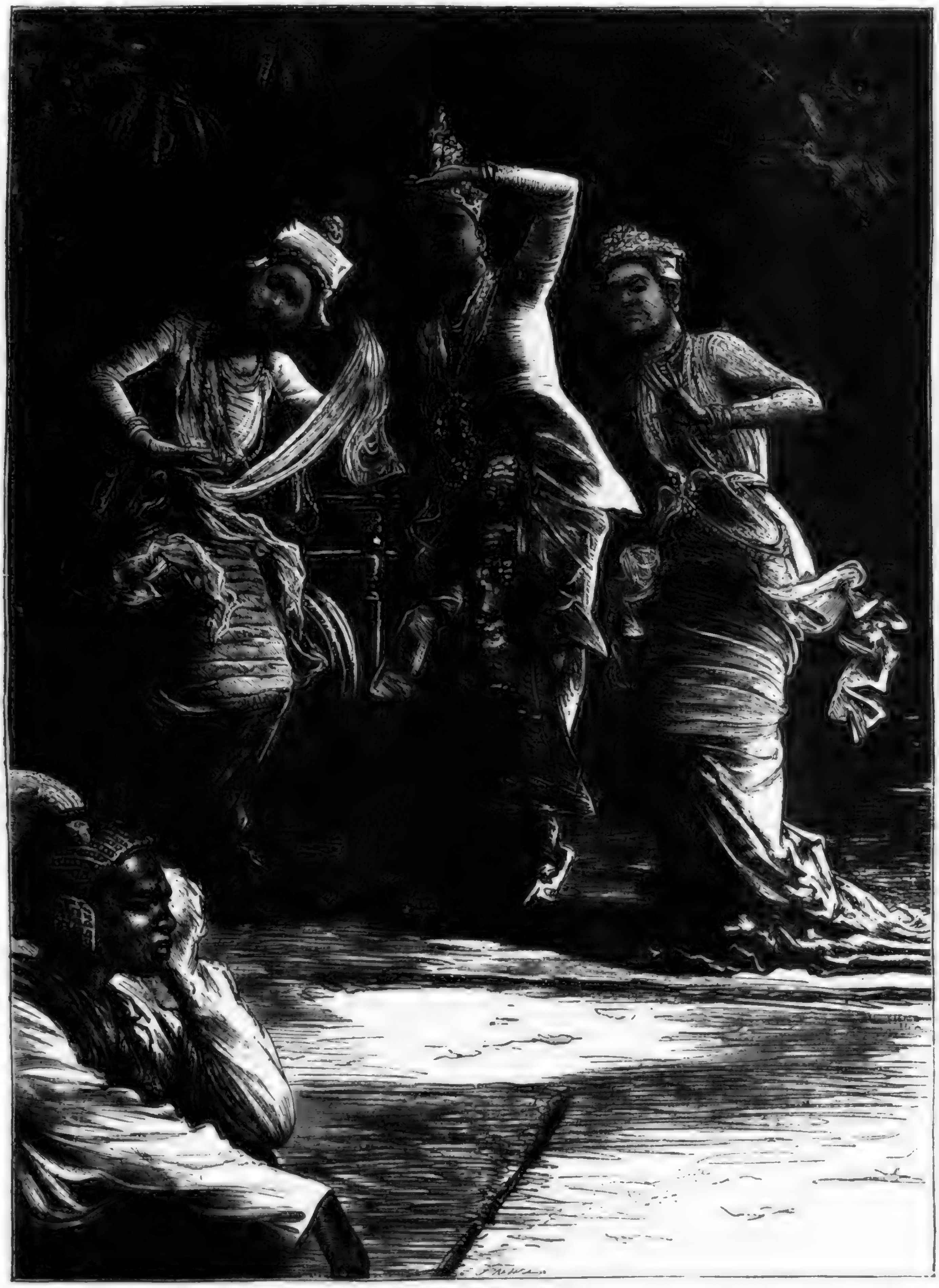
"You don't look forward to Mr. Fletcher playing it permanently here; perfect boarder as he is, dear aunt, I do look forward to the day when we shall have ourselves and our home to ourselves again."

"A man in the house is a great safeguard, Edith; un-



FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A HIGH DIGNITARY.

protected women run a great risk in London, especially if it is known that they have any valuables in the house. Mr. Fletcher was saying only last night that my plate ran a nightly chance of being stolen while we lived alone, as he says the best of servants will talk, and burglars soon get to know what houses are worth breaking into."



BURMESE DANCING-GIRLS.

"How did Mr. Fletcher know that you had so much valuable plate, Aunt Bab?"

"We happened to be on the topic of plate and jewelry, and, somehow or other, I scarcely know how, but I told him."

"My dear Aunt Bab, Mr. Fletcher is indefatigable in gaining information on almost every point," I said, bitterly.

"He is indeed," Aunt Barbara said, admiringly, "such a superior man, I count it quite a privilege to know him."

"But it's only in the to-be-looked-for order of things that he will leave us in time," I pleaded; "and then when you hear me strumming upon it, you'll regret having got the new piano; let us stick to our own old tried friend, Aunt Bab, though it is a little worn and given to getting out of tune. Believe me, old, tried friends are best."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, nervously. "New friends are sometimes quite as true as old ones. Thank Heaven, my heart is not too narrow to contain love for and trust in all—old and new."

I ceased to argue, but my heart grew heavier than it had been since my dear father died. Aunt Barbara was reposing too much trust in this stranger; so much was certain. Whether or not she was foolish enough to be lavishing love upon him remained to be proved.

Shortly after this, when Mr. Fletcher had been with us about two months and a half, I received a pressing invitation from some old friends of my father's, up in Derbyshire, to go and stay with them.

They lived at Buxton, and promised me many an excursion into the wildly romantic Peak district.

My heart had long been set upon seeing some of the wonders of that region. I longed to clamber up to Peveril's ruined castle, on the lofty crag at Castleton, and penetrate into the mysterious caves that run deep and far into the bowels of the earth. But a sense of duty to Aunt Bab, and an altogether unaccountable reluctance to leave her, made me hesitate to accept the invitation.

But Aunt Barbara would not hear of my refusing it. It would stir me up, and the beautiful Buxton air would rejuvenate me, she said; and Mr. Fletcher, who was present during the debate, smiled in the blandest manner, and avowed that it "would clear my mind of cobwebs."

The end of it all—or, rather, the beginning of *it* all—was that I went.

"Take care of yourself, dear Edith, and don't go tumbling down any precipitous places," Aunt Barbara said, as she was parting with me; and I replied:

"Take care of *yourself*, dear aunt; I feel half-guilty in leaving you."

She smiled her own sweet, serene, loving smile, and it haunts me still, for it was the last time I ever saw it on her dear face.

In spite of my misgivings, the first ten days passed very happily with me. The crystal brilliancy of the Buxton air invigorated me both in body and mind, and I entered with avidity into every scheme of pleasure that was proposed.

We visited Chatsworth and reveled in its priceless collection of every description of work of art, and dreamed of the glories of the great Past in the ruins of Haddon Hall. We climbed up Kinder Scout, the highest point in the Peak district, and familiarized ourselves with the weird beauties of Chapel-in-the-Firth. And then all my joy in these innocent diversions came to an end, for I got a letter from Aunt Bab, telling me she was married.

"Married to Mr. Fletcher!"

The words danced before my eyes, and I saw a long vista of wretchedness stretching away before us all as I read them.

"Married to Mr. Fletcher!" Actually married, without having made a sign to me!

"I have told my dear husband that I wish your home still to be with us," she wrote; "he will add a postscript to tell you how heartily he desires this to be the case."

There was a good deal more in the same strain, and then I came to her signature, "Your affectionate aunt, BARBARA FLETCHER." And after that followed his postscript.

It was brief, but I read through the lines:

"DEAR MISS HAVILAND—I shall give you a cordial welcome as your uncle and host as long you make yourself happy and comfortable. I am convinced you will sensibly agree with your aunt that a master's hand is requisite in a household. Your affectionate uncle and sincere friend, EDWARD FLETCHER."

"The brute!" I cried, in my impotent wrath. The whole tone of the man's postscript was galling and insulting to me to the last degree. My soul sickened as I thought of the humiliating feeling of dependence he would force upon me, and it sank to still lower depths as I pictured Aunt Barbara in her helplessness becoming hopelessly the slave to his mendacious, bland benevolence.

"There will be war to the knife between that man and me," I said to my friends and myself; "he means to alienate Aunt Bab from me—but he shall not do that without a struggle."

In due course of time I went home, taking care not to arrive there until the newly married pair had come back from their short tour.

I found all things altered. The drawing-room was cleared of much of its valuable old china, and, when I ventured to inquire for it, Aunt Bab merely shook her head and told me she "couldn't tell; dear Edward had taken it away to show to some friends."

"The study" was his own peculiar sanctum still, and he always kept it locked and the key in his pocket when he was out of it; therefore I had no opportunity of gaining any insight into the nature of the occupations which employed the hours he spent in it.

For a brief space of time things went on much as usual. Then one morning Aunt Bab came to me with a woebegone face, and told me that a great trial had come upon them.

"Poor Edward has just heard that he has lost every scrap of his property," she said, dolefully; "the news has come in a most unfeelingly curt letter from his lawyer, and he is literally penniless."

"Poor, poor Aunt Bab," I cried, "who is his lawyer?"

"My dear, what *does* that matter?" she said, peevishly. "My husband has told me he is ruined—why should I worry him with questions?"

"Is there any money of his in the house?—did you receive his second quarter in advance?"

"I was his *wife* when the second installment fell due," she said, proudly. "I never thought of the money. I was his wife—not his paid hostess any longer."

"Aunt Bab, you're an angel!" I murmured, hastily.

"And so is he, Edith."

"No doubt, only I'm slow to believe in masculine angels, someway or other; but whatever he may be, he is your husband, and, I hope, will always be good to you—he will owe everything to you now."

"My dear Edith! quite the reverse! I have settled everything I have upon him; he has promised to take care of you if I die before him, and, while I live, you will be with me."

"No, Aunt Bab, not as a dependent on Mr. Fletcher's bounty," I said, sorrowfully; and that same day I went out and searched for, and found, a governess's situation.

Aunt Bab wept copiously when I told her what I had done, and prayed me to reconsider my resolve, and be content to abide with her still.

But even if I had been willing to do this, the hearty and unfeigned approbation Mr. Fletcher bestowed upon my resolve to be independent, would have compelled me to leave the house that had been my home, and the woman who had been a mother to me.

It was not in the nature of things that I should be a frequent visitor to the house whose atmosphere was so changed for me. I went at intervals of about six weeks; but though Aunt Bab always greeted me lovingly, I could see that she was in a state of nervous perturbation the whole time, fearing her husband might come in and find me there.

She would check herself midway in a speech, and get up and move about the room in a flutter if she heard the door of his study open, and begin to talk in a loud voice about some commonplace topic.

I felt that she feared he might fancy she was giving me her confidence, and my soul rose in arms against the tyrant as I reflected that probably he would punish her afterward in some way for it.

One day he happened to be out, and then she spoke freely, and told me that a new figure had appeared on the canvas—another Mr. Fletcher, a nephew of her husband.

"He's a handsome, young, dark-haired man, with a thick beard and mustache; otherwise he's exactly like dear Edward," she told me. "He must be the *fac-simile* of what dear Edward was at his age."

Carelessly I remarked that I should like to see him.

"And I should like you to see him," she replied. "I have ventured to ask Edward to let me ask both of you to dinner, but he objects."

"To his own nephew as well as to your niece?" I asked.

"Yes, oddly enough. He doesn't seem to care at all for his nephew. It has so happened that whenever the nephew has called here his uncle has been out, and missed him."

Suddenly I found myself wishing, with curious and unaccountable vehemence, to see his nephew.

"Do manage it. Send for me one day when he is here; please do?" I pleaded.

"I will, if Edward is out," she promised.

Weeks passed away, and I began to give up all hope of receiving the wished-for summons, when one day it came.

"Mrs. Fletcher's love, and could Miss Haviland step round for an hour?"

I was living in Sloane Square, so the distance was nothing. I was at my aunt's house as soon as her messenger, and, entering the drawing-room unannounced, I found her sitting chatting with her husband's nephew.

I went in softly, and stood for a moment unseen by either of them, my hand still grasping the handle of the door against which I leaned, in a staggered, confused state of mind that I cannot describe.

Somewhere or other, at some time or other, in real life or in dreamland, I had seen this man before!

Then he looked up, and could not check the recognition that flashed into his eyes for a moment. But in another moment it had passed away. He was gazing at me blankly, and I was compelled to believe that the recognition had never been there.

He was almost as suave and polite to me as his uncle had been at first, when Aunt Bab introduced us, and after a time I found myself talking to him pleasantly enough.

But still, ever and anon, it flashed across my mind that I had seen him before, and that he remembered it.

Rather timidly Aunt Bab asked me to luncheon, and I staid. I could see she was listening the whole time for her husband's footstep, but it did not fall upon her expectant ear, and about an hour after luncheon the nephew gave up waiting for his uncle in despair, and went away. I remained about half an hour longer, and hoped I should escape this dreaded uncle altogether; but just as I was leaving the house he drove up in a hansom, and showed his teeth to me in a savage smile of salutation.

Some instinct made me loiter until he had gone into the house, and then I hailed his cab and told the man to drive me home. When I got out the same irresistible instinct made me ask:

"Where did you take up your last fare?" and he gave me the number of a house in Sloane Street.

Fortunately I put that number down as soon as I got into my room. Why I did it I do not know, but I felt I ought to do it. Having noted down the number, I ceased to think about the Fletchers for a time, for my duties were onerous and all-absorbing.

When Aunt Barbara had been married about six months, it chanced that the family with whom I was living went out of town for a fortnight, and before they left they begged me to have any lady friend I liked to stay with me in their absence. Not having any lady friend to ask, it occurred to me that it would be a delightful opportunity of getting Aunt Bab to come and spend a day with me.

I had not seen nor heard from her for some weeks, and I started off for her house, full of pleasant anticipations of the long hours of uninterrupted intercourse we should have, undisturbed by any thought of either uncle or nephew.

"It will be like old times to sit in a room alone with Aunt Bab," I thought, and there was just a glow of pleasure on my face as I knocked at her door.

No answer came, and after about five minutes I knocked again. Then I heard a lumbering step in the passage, and presently the door was opened by a blear-eyed old woman of the charwoman type. In answer to my inquiries, she told me that she had been put into the house to look after it in the absence of Mr. Fletcher. And when I asked her "Where Mrs. Fletcher was?" she said she did not know—she never heard of her.

"Where are the servants?"

"Aren't none!"

"How long have you been here?"

"A fortnight."

"Who engaged you?"

"A gentleman who called himself Mr. Fletcher."

"Had he white hair and a smooth face?"

"No, he hadn't; he'd black hair and a face covered with beard."

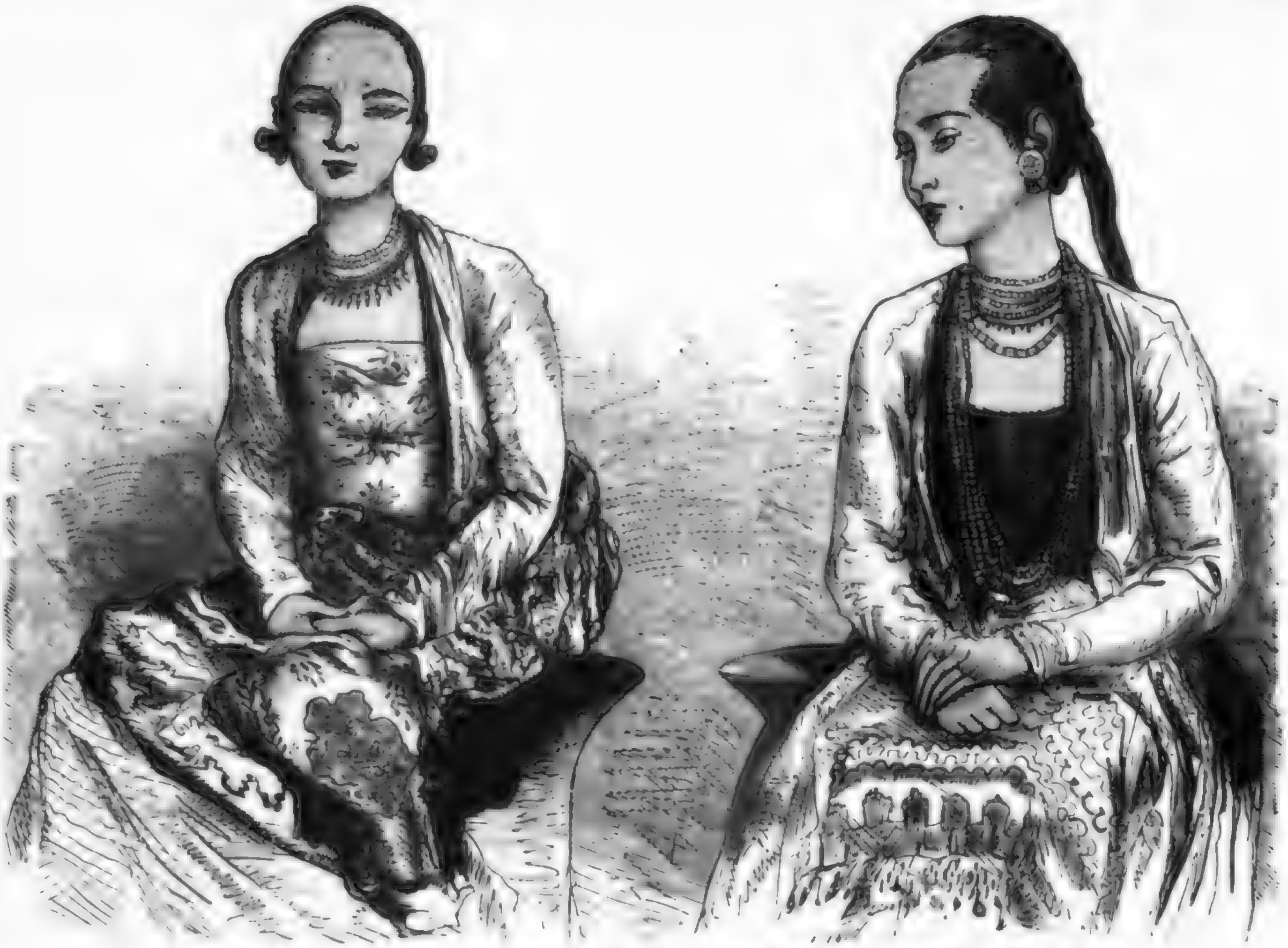
"May I come in?" I asked, sick and faint with sudden terror.

"No!" she almost shouted. "I had my orders not to let anybody in, and while I'm here I'll see that nobody *does* come in!" and she shut the door in my face with a bang.

Full of nameless terror, I roamed about for an hour in uncertainty. Then I could bear it no longer.

I went to a police-station and gave information, but the superintendent could not grant me the warrant to search the house until I had some more definite charge to make.

Then I took a cab and went to poor Aunt Bab's lawyer.



AN AMERICAN IMPRESSARIO'S EXPERIENCE IN BRITISH BURMAH.—BURMESE LADIES.—SEE PAGE 426.

He could not help me. Her business had been taken out of his hands two months ago. The only thing he could do for me was to find out whether or not her capital was still invested in the same shares as of old.

The money had been withdrawn, and paid into the London and Westminster Bank in the name of Edward Fletcher.

Information was immediately given at this bank, and the property was protected until some further information could be gained about the whereabouts of my unfortunate aunt. But days passed, and we heard nothing.

Then I became importunate, and armed with a search-warrant and accompanied by the lawyer and three policemen, I went to the house in Brompton Road, and again demanded admission.

There was no answer, and after a time the door was forced open, and while one policeman remained in the hall, the others searched the house.

The room to which I directed immediate attention was the study. The door was locked, as usual.

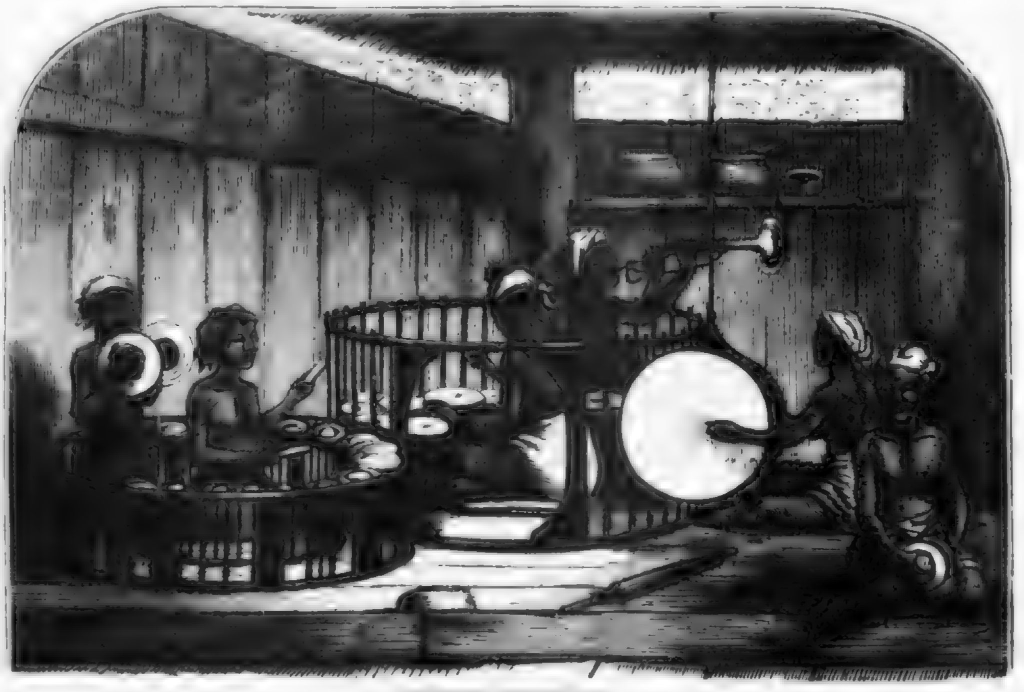
When it was broken open we found nothing that threw any sudden light on the mystery, until our eyes lighted on a bundle in the corner under a bookcase.

This was opened, and found to contain a suit of clothes and a black wig, mustache and beard.

Presently, from below, there came cries of horror, and when I rushed to the top of the kitchen-stairs the lawyer met me, and forcibly restrained me from going down.

"It's too awful!—too appalling!" he said, pulling me back into the drawing-room. "My poor girl! my dear old friend——"

He broke down, choking and sobbing, and I yelled in my agony, cast myself on the floor at

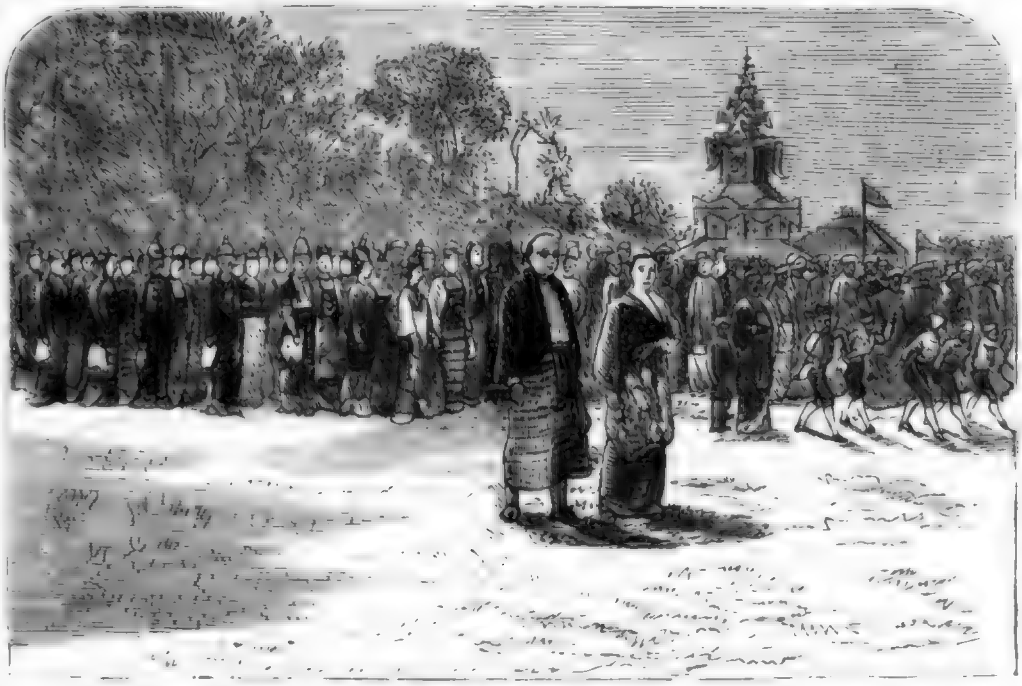


BURMESE MUSICIANS.

his feet, and implored him for all mercies' sake to tell me what it was.

"It is murder!" he said, in a low voice; "murder of such ghastly kind—oh! heaven, the sight will be before my eyes all the days of my life."

Gradually the sickening story was unfolded to me. My aunt's body, hewn into pieces, had been found in a coal-cellar under a hillock of rubbish, and, hearing this, I lifted up my voice at once and denounced her husband!



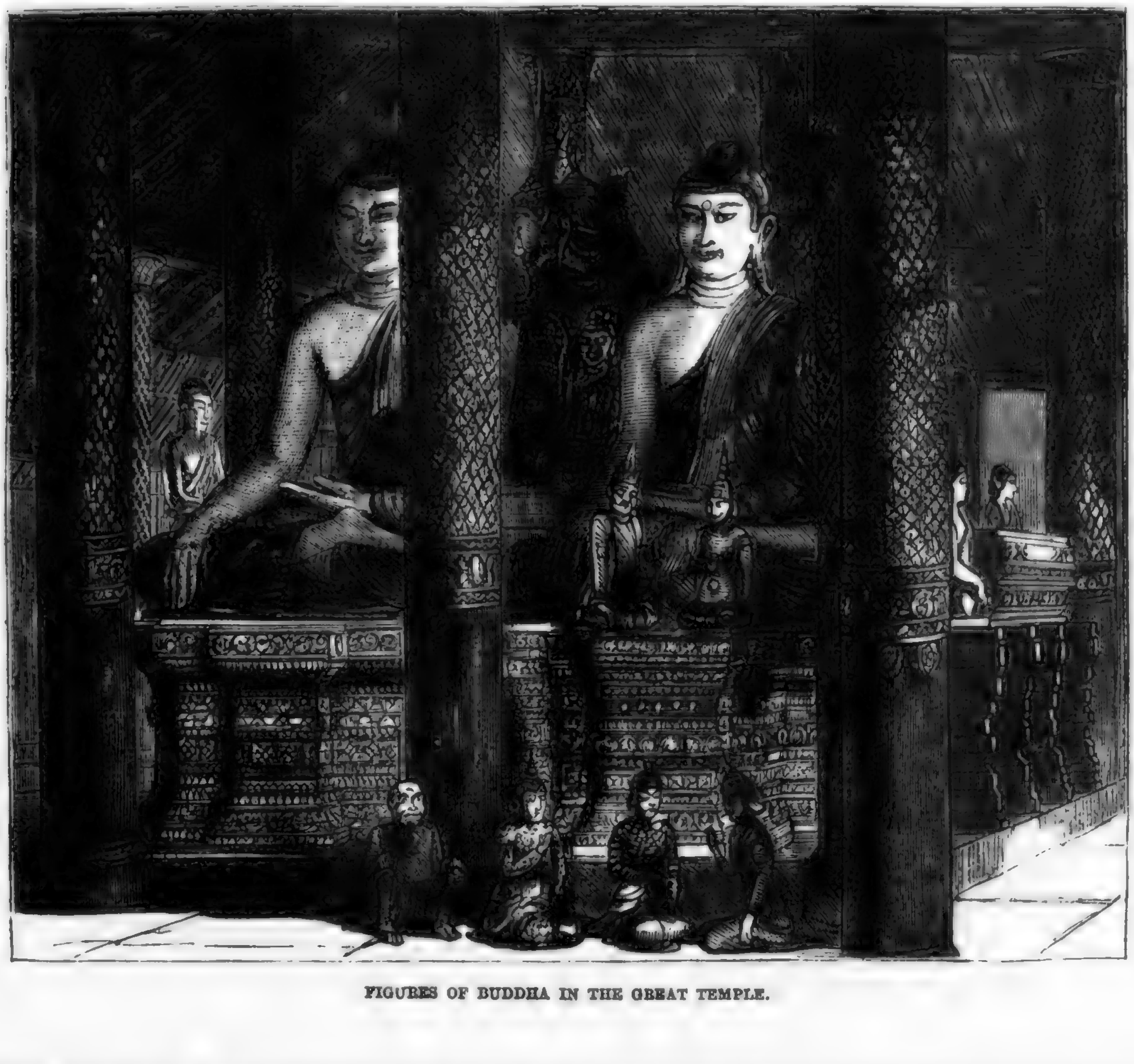
A BURMESE FUNERAL.

While the uproar was at its height there was a stir in the passage, and presently he—Mr. Fletcher—was lugged into our midst by a policeman.

It seems he had driven up to the door in a cab, and opened it with a latch-key, but on catching sight of the policeman had been about to back out of the difficulty.

However, the legal clutch was upon him, holding him as in a vise in a moment, for there was such guilt in the hasty movement backward, that the policeman immediately arrested him on suspicion and hurried him off to prison.

The trial ran its dreary length, and was duly reported in the daily papers. When he was found guilty and condemned to be hanged, he confessed that his hair had been rendered venerably silvery by artificial means, and further added that the seventy-five pounds which he had paid



FIGURES OF BUDDHA IN THE GREAT TEMPLE.

in advance was all he possessed in the world at the time.

"I meant no harm," he said. "I only wanted to get into a good family, and be lucky enough to meet with a wealthy widow or old maid, who would marry me and make me independent; but I found when I had married Mrs. Haviland that, unless I realized her property and got the whole swing of it into my own hands, that mine would be but a miserable, pettifogging existence after all; but I never hurt her feelings! When I felt compelled to make an end of her, I did it in the character of my nephew, and her last words were a fervent cry to me, her absent husband, to come and save her!"

It was a very poor consolation to me that the villain paid with his life for the crime he had committed, and I took no pleasure in the property, which all came to me as next of kin to my poor murdered relative. I am not a woman of quick affections, and I have not yet been able to put another in my heart in the place of poor Aunt Bab, the most loving friend I ever possessed.

As for the house that had been my dear home, I sold it, and gave the proceeds to a refuge for orphan children. I pass it sometimes on cold Winter evenings, and, gazing in, see the bright firelight playing on the walls, and think, with a shudder, that the coals are brought from that cellar that was my Aunt Bab's grave!

AN AMERICAN IMPRESSARIO'S EXPERIENCE IN BRITISH BURMAH.

By J. Charles Davis.

It was a fine cool May morning, which, considering our locality, was a matter of wonder. We (the passengers and crew of the British India Company's steamship *Rajpootana*, Captain Lewis commanding), were looking over the rail at a long, dim range of hills—which was all we had ever seen thus far of British Burmah—or gazing into the troubled waters of the Bay of Bengal, that seemed to resent the intrusion of the muddy torrent of the mighty Irrawaddy River by turning it back in curious lines of blue and yellow, as if refusing to mix its own cerulean waves with a less pure fluid, even if it did flow from the snow-capped mountains of Northern Asia. We were waiting for the pilot to take us up to our destination, the thriving and populous City of Rangoon. That worthy soon made his appearance, coming out of the distance in a somewhat antiquated, nondescript craft, between a Chinese sampan and a Maori war-canoe. The crew of this consisted of four nearly naked coolies, who, with the assistance of a lug-sail and some paddles, finally succeeded in bringing up under our quarter, when, with much shouting, and a truly Asiatic scramble that nearly resulted in the complete overthrow of this marine wonder, it was brought alongside. The pilot climbed briskly on deck, and we were soon stemming the swift current of the greatest of all East Indian rivers, and enjoying a fine breeze that made us forget Calcutta and its sweltering masses. The pilot was a short, stout, sailor-like man—but why describe him? He looked just like the men who guard the entrance to all great rivers. I met him at Saugur Island prepared to take us up the Hooghly; he was on board the pilot-junk that met us at Woosung; he carried us safely over the sunken rocks of the Torres Straits, and I am sure he is waiting for us off Sandy Hook. It is wonderful how he does it, but I am sure it is the same man. He always comes on board with the same two-weeks old newspaper for the captain; he is always thirsty, and is sure to tell the passengers that they will seize their cigars and whisky at the Custom House, and offer to help consume them before arrival. "How are things on shore?" asks the manager. "Pretty tough," says the pilot; "the amateurs have just been playing 'Pinafore'"; and, with a nod and a smile, he disappears to interview the steward before going on the bridge. Soon after passing Monkey Point we came in sight of Rangoon, the metropolis and seat of government of British Burmah, with its golden pagodas, griffins, dragons, and Buddhist temples. The banks of the river (called the Rangoon, but really one of the many mouths of the Irrawaddy) are lined with the saw-mills and lumber-yards of the many teak companies. Here large herds of domesticated elephants are at work; but elephants and waterfalls are subjects to be avoided, as the ordinary traveler generally enlarges the former, and gushes over the latter to such an extent that no one but a circus agent could possibly strike a new vein in the description of either. Boom went our twelve-pounder to inform Rangoon that Her Majesty's mail-steamer had arrived, when, as if by magic, the wharf was thronged with gayly-dressed natives, red-coated English soldiers, umbrella-shaded citizens, and the omnipresent blue-bloused John Chinaman, all intent on learning the latest news, or securing new stock for their shops or stores. A shout, a rush, and the launching out of our heavy landing-stages informed us that we were fast to the pier. The first one on board was our agent—the same old agent. With a few flourishes of the gold-headed cane (that was presented to him every time he had a benefit), to impress onlookers with his great importance; a glance at his diamond-pin, to see that it covered the top button-hole of his dicky; and one desperate tug at his celluloid cuffs, to bring them to his finger-tips, he formed us into line and marched us to the carriages in waiting to convey us to Jordan's Family Hotel. Now this hotel may have been built for Jordan's family exclusively, or Jordan may have intended it originally for traveling families. I never could arrive at the bottom of this mystery—if Jordan knows, he won't tell. The carriages?—Oh, yes! The agent pointed out the foremost one to me, but before trusting my rotund form to the by no means inviting, mangy cushions, I cautiously surrounded it and inspected it from a distance, and a respectful one, too; for, fastened to the smallest end was a very vicious-looking pair of Burmese ponies, kept in a state of semi-subjection by a depraved-looking cooly with two rope reins and a bamboo club. A duplicate to his antique equipage would be an impossibility outside of Burmah. The body bore a wonderful resemblance to a Rockland Lake ice-wagon, with a door and two windows in the sides, while the wheels must have been recruited from at least four different wagon-yards, for they were of different colors and no two of the same size. Thinking, possibly, this was an invention to overcome the primitive state of the roads, and knowing the eyes of the public were on me, I summoned all my resolution, and breathing a silent prayer to Buddha, clambered in. The pilot (he was not a driver, rather a restrainer) slackened the tension of the rope reins, and, with a plunge and a rush, we went off, overturning a case of goods and nearly shipwrecking a Burmese fruit-stand as we whirled into the main street.

A short drive brought us to the hotel, where we were received by an Armenian publican with a complexion like a brightly-polished copper kettle, and a pair of watery eyes that reminded us of the badly-poached eggs we were compelled to breakfast on in India. The agent introduced me, and here my idea of my own importance received a leveler not easily forgotten. He received me as though opera troupes were a daily occurrence and managers were dropping in every hour. I don't think his lethargic Oriental intellect quite grasped the situation. On inspection the rooms proved clean and well ventilated. Leaving the agent to arrange matters so that every member of our company got the best room in the house, I turned my attention to Mr. J. Paxton, who had called with his carriage to show us to the theatre. We drove out to the Cantonment, and found a quaint old tumble-down edifice called the Assembly Rooms, with a broad veranda running completely around it, and a thick grass roof covering both the main building and the covered carriage-way. This, like all other houses in Burmah, is built upon piles about six feet from the ground, to keep out cobras and black adders. On entering, we found a long room, seated with sofas, and having a stage at one end, and bunches of paraffine-lamps; these were intended to supply the illuminating power, while a square pit in front of the stage was arranged for the concealment of the orchestra. The scenery was conspicuous by its absence, but we carried the material to overcome this difficulty.

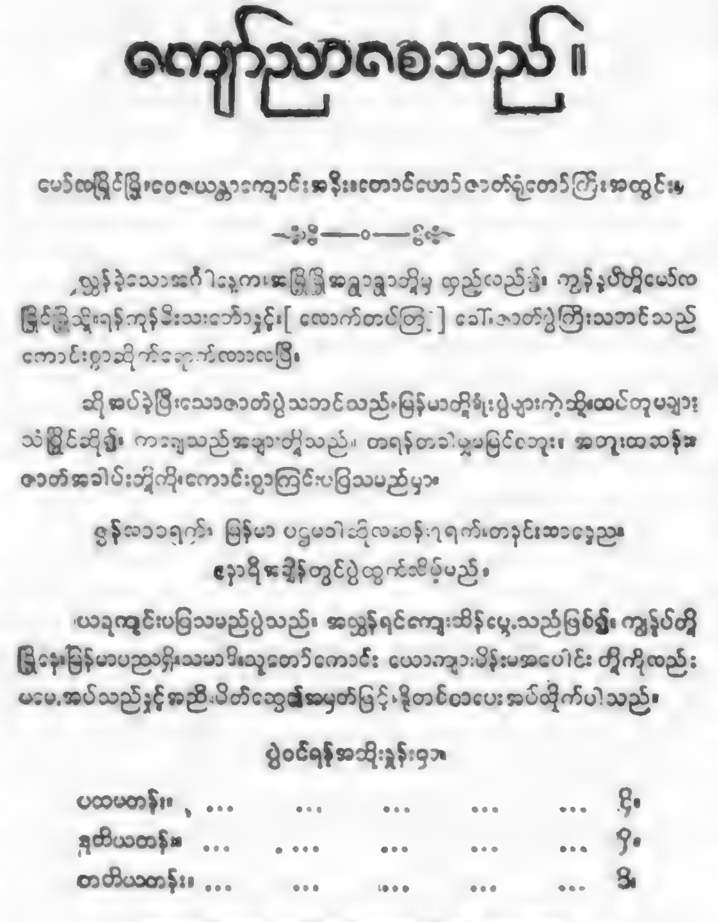
From here we drove through the European quarters, and a more Eden-like place probably does not exist in all Asia. The streets are wide and the bungalows large and roomy. Overhead, the rich foliage of the banyan, fig and palm tree shuts out the fierce rays of the tropical sun, while the foot-paths and private carriage-ways are lined with crotons, lotuses, ferns, and a host of other indigenous and exotic plants and vines of great beauty. After a pleasant drive of two hours' duration, we returned to our hotel for dinner, which consisted of fresh fish, rice and curry, fowls, eggs, mangoes, plantains, and cocoanuts. After dinner, coffee and Burmah cheroots, enjoyed in long chairs on the veranda, and a chat with Mr. John Regan, the superintendent of the Government printing-office, who kindly called to see if he could assist us in any way, prepared us for a sound sleep in good, comfortable beds.

A hurried breakfast and commands for the day, and I am off with Mr. Regan to see the wonder of Burmah, the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

A pleasant drive of two miles brought us to the fortified hill on which the Shwe or Golden Pagoda stands. This pagoda is the most venerated object of worship in all Indo-Chinese countries. Thousands of pilgrims flock to it annually. The entrance is guarded by two immense griffins on each side, and the steps leading to the foot of the main structure are covered with peak roofs. The mound or hill is 166 feet high, with a paved square or platform at the top; this platform is 900 by 685 feet in area, and the ascent to it is by four flights of brick steps, one on each side. From the centre of this platform, a profusely gilded solid brick pagoda, 1,355 feet in circumference at the base, rises to a height of 321 feet; a Htu or umbrella of iron network, 26 feet high, crowns the top. This Htu is heavily plated with gold, and inlaid with precious stones. A great number of small silver and gold bells are suspended from the outer rim of the umbrella, which tinkle very pleasantly whenever a slight wind moves them. The whole affair was presented to the Buddhist community by the King of Upper Burmah. It weighs one and a quarter tons, and is valued at 620,000 rupees. This new Htu was placed in position quite recently, when the former, nearly a century old, was removed, and the new one erected entirely by volunteer labor. The space around the pagoda is left clear for worshipers, but all about the edge of the platform are idol-houses, facing inward, with here and there a large bell; these bells are struck with deer's antlers that are always lying near them. One of these bells is 7 feet 7 inches in diameter at the mouth, and a man can stand inside without touching the top. At the close of the second Burmese war this bell was lost in the river while being shipped to England. It remained for a long time in sixty feet of water, when permission was granted the Buddhist priests to recover it. This permit was signed late one evening, and, incredible as it appears, the bell was in its proper place on Pagoda Hill at daylight the next morning. Thousands of devotees visited it, and the priests informed them that Gautama Buddha, in the form of a white elephant, descended in the river during the night and brought the sacred bell to its former place. One thing is certain, no European saw the operation, and the story is believed by all Buddhists. The great pagoda is gilded from base to top, and presents a very beautiful appearance in the sunlight. The cost of covering it is estimated at 94,000 rupees, and is generally borne by subscription. The pagoda, according to Burmese history, was commenced B. C. 588, and only reached its present height about ten years since. We devoted the whole day until dinner-time to the inspection of the pagoda, with its swarm of shaven-pated, yellow-robed priests and their slaves, and returned to dinner well-satisfied with our first sight-seeing tour in Rangoon. At 9 P.M. we were favored with a large audience, composed chiefly of the *élite* of Burmah, headed by His Excellency the Hon. Mr. Croswaith, the present Governor, or Chief Commissioner, as he is more often called. The opera "La Mascotte" was well received, and we retired with every assurance of success during our stay in the Land of the Peacock. As we were to visit the bazaars under the guardianship of Mr. Regan on the following day, we gave the necessary orders for *garis*, and forgot the pleasures and troubles of itinerant Thespians in well-earned rest.

We arose with the crows—there are no larks in Burmah—and were soon enjoying what is called *chota hazeri* (literally, small breakfast, but used here for early breakfast), which consisted of goat-chops, fresh fish, eggs, fowl and coffee. Before we had finished our morning meal our escort arrived, and after the usual discussion of the merits of the company and the beauties of the opera, which concluded with a careful perusal of the comments of the Rangoon *Gazette* and the *Times* (the two daily papers) on our first performance, we looked up our umbrellas and *solar topees*, entered our *garis*, and were soon driving along the river toward the bazaars. The river-front of Rangoon is very interesting to the traveler here. On one hand you see the great, rushing, muddy Rangoon, covered with all sorts of native craft, from the small fishing-canoe to the large, elegantly carved (and often profusely gilded) *pady*, or rice-boat, with its lateen-rigged, tan-colored sails, either laden with the new-crop rice from up the river, or returning home with cotton-cloth, provisions, and implements, for the next season. A large fleet of sailing-vessels, principally English and American, are usually anchored out in the stream, for this is the most important rice-port in Asia. On the other hand, the public buildings, stores, warehouses, *godowns*, and some private residences, face the river. The street, even at this early hour, is thronged with bullock-carts, *garis*, private carriages, and nearly naked coolies trolling along with heavy

XUM



ကျော်ညာစာသည်။

မော်လမြိုင်မြို့ဝေဇယန္တာကျောင်းအနီးတောင်ဟော်ဇာတ်ရုံတော်ကြီးအတွင်း၌

* * *

လွန်ခဲ့သောအင်္ဂလန်ကနေမြို့ကြီးအရှာ့ရှာတို့မှ ဖြည့်လည်၍၊ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့မော်လမြိုင်မြို့သို့ရောက်မြန်းသောဘော်ဒွင်း[လောက်တပ်တြာ] ပေါ်ဇာတ်ပွဲကြီးသဘင်သည် ကောင်းစွာဆိုက်ရောက်လာလေပြီ။

ဆိုအပ်ခဲ့ပြီးသောဇာတ်ပွဲသဘင်သည်၊ မြန်မာတို့ဖိုးပွဲများကဲ့သို့ထင်တုမချား သံဖြိုင်ဆို၍၊ ကချေသည်အချာ့တို့သည်။ တရံတခါမျှမမြင်ဘူး၊ အတူးထူးဆန်းအ ဇာတ်အခါပ်းဘို့ကို၊ ကောင်းစွာကြွင်းပြသမည်မှာ။

ဇွန်လ၁၁ရက်၊ မြန်မာ ပဋ္ဌမဝါဆိုလဆန်း၇ရက်၊ တနင်္ဂနွေညနေ
၈နာရီအချိန်တွင်ပွဲထွက်သိမ့်မည်။

ယခုကျင်းပပြသမည့်ပွဲသည်၊ အလွန်ရင်ကျေးဇိန်မွှေ့သည့်ဖြစ်၍၊ ကျွန်ုပ်တို့ မြို့နေ့မြန်မာပညာရှိသမားဒိသူတော်ကောင်း ယောကျာ်းမိန်းမအပေါင်း တို့ကိုလည်း မပေမ့အပ်သည်နှင့်အညီ မိတ်ဆွေ၏အမှတ်မြင့်ရှိ တင်ဝတပေးအပ်ထိုက်ပါသည်။

ပွဲဝင်ရန်အဖိုးနှုန်းမှာ

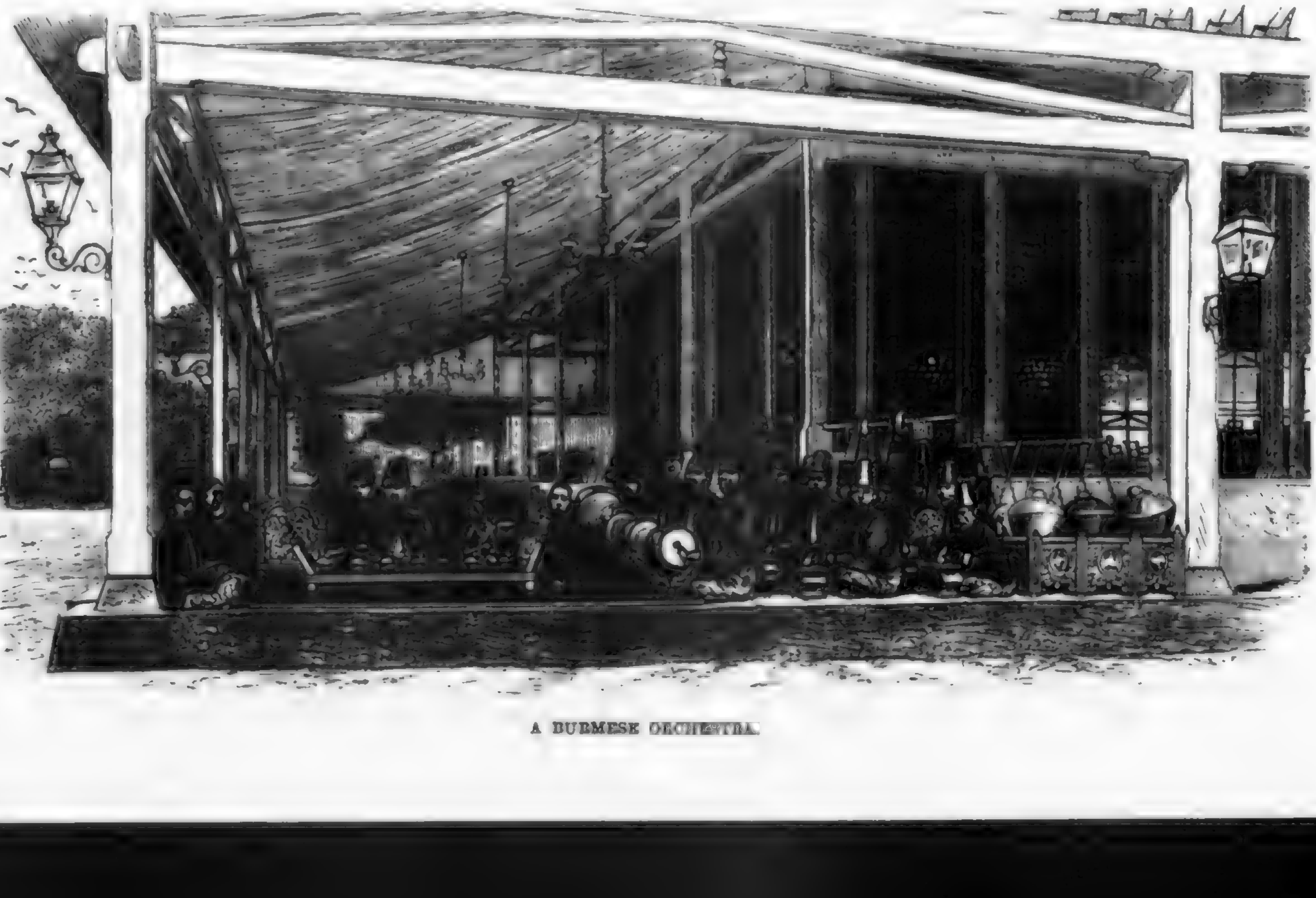
ပထမတန်း။	၅၊
ဒုတိယတန်း။	၇၊
တတိယတန်း။	၈၊

PROGRAMME OF "PATIENCE" IN BURMESE.

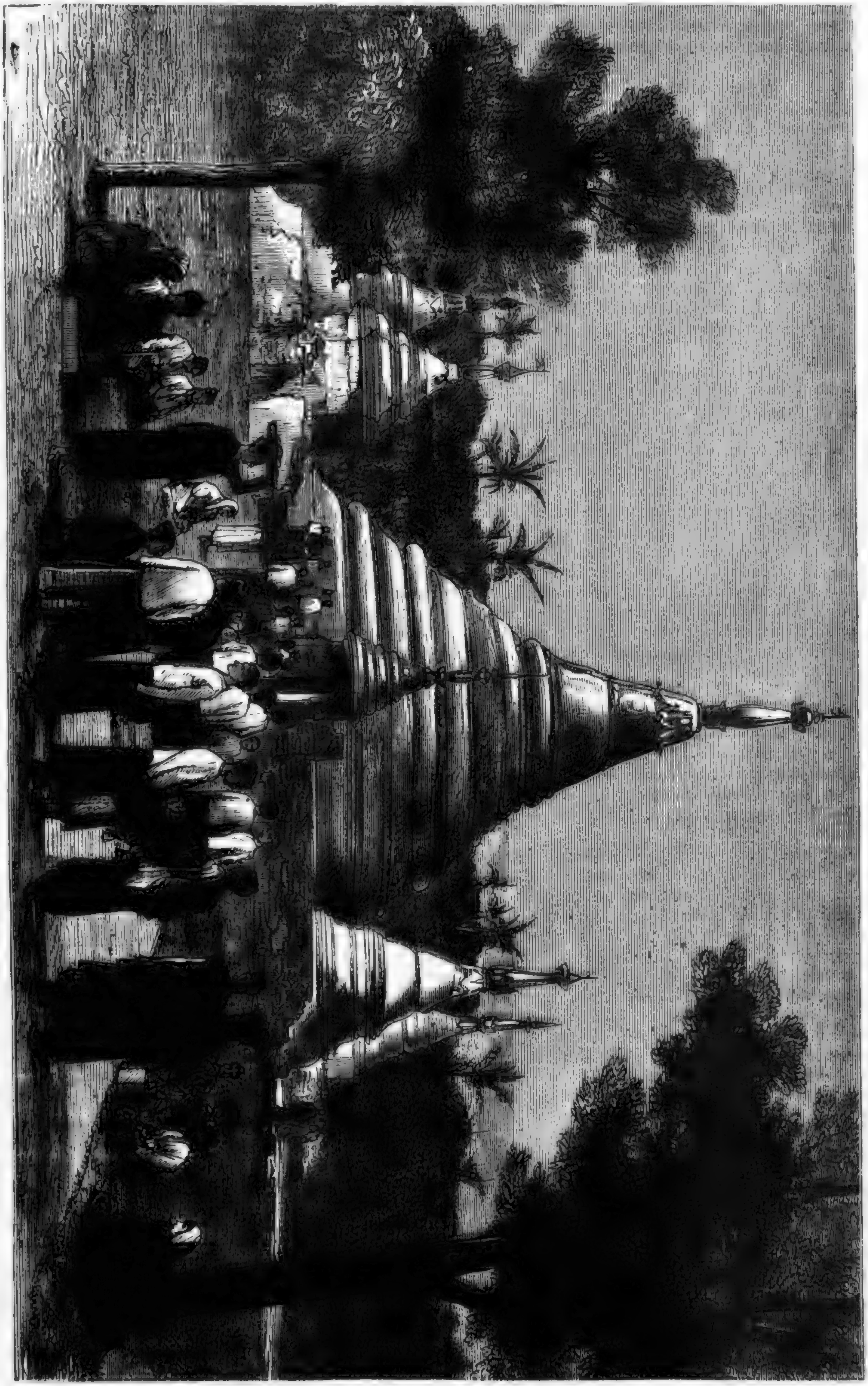
burdens, while here and there may be seen groups of gayly-dressed Burmese ladies and children, enjoying the morning air. A sharp turn to the right brought us into the native quarter. Here we saw long rows of two-story wooden buildings, swarming with Burmese, Klings and Chinese, of all sizes and every variety of color, from the blackest black to the delicate lemon-peel shade so much admired by the Thompson Street beaux. The complexion is of great importance here, as the natives wear nothing else until twelve or fourteen years of age, when, if the father is wealthy, they come out in a gaudy-colored silk skirt, or *lungi*, with a short jacket, and a bright handkerchief for the head; but if poor, they usually have to be contented with a string of glass beads for another year, when they arrive at the dignity of a few yards of cheap cotton cloth.

There is very little difference in the dress of males and females, a long end of the *lungi*, left for passing over the head and down over the shoulder, being the most distinguishing mark. Aristocrats only wear shoes or sandals, but every one, young or old, smoke the universal Burmah *cheroot*. One often sees a ring of children, from three to twelve years of age, sitting under a palm-tree, all enjoying a huge cigar, which they pull at in turn and then pass to the next, like a grand council of Sioux warriors. Tobacco is grown in great quantities here, and is very cheap. The European residents get a good cigar for twenty-five rupees a thousand, which would certainly sell for a good price in New York or London, being equal in quality to an ordinary Key West cigar. The Burmese smoke a large, cigar-shaped roll of tobacco, with a plantain-leaf wrapper, which they light, take a few puffs, and then (after carefully extinguishing), place over the ear like a pen, until they require another smoke.

On arrival at the bazaar we found whole rows of small shops under sheds, with a kind of sliding door, which, when closed, leaves outside a platform about six feet wide, that serves for table or chair, as occasion may demand. A clean, white rush mat is usually spread over this platform, for the convenience of the customer and shopkeeper, as Burmese bazaars have no counters for the display of goods. As we passed along through the narrow street we saw a great variety of articles (from every part of the world) offered for sale: Eastern rugs, Burmese and Chinese silks and satins, grass-cloth and waterproof garments made of heavy hemp fibre, cheap English and French goods, Indian fabrics of every kind, all jumbled up together. The cutlery, lamps, cordage, hardware, toilet-articles, boots, shoes, and fancy goods, are nearly all of European



A BURMESE ORCHESTRA.



THE KEERATHAN PAGODA, NEAR RANGOON, ON THE MORNING OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

XUM

manufacture; while the carved ivory articles, brushes, handkerchiefs, furniture, sun-hats, umbrellas, weapons, mats, baskets, and toys, are gathered from all parts of Asia.

The visitor is quite as much interested with the merchant as his wares in the Rangoon bazaar. One sees representatives of all the Eastern nations: Hindoos, Mohommedans, Parsees, Burmese, Chinese, Siamese, Shans, Malays, Arabs, and some few natives of Ceylon, all wearing their national dress and conversing in their native language. The philologist that would not be puzzled here must be an adept, indeed.

Our ladies lingered long over the great variety of silks, laces and native jewelry, and we only had time to don our evening-dress and enter our carriages for a drive to the lakes. We drove out over the hill on which fashionable Rangoon has chosen to reside, and entered a long avenue of trees, which leads to the largest lake, a distance of three miles from the river. On reaching the lake a sharp turn to the right brought us into what is known as the Serpentine, which is a drive close to the shores of the lake, and as one winds in and out among the grand old trees, enjoying the evening breeze and watching the boats on the water, you cannot help thinking how difficult even the constant traveler will find it to equal a drive of such surpassing beauty. Elegant carriages, drawn by imported Arabian, Australian and English horses, and filled with beautiful ladies in elaborate toilets, pass one at short intervals, while an occasional troop of Burmese dandies, mounted on spirited little ponies, covered with rich trappings, or a huge elephant coming in from work, vary the cavalcade and help to make the necessary evening drive an event to be regularly looked forward to with pleasure.

On our way home we met Colonel Olive, the head of the British Burmah Police, who invited us to stop and inspect a wayside station-house. This we found clean and neat, with only one European officer in charge, all the others being natives or Punjab Indians. On a framework just before the door a large bell was suspended, also an enormous gong, for giving an alarm should occasion require.

The Burmese are great lovers of bells and gongs, particularly the former, and possess great skill in their manufacture. The great bell of Mengoon is supposed to be the largest in the world, and is said to contain fully ten per cent. of precious metals, gold, silver and copper bangles, rings, and other articles of jewelry, having been freely cast into the furnace during the fusing of the metal before casting, by devout Buddhists, who assembled in thousands to witness the casting, many people coming hundreds of miles for that purpose. The belief that the tones of a bell or gong not only please Buddha, but also ward off evil spirits, is almost universal.

We paused for a few moments at a large house, to watch the movements (rather than hear the discords) of a Burmese band that was playing on an open veranda, evidently celebrating a marriage. Seven performers, squatting on the floor, were engaged in vigorously pounding drums, tom-toms and a small flat box covered with sheepskin. One performer was seated in a circular railing, which supported a ring of small drums, to which several small bells were attached, while the post of leader was held by a tall, half-naked fellow, with a reed pipe of the yellow-clarionet species, on which he executed some of the vilest passages that ever the human ear had been compelled to suffer.

On our return to the hotel we found a note from our friend, Mr. Regan, informing us that an event of great importance was to take place the following day—a Buddhist priest was to be cremated. We made all necessary arrangements, and, accompanied by many European residents, started out for the large tract of ground south of the great pagoda, where the ceremony was to take place. We found a large assemblage of Burmese, Chinese and Indians already on the ground, anxiously awaiting the commencement of the festivities, for they can be called nothing else.

An English Inspector of Police conducted our carriages to a slight elevation, and we soon heard the funeral procession approaching. Mr. Regan informed us that the priest to be cremated had been dead over two months, and had been lying in state in a Buddhist monastery. Immediately after death the bodies of priests are embalmed by being covered with a varnish-like kind of gum, and then placed in a large coffin, which is run full of boiling resin; when this is completed the coffin is placed under a handsomely decorated canopy, and there lies while preparations for the cremation are being made.

From our little hill we had a fine view of the procession as it wound over the roads to the cemetery. First came a bevy of twenty comely damsels, who would dance and sing in sections of four, each four having its own song and kind of dance; then twenty young men, who performed in like manner, all being dressed in their gayest attire. A band mounted on a bullock-cart came after the dancers; then followed the catafalque. The catafalque was mounted on a bullock-cart, and at a distance presented a very imposing sight; it was profusely gilt on all sides, and resembled a pagoda on wheels. On closer inspection, however, this glittering car proved to be but a house of cards; it was composed of the flimsiest material possible, principally gilt paper and bright-colored cloth.

Arriving in the centre of the field, the bullocks were taken out and ropes fixed to the front and back of the car, when, after carefully depositing the coffin (which had been borne on the shoulders of six men until it reached the cemetery) in the car, the attendants all repaired to the numerous booths for refreshment. After having partaken of rice wine, pickled tea, pawn, and betel-nut, two parties of men rushed to the car; one party seized the ropes at one end and attempted to drag the car back toward the home of the priest, while the other party were pulling it toward the centre of the cemetery. This was anything but a mournful scene. The car, creaking and shaking, moves slowly, first one way and then the other, until at last, with shouts of delight, the strongest party carry it off with a run until it reaches the centre, when more men join the victorious party and pile up heaps of inflammable matter on and about the whole structure; after which all hands repair once more to the booths to see the dancing, which is going on all the time, and place the *doons* or rockets in position that are to fire the pyre. These rockets are small wooden cannon, made of the stem of a tree and filled with gunpowder and sawdust. They are mounted on small carriages and placed at about a hundred feet from the car and discharged in succession. Many of them miss the mark, and, we were informed, they sometimes burst among the crowd, when severe accidents happen. At last one strikes the pyre and ignites the combustibles, when, amid shouts and renewed dance and song, the bright flames shoot up, embracing each gay pinnacle and flag, until the whole catafalque comes down with a crash, and is soon reduced to ashes. After witnessing this serio-comic funeral, we drove down along the banks of the canal to the office of Mong Poe, the Burmese printer and agent to the King of Upper Burmah. Here we found a large building, fronting the water, with the external appearance of a stone house. On entering I was informed that the proprietor was sleeping. Now, this was serious, as the Burmese believe that when a person sleeps the spirit leaves the body, and, taking the form of a bird, flies about until fatigued, when it returns and the sleeper awakes; for this reason alone they feed and protect all birds, and, in consequence, the feathered songsters of Burmah are so tame as to enter the houses and perch in the windows with the audacity of domestic fowls.

Well knowing the man believed that to awaken his master would be to cause his death, we were on the point of leaving, when a second man appeared and invited us in. The spirit had returned, and Mong Poe was awake. We found the great printer seated on a mat, rubbing his eyes and looking somewhat surprised at the size of our party.

After carefully reading my letter of introduction from Mohammed Ismael, the Arab banker, he arose and solemnly shook the party by the hand. While thus engaged we had an opportunity to view the eccentricity of his costume. A silk *lungi* was his only garment; his body was tattooed all over with designs of birds, fishes and plants, resembling a frescoed wash-boiler in color. He spoke English very well, and surprised us by showing us the latest inventions in all kinds of printing-machinery, which he had purchased in Europe. The accompanying programme of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera "Patience" conveys a good idea of the kind of printing done at this house, which is the largest in Burmah.

A visit to the Public Gardens and the performance of the "Pirates of Penzance" occupied the remaining portion of our last day in Rangoon, when we went on board the mail-steamer for Maulmain, one hundred miles distant. On leaving the river we found the southwest monsoon blowing hard, and the dinner-bell failed to create any decided excitement among the passengers. A few of the best sailors went below to a fine spread, but the majority looked suspiciously at each other, and retired to secluded corners, to avoid looking over the side at occasional periods. About four o'clock we entered the river, and the wonderful effect of smooth water on the average traveler was at once apparent. The Maulmain River is the same broad, muddy, swift-running sheet of water one sees everywhere in Asia during the rainy season.

We ran alongside a wharf-boat somewhat similar to those in use on the Lower Mississippi. The same *garis*, scenery, natives, and general features we had noticed in Rangoon, met us here, only we were not so well accommodated in the hotel line. The only hotel here is a large private house, poorly fitted up and badly conducted as a kind of stopping-place for what few strangers visit this out-of-the-way place. A week's stay without any noteworthy event enabled us to get the regular mail-steamer for Penang.

Penang is a lovely little island, and is the first land one sees after crossing the Bay of Bengal. It belongs to the English, and must form the subject of another letter.

PROMPTNESS.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly. And yet a large class of persons are almost always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is in their engagements. They are late in rising in the morning, and in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at church; late at their appointments with others. Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving. They come into the station just as the train is going out. They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or the duty, but they are always behind the time, and so are in haste, or, rather, in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and for ever were trying to catch up with the lost time. They waste time for themselves, and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality. A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was part of her religion not to disturb the religion of another. And if it were with all a part both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save time for, as well as annoyance to, others, and aid themselves to success and influence in a thousand ways.

TWINS.

By Susan K. Phillips.

One half the soul in the brilliant man
With the world's highway at his feet;
The road where the battle is for the strong,
And the winning post for the fleet.
The senate knew his burning words,
The lonely and poor his heart,
His voice was as sweet in the twilight hour,
As clear in the realm of Art;
Yet for aye in his glittering thread of life
Was a sombre strand entwined;
A strong, dumb, shapeless yearning
For the twin that he could not find.

The other half lay quiet and calm,
Through tranquil nights and days,
In the woman's breast, who followed alone,
Her simple household ways.
With earnest heart and helping hand,
Loving and loved she grew;
And scarce her dutiful spirit owned
The nameless want it knew.
Unknown—apart—on the selfsame day,
Each passed, the life-work done;
Said an idler, who watched the skies that night
"See, two stars have shot to one!"

SIBERIAN HOSPITALITY.

Even hospitality, that true Sclavonic virtue, has not become acclimatized in this inhospitable region. The peasants like to visit and treat each other, especially on high days and holidays; but this hospitality is the result of calculation. When a man is going to visit his neighbor, he never goes straight to his house, but walks along the road, and stops as if by chance at the window and begins a conversation; then, if the master or mistress wishes to see him, they invite him in.

When the samovar is ready, they drink tea out of saucers, now and then taking a bite of a piece of sugar. In this way they consume about three cups, and then turn the cups upside down, placing on the bottom the remains of the sugar they have been nibbling at.

As soon as tea is over the guest rises to go, and then the following dialogue invariably takes place:

"Why are you in such a hurry?" says the hostess.

"Time to go home," answers the guest.

"Stay a little longer."

"Thank you; you have given us plenty to eat and drink."

XUM

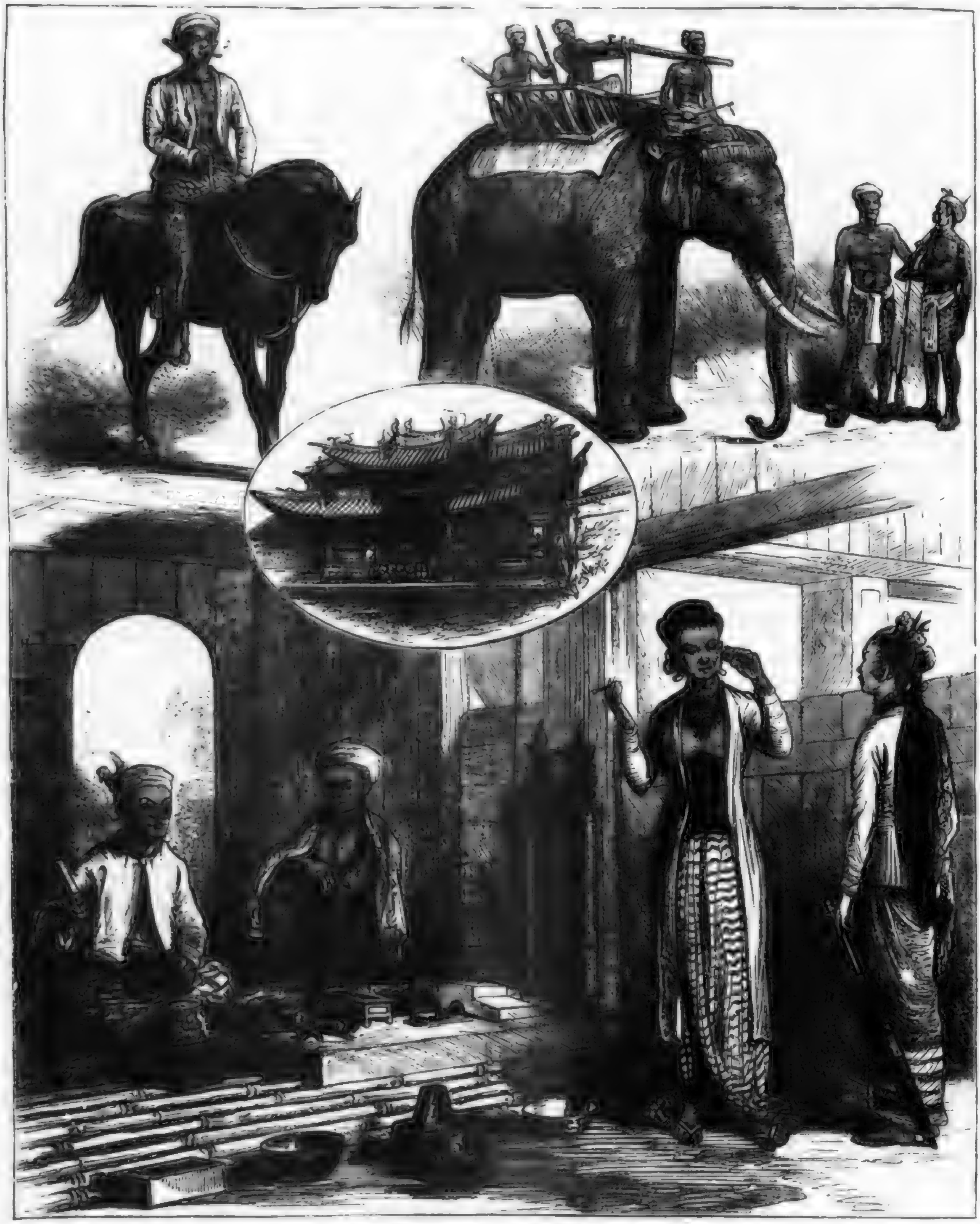
"There was but little."

"No; there was quite enough; we had plenty."

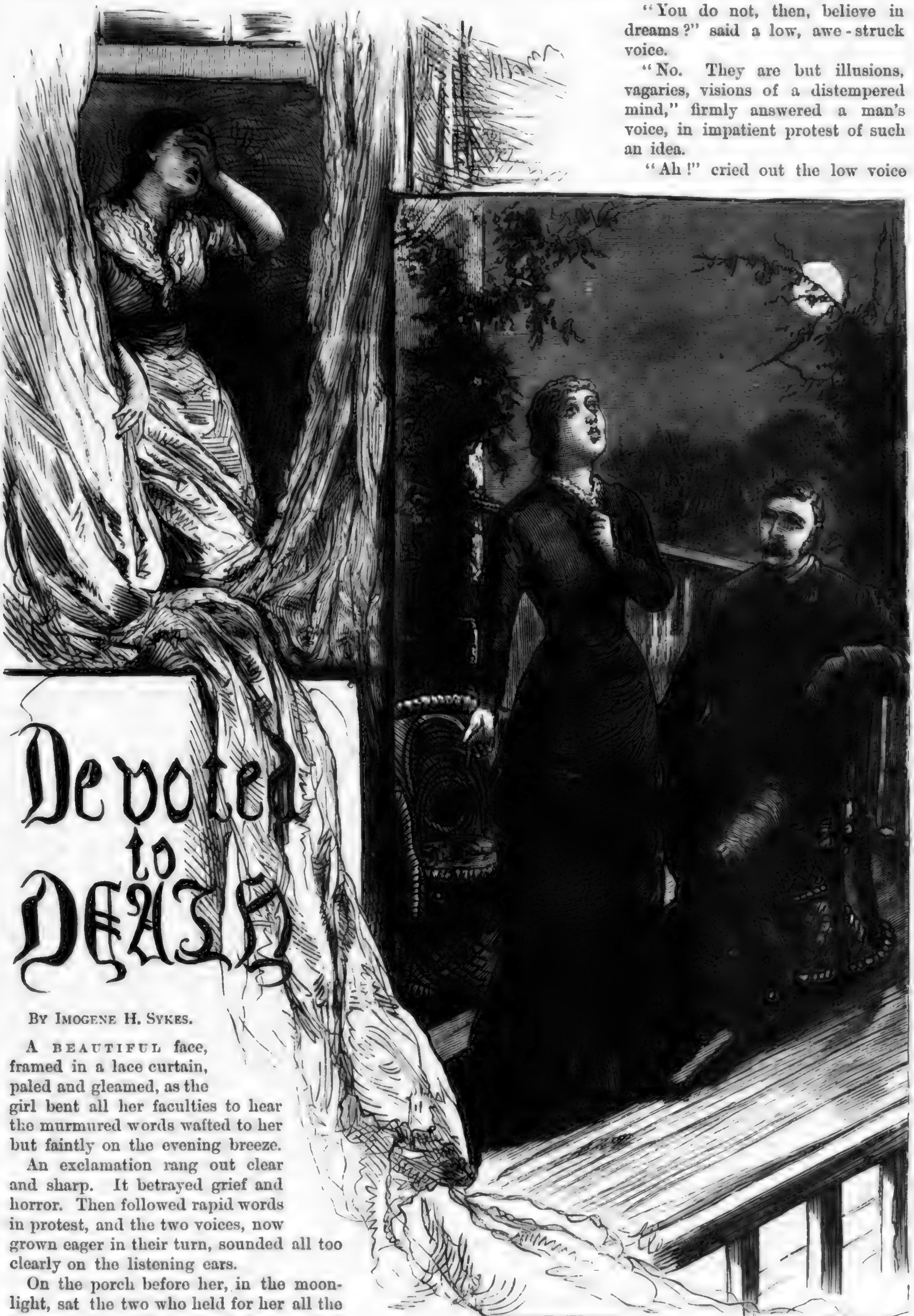
This conversation, which always takes place, and is almost mechanically repeated, being ended, the guest approaches the host, and taking his hands, says, "I thank you for the vodka, the tea, the cakes, the sugar," etc.

It is indispensable, when thanking the host, to enumerate everything the guest has consumed during his visit. At the end of this catalogue the visitor humbly begs his host to come and see him, which, after a time he does, and things go on in exactly the same way. Care must be taken that the viands provided are of equal quantity and quality. If at any time a man eats or drinks more than his host, when a guest on a former occasion, did, quarrels, upbraidings, or sarcastic remarks, are the result.

"I gave them tea and sugar," the host will be heard to say, "and they gave me nothing but tea"; or, again "I gave them cake, and had nothing but bread in return."



BURMESE TYPES—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 426.



"ON THE PORCH BEFORE HER, IN THE MOONLIGHT, SAT THE TWO WHO HELD FOR HER ALL THE INTEREST OF HER LIFE. . . . 'IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY LIFE IS ALREADY DEVOTED!' SHE SPOKE THE LAST WORDS IN AWE-STRUCK TONES."

Devoted to DEATH

By Imogene H. Sykes.

A beautiful face, framed in a lace curtain, paled and gleamed, as the girl bent all her faculties to hear the murmured words wafted to her but faintly on the evening breeze.

An exclamation rang out clear and sharp. It betrayed grief and horror. Then followed rapid words in protest, and the two voices, now grown eager in their turn, sounded all too clearly on the listening ears.

On the porch before her, in the moonlight, sat the two who held for her all the interest of this life, and yet she crouched behind the lace curtains of the open window and listened secretly to their words.

"You do not, then, believe in dreams?" said a low, awe-struck voice.

"No. They are but illusions, vagaries, visions of a distempered mind," firmly answered a man's voice, in impatient protest of such an idea.

"Ah!" cried out the low voice

in sudden, sharp horror, as the girl raised her face in the moonlight to her companion, with a terrible agony in it.

He caught her hands passionately.

"Gracia! My dear one, speak, tell me your grief," he cried, in tremulous tones, as he held the cold hands to his warm lips, and gazed anxiously in the pale, sweet face.

A bright, glad smile for a moment flooded it.

"You will save me?" she wistfully asked, bending toward him with a child's trustfulness, and flushing as her fingers grew warm beneath his lips.

"From what, my darling? Only tell me your grief, and then I will pledge my life to restore you to health and happiness."

The lace curtains shook in the breeze! But a woman's disturbed face hid its agony in their folds, as the listener crouched down as if beaten at the sound of his loving words.

"He was mine, he was mine until *she* came," she cried, in dumb agony to her heart, as she lay there in a crushed heap of chiseled limbs and heaving breast.

Yet in her agony she listened still, and her eyes caught a strange gleam, her lips grew mocking in their ripe beauty, and she laughed low.

"You know that I wear this black robe for my sister?" said the sweet voice on the porch, now grown tremulous at the betrayal of her companion's love.

"Yes," he replied, gently, looking in her face, as its wistful sweetness shone upon him from out the screen of sweetbrier behind her head, and the moonlight made a graceful silhouette of her black figure. "She died abroad, I understand."

"Poor Edna!" sighed the girl. "'Twas hard to die, and yet sweet, too, just as her life-dream was fulfilled. Yes, she died in Rome, where she had longed to go from childhood, and—I—am—now alone!"

The grieving face hid itself in the sweetbrier for a moment, while her companion clasped one trembling hand in his. She looked up bravely.

"You will think me very weak, Dr. Graham," she said, sadly, "but it seems so hard to me to live, now that my sister is gone."

"No," said the grave, loving voice. "My profession, if not my interest, would tell me of what a high-strung, nervous temperament you are. I can understand your loneliness. But, Gracia, dear one, you will let me comfort you. You will let my love win you back to happiness again."

She stopped him with a cry of despair.

"No, no! I cannot! I must not let you speak so! It is impossible! My life is already devoted!"

She spoke the last words in awe-struck tones, and arose slowly, with her head thrown back, looking upward.

"Sister," she whispered, in thrilling tones, "you have said it!"

Dr. Graham silently watched her.

Here was a case for his skill, and his cool, brave nerves, and for a while longer his love must be content to show itself by care and attention alone.

A terrible strain was upon the girl's mind and heart, he could see, and something beyond the loss of her sister —a loss now six months old—was consuming her like hidden flame, and sapping her life-strength, day by day.

"I am waiting to hear your sorrow, dear," he said, gently, drawing her down to her seat.

She looked with patient sadness up in his strong, true face, and spoke slowly.

"There were but the two of us. And this was our home. A quiet, lovely one; but Edna longed for the Old World. She fostered our limited means until she had procured the neccessary amount, and then we went abroad. In one brief year the whole sum of her life was told, for she seemed but to live in her beautiful artist life. And then her joy killed her, and I laid her to rest where she prayed to lie—a short distance out of Rome. I came back to my home. My aunt and cousin had charge of it, and still remain; they are very good to me, and I love my cousin, for the sake of her beautiful face—she is so like Edna, that the first sight of her on my return was a shock. Doctor, you do not believe in dreams," she continued, half-wildly. "You call them visions of a distempered mind. I do believe in them. For one night my sister came to me in a dream and told me I was devoted to death, and to make no plans, form no attachments, for all would come to naught! That was one long month ago, and the space of centuries have been crowded into the slow-passing days! My blood is like ice, my limbs refuse their power, I feel myself already sinking into a gaping grave, and now—oh, merciful Father, I cannot die now."

"Gracia, my dear one, has my love made life sweet to you?" cried Roger Graham, holding the quivering fingers in his strong palm, and speaking calmly by an effort.

"Yes," she said, sweetly, though shivering with dread, and white as death already in her terrible suffering.

"Will you try to live for me?" he asked, not denying her belief, thinking it wiser to create a counter-feeling.

"Yes, yes, if you will save me!" she cried, wildly clinging to him. "But, oh, the vision will come again —it said it would; and, Roger, if it but touch me I shall go mad!"

He soothed her like a child, holding her frightened eyes against his breast, and urging her to courage and resolution, to combat this hideous vagary of an overwrought system.

"I am strong now, Roger," she said, bravely, as she was bidding him good-night. "You have inspired me with your own nature. You should have a wife of different metal," she faltered, shyly, looking at him with fond blue eyes.

"I have selected my wife out of all the world," he said, proudly. "And when I return, a week hence, she must show me the blush-roses in her cheeks, and greet me with a merry laugh. Mind, I charge you, Gracia, be strong for me."

He kissed her softly, and turned away. The lace curtains parted across the window, and a white-robed woman stood silently regarding the moonlight.

A low cry from the young girl. Dr. Graham looked back and saw the beautiful form outlined by the fleecy curtains. He gave it a long, curious look, with a shade of doubt on his face, then waved his hand and went down the road.

* * * * * *

"Did I startle you, Gracia?" asked a cold, half-trembling voice, as if passion shook it, as the white-clad woman stepped out on the porch.

"You—you—looked so like Edna," faltered the young girl, shivering with nameless dread, "and the moonlight made you seem——"

"Like a ghost, eh?" laughed the other, mockingly, looking down the road with a strange smile. "You poor little coward. So I am like Edna?

"'Yes, the dear saints in heaven—
Dead dust in the ground,
Snatch a grace from the grave
Life never has given.'—

"And you still clothe your idol with living charms!"

The hard, beautiful mouth laughed with a sound like dripping ice.

"You must not be so realistic," she added, lightly, as she stepped through the window again. "Why, we will have you believing in spirits revisiting the glimpses of the moon, if you let yourself grow so nervous. Good-night!"

Gracia felt as if her new-found strength had forsaken her, as she looked down the deserted road, and saw only the moonlight lying in silver lines along the path Roger had trod.

* * * * * *

One week rolled itself into two before Roger Graham could return; and then, when at last his footstep struck upon the window-sill, he had given his life never to have left.

A beautiful face raised itself to his impatient gaze as he paused upon the porch, and Virginia Randall said, slowly:

"You have come, at last!"

"At last?" he repeated, with indrawn breath, as the lovely face grew pitiful under his startled look.

"My poor little cousin would have no other physician," she said, gently. "She thinks you best understand her nervous complications."

Roger pulled himself together.

"She is ill?" he asked, calmly.

"She is dying, doctor."

"No!" he cried, fiercely. "It is some horrid trick! She cannot—she shall not die!"

And he strode past the startled woman, into the house, up the winding stair to the door of a room. Then he paused to master himself, and entered quietly.

One look told him all! It told him as well that here was work for the physician as well as lover, and, controlling his breaking heart with an effort, he approached the low couch upon which lay the frail form and white face of the stricken girl.

"Gracia," he said, gently, seating himself beside her, "I have returned, dear."

She looked up with a wan smile.

"Roger knows," she said, dreamily. "Tell him the vision came and laid its cold, damp hand on my forehead. I cannot get away from it. Poor, poor Roger!"

Her eyes fell away from his face without sense or sight of his presence.

"Oh, my God!" he whispered, sinking on his knees, and clasping her to him, "she is *mad!*"

"Yes," she said, softly, "Roger knows. I told him I would go mad if *It* touched me--and night after night it puts its arm around me and touches my brow, and says, sternly, 'Devoted to death; you must not love—you must not wed.' Roger was not here, and so I am mad."

The stricken man laid his face down on the little thin hands and wept like a child. His strong sobs shook the frail form and made her look wistfully at the bowed head.

"They think I am dead, and are weeping," she said, pityingly. "If Roger were here he might save me."

A pitiful sob broke her voice, and her trembling hands stirred beneath his wet cheeks.

"And he will save you now, my poor darling!" he cried, passionately. "Gracia, dear, will you go to Roger, far away, where this vision cannot come?"

She raised herself by his arm eagerly.

"Yes, yes," she panted, "take me away! Say nothing of where we go; perhaps the spirit will not know! Oh. Roger, come!"

He laid her back on the pillow, and gazed long in her pallid face.

Her aunt entered quietly and stood by the couch.

He looked up, gravely.

"Doctor," said the lady, earnestly, "can you do any good here?"

"I shall try," he said, sternly.

"Her grief for her sister has shattered her nervous system, and affected her mind," said Mrs. Randall, giving her diagnosis with placid grief.

"She must be removed from here," said the doctor, abruptly, as Virginia swept gracefully into the room.

She gave him a slow look.

"Where would you take her, *Roger?*" she asked, pitifully, with a softened mien.

"To an asylum," he retorted, coldly, looking down at her beautiful slim hands.

"A madhouse!" she cried, regretfully; then, with a compassionate gesture, she put her hand gently on the sick girl's brow.

Dr. Graham looked in the lovely face with a strangely wistful look, and down again at the slender hand.

Virginia smiled slowly, and looked up at him.

"We trust to you," she said, softly, with a tremor in her voice. "When do you wish to remove her?"

"At once."

"What shall my mother and I do?"

"Nothing. Let her maid prepare some simple articles of clothing and accompany us, for I will attend to everything myself, after informing her guardian."

"Has she told you the particulars of her sickness?" asked Virginia, with interest.

"She does not know me! She is mad!" said Roger Graham, in a dull voice. "Can you tell me?"

Virginia shook her head sadly.

"Not much. One night mother and I were awakened by a wild shriek from Gracia's room, and upon reaching it found her in a dead faint. We could gain no information from her afterward, except that she had had a dream, and the words 'Roger knows.' This continued several nights, then the shrieks ceased, but the fainting continued——"

"How do you know? Did she say so?" asked Roger, coldly.

Virginia smiled gently.

"Do you think *I* neglected the poor child? No, I went in softly night after night to offer to stay with her, or to see how she was, and found her always so exhausted that I feared each night she would die. She would have no physician but *you*, and—— Do you think you can save her, *Roger?*"

"I do not know," he said, harshly. "Women have such weak nerves," and he abruptly left the room.

Out in the air he gave vent to a sob, and looked back at the house with a long, long look.

"It will go hard with me but that I do save you, my precious girlie," said the resolute heart, as he hurried on his preparations for removal to the asylum.

In an hour all was ready. Roger took the frail form up in his arms and carried her down to the carriage.

She was silent and passive, only smiling softly as she sank back on the soft cushions.

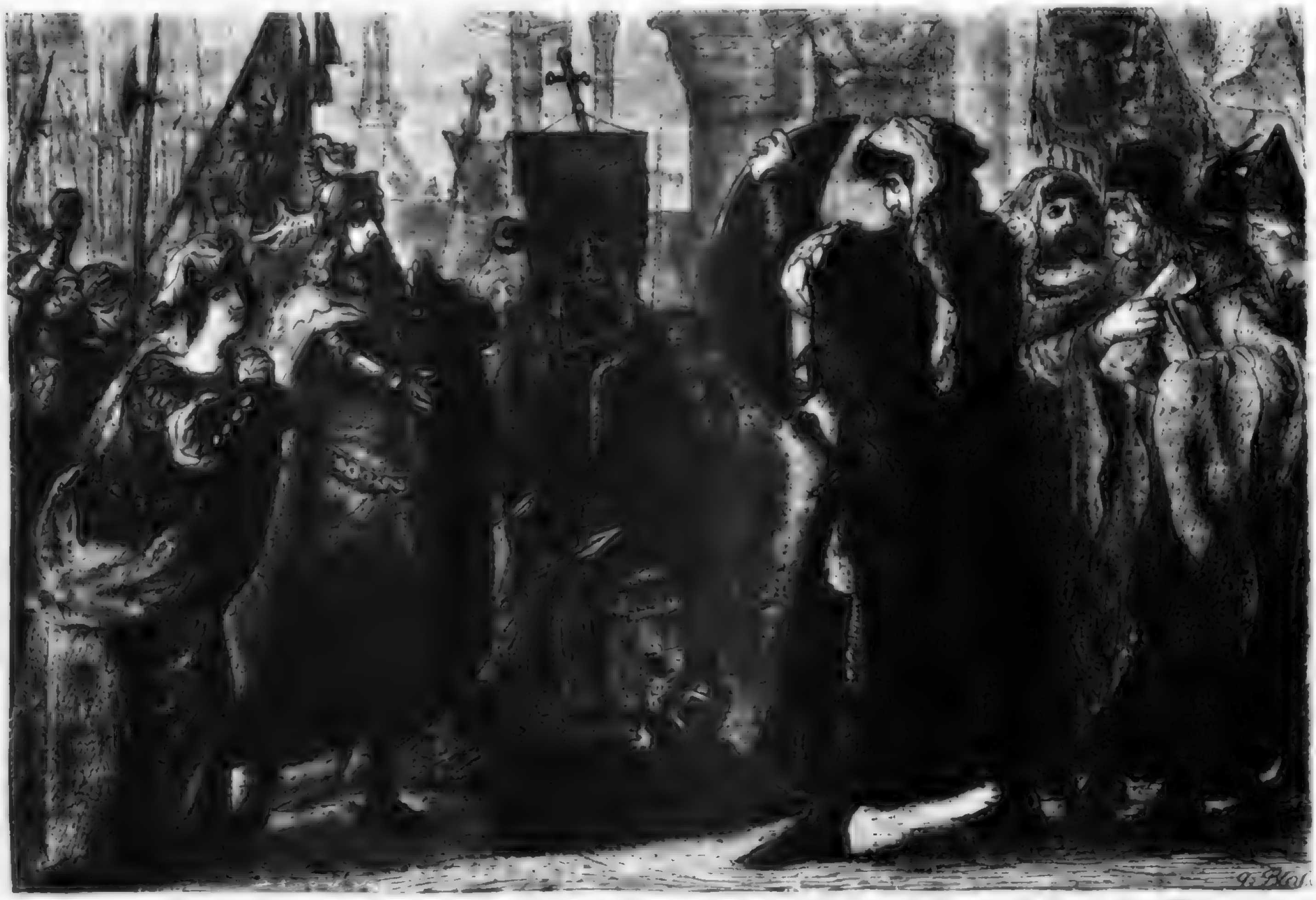
"Far away," she said once. "And don't tell the spirit."

Virginia touched her hand gently.

"Will you go *with me?*" asked Roger, abruptly; looking with strange eagerness in her beautiful eyes.

She hesitated; then, as he took her hand quickly, she caught up garden-hat and assented with haste.

XUM



THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.—AT THE GRAVE OF THE DUKE OF POMMERN-STETTIN.—SEE PAGE 438.

"The drive is not long," he said, "and I will return with you!"

A brilliant light danced in her eyes as she sank back gracefully in her seat, and the carriage drove on.

The drive was strangely short—not more than a mile, then the carriage turned into a wide carriage-drive, and pulled up before a white cottage, with broad porches all around.

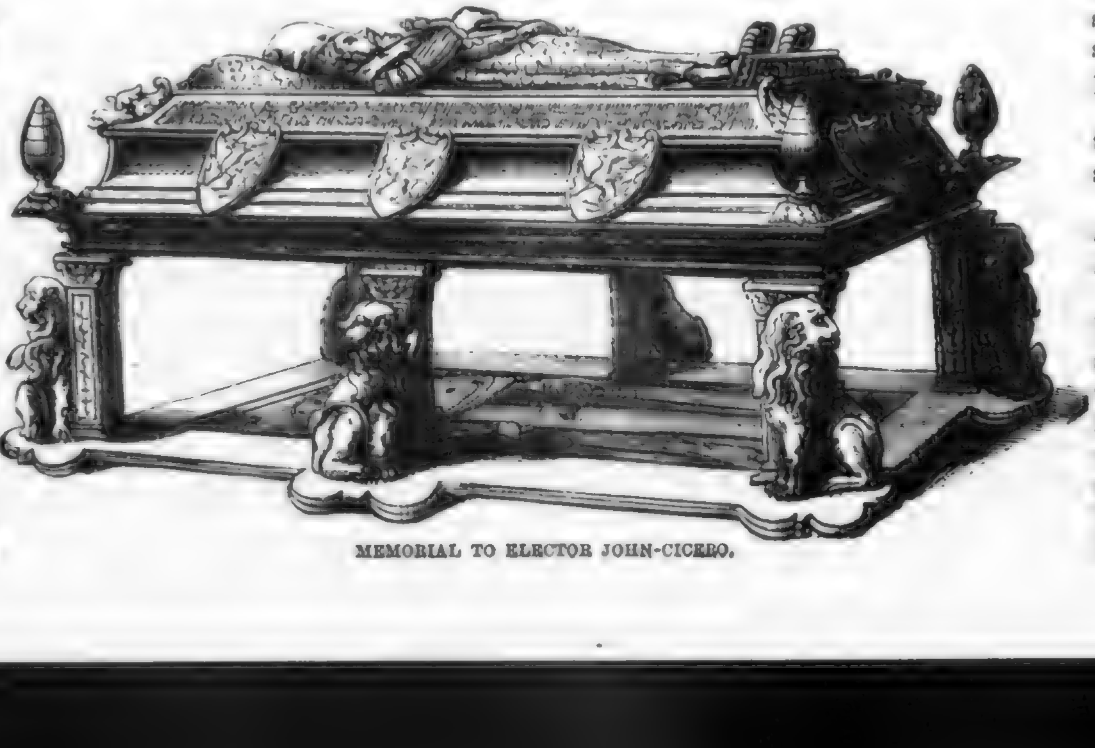
Upon the steps stood a gray-haired, stern old man, and a handsome, stately lady of middle age.

Virginia gave a startled look at the cottage.

"This is not a mad-house," she said, shrinking from him, and grasping her white throat with one slim hand, as if a pain was convulsing it.

"No," said Roger Graham, with a slow, strange smile, forcing up her gleaming eyes to look into his set face; "it is the *asylum* I promised to take my future wife to—the house of her guardian, the *magistrate* of the county."

The beautiful bloom faded from the woman's face, as an ashy pallor crept over lips and cheek; but she still held her own with dauntless spirit, deceived by his quiet manner. The stately old gentleman came down to the carriage. A few words sent forward by a groom had prepared him for the visit, although the particulars were unknown.



MEMORIAL TO ELECTOR JOHN-CICERO.

But Roger Graham's assertion that the shelter of his roof was necessary for his ward's convalescence was sufficient; perfect trust was sure to follow a thorough knowledge of the physician's nature.

Roger passed him in silence with his precious burden, carrying it gently but swiftly through the open door to a low couch in the cool drawing-room.

"Let her rest," he said, briefly, to the lady of the house. "I will return to tell you all in an hour or so. She will sleep."

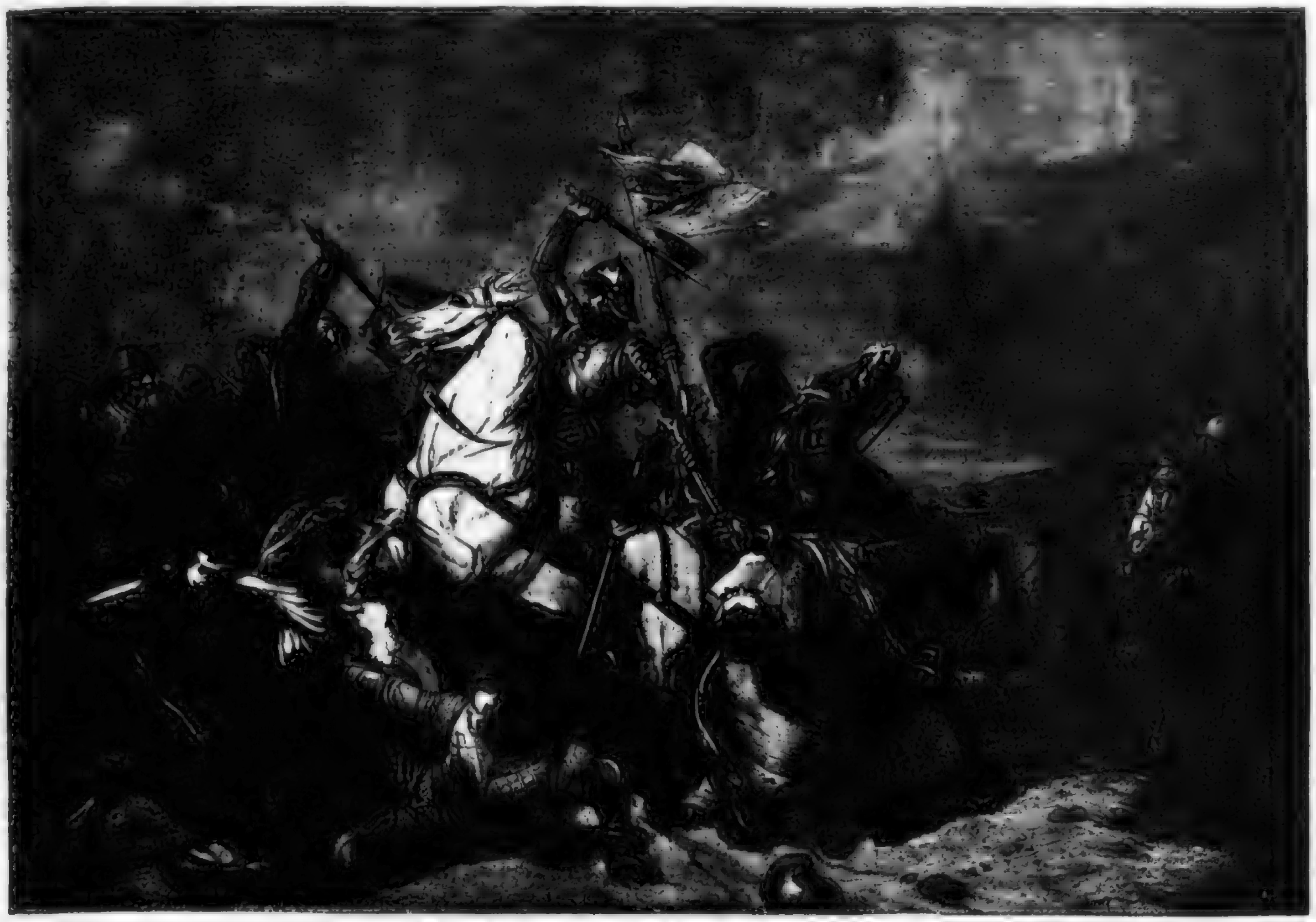
Then he descended to the carriage, and seated himself beside the silent woman, white as her floating draperies. The carriage thereupon swept rapidly down the road.

"Roger," said a low, sweet voice, pleadingly.

He turned to her with a savage cry.

"*Do you think I do not know!*"

He caught her hands in a firm grasp, as he bent his fierce eyes with a terrible hatred upon her.



ELECTOR ALBERT-ACHILLES AND THE NUREMBURGERS.

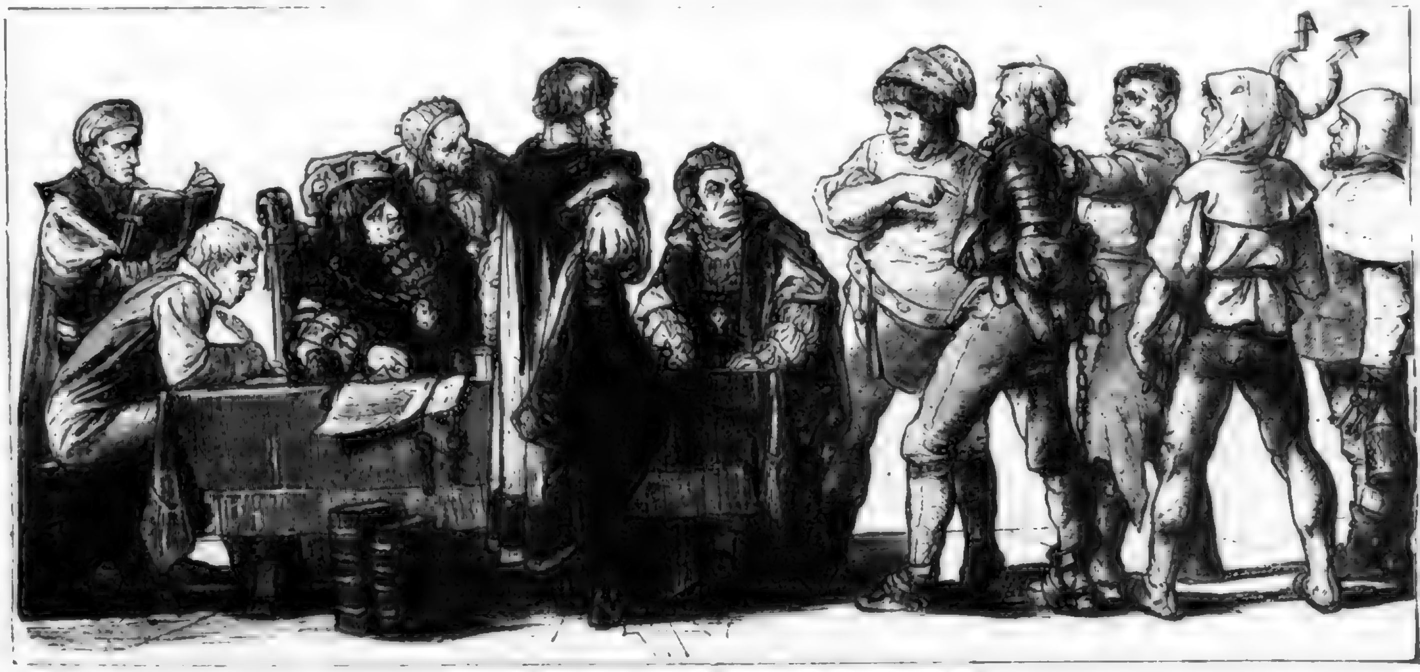
"Why do I not crush you to death or madness, as you would have done that poor, frail child!" he said, letting his despair and horror master him at last. "What damnable spirit led you to so foul a deed? What devilish power gave you strength, night after night, to stand beside that shrinking child, and laying your hand upon her brow, pronounce the words that fell like molten lead upon her fevered brain?"

The trembling woman crouched at his feet, shivering now with fear of him.

"It was for your sake!" she cried out, madly, clinging to his knees. "You loved me before she came! I could not bear her victory, and believed your infatuation but momentary, and that you would return to me if she were but removed! I did but carry out her own morbid fancy—the taint of madness was in her brain long ere I made use of my resemblance to her sister, and a dread of a return of her dream, to hasten what must have come at last."

He dashed her hands from him with loathing, and drew back from her clasp.

"It is false!" he said, sternly. "As false as your



ELECTOR JOACHIM-NESTOR PRONOUNCING SENTENCE.

XUM

belief that I ever was yours—your vanity misled you, for you were nothing to me but a superb statue of flesh, a creature possessed of every charm but a soul!"

A low moan of despair as the wretched woman hid her eyes from his terrible gaze, and looked within at the sin and desolation of her life.

In the midst of his misery a gleam of justice shot up in his heart, and he relented enough to say, sternly:

"Since through me came your sin, by me shall also come your redemption. I had meant to give you up to justice—— Go, Virginia, there stands your mother watching for you. Your secret is safe *for her sake*, but you must leave Gracia's house at once, and the country as well. Never let my eyes behold you; never cross the path of my wife—for I shall save her despite your foul work!"

"One—word," moaned the white lips, as the carriage paused at the gate, and the stricken woman looked up at him, "say—you—pardon. Oh—my—lost—love—mercy!"

"*If Gracia lives!*"

He let her pass out of the carriage unassisted—"the hand of Douglas was his own"—and turned from the despairing eyes as she watched him drive rapidly back to the side of the woman he loved.

* * * * * *

"But, Roger, why does not my cousin come to greet me?" said the pale, sweet bride, as she crossed her own threshold, and entered the home she had been exiled from, in long, wearying illness, until the Summer days had faded in the Winter blasts, and the snow now lay upon the earth and chilled the moonlight. "You said, dear, you had written to her."

Dr. Graham placed his wife on a couch by the open fire, and took her hands in his.

"I wrote but these words, my darling," he said, gently, watching her pale cheeks flush in the firelight, "'Gracia is now my wife—I forgive!'"

"You forgive?" she asked, wonderingly. "For what, Roger?"

She was strong enough to bear it now.

"Do you ever think of your dream?" he asked, cautiously.

She hid her quivering face on his breast and clung to him passionately.

"Say that it is gone for ever!" she moaned. "Oh, Roger, say that I shall never see *It* again!"

"Never again, my dear one! As you shall never again in life see your cousin." And then he told her.

"I am glad you wrote those words," she said, softly, lifting her lips to his. "For I know what her loss is by my gain!"

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN BRANDENBURG.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Frederick VI., Burggraf of Nuremburg, was forty-five years old when, for manifold services, with head, hand and purse, rendered to Kaiser Sigismund, he was made Frederick I., Prince-Elector (*Kurfürst*) of Brandenburg, and so started the House of Hohenzollern upon a new career of advancement. The seven Electors—of whom three were ecclesiastical and four secular—were the foremost princes of the Holy Roman Empire, upon whom devolved the right of choosing who should be made Kaiser, or Emperor. The portrait of Frederick, taken at this period, represents a mild-looking gentleman of middle stature, with smoothly-shaven, unwrinkled face, smiling mouth, blue eyes and flowing light-brown hair already turning gray. There is nothing imposing or martial in his aspect. Take away the Electoral sword and sceptre, the ermine-trimmed cap and mantle, and one would fancy him to be a substantial burgher of the middle class, with whom things had always gone smoothly, rather than the bold soldier and ambitious politician which he had been and was to be.

For several years he prospered in most ways, though not without sharp contests with some of his neighbors, in all of which he got the best of it; and notably with the Pomeranians, a people of Wendish stock, living north of Brandenburg, into whose region the Germans were gradually making their way, especially into the towns. Pomerania was at this time divided into two Duchies, Pommern-Stettin and Pommern-Wolgast, the ruling families being akin. Frederick was the gainer in this Pomeranian contest, and secured a formal compact by which, in case the Wendish line in Stettin should become extinct, the Duchy should go to Brandenburg, not to the Duke of Pommern-Wolgast, as it would naturally have done. Besides this prospective augmentation of his dominions, the death of his childless elder brother, John, brought back to Frederick the Principality of Baireuth, in the Nuremburg region. Frederick was in the meanwhile so busily engaged in trying to help Kaiser Sigismund out of the many difficulties into which he was constantly falling, that he could give little attention to his Nuremberg Burggrafship. The burghers of that city grew discontented, and he sold out this hereditary dignity for an ample consideration; retaining, however, all the Hohenzollern Principalities in Franconia.

The general affairs of the Empire had gone on badly under Kaiser Sigismund. The Council of Constance had not succeeded in extirpating the *Schisma nefanda* in Bohemia. It had indeed brought John Huss to the stake, notwithstanding Sigismund's Imperial safeguard, but Hussism was rampant in Bohemia, and, under the wild one-eyed Ziska, threatened to make an end of Sigismund, and did make an end of his brother, Wenzel, the deposed ex-Kaiser, King of Bohemia, which thereupon fell to Sigismund, who, by aid of Frederick of Brandenburg, tried hard to put down the insurgent heretics, with their claim that the laity, as well as the clergy, should be allowed to partake of the wine as well as the bread in the Eucharist. Frederick's possessions in Franconia and Brandenburg suffered sorely in this Hussite War, and he vainly urged the adoption of a milder policy. Ill-feeling grew up between the Kaiser and the Elector to whom each owed so much. Frederick made an alliance with Wladislaw-Jagello, the mighty King of Poland, which was to be cemented by a marriage between his second son and the daughter and presumptive heiress of the King of Poland. The youth was sent to Poland to be trained up for the crown which was to fall to him. The early death of the princess put an end to this scheme, which nevertheless added fuel to the ill-feeling between the Kaiser and the Elector, both of whom suffered much evil in consequence. In the course of years this mutual distrust died out; a reconciliation was effected, and Frederick resumed his intimate relations with the House of Habsburg. Sigismund died in 1437, and the Imperial crown was offered to Frederick. He declined the proffer, and brought about the election of the Archduke Albert of Austria, the son-in-law and favorite of Sigismund. Albert died in a few months, and the Elector of Brandenburg secured the crown for Frederick of Austria, another scion of the House of Habsburg; the Imperial crown being thereafter virtually, though not nominally, hereditary in that House, until the Empire itself broke up in 1806.

To Brandenburg—the Hussite troubles being at length fairly over—the advent of Frederick as its ruler was an unmixed blessing. He traversed the country continually, setting things to rights, promoting industry, and planting the seeds of what was in a dozen generations to grow into the Kingdom of Prussia. "Frederick I.," says a eulogistic biographer, "was among the most notable Germans of the fifteenth century. His contemporaries lauded him for the extent and soundness of his culture, the cleverness of his diplomacy, and the high military capacity which he evinced in his numerous campaigns. He deserves no less honor for his sincere piety, and for his upright and kindly dealing with all his subjects, more especially the poorer classes." He died in 1440, at the age of nearly three score and ten, leaving four sons, the second of whom succeeded him as Elector.

Frederick II., the second Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg, (1440-1470), was the one who was to have married the Polish princess, and thereby become King of Poland. The early death of the princess putting an end to this prospect, he came back to Brandenburg, where his elder brother was heir-apparent. But this young man began to give manifest proof that he was not fitted for the position. He devoted himself to occult sciences, and became known as "John the Alchemist." By the command of his father he quite willingly gave up his birthright, receiving Baireuth as an appanage, where he busied himself peaceably with his retorts and crucibles. A third brother, whom we shall hereafter know as the Elector Albert-Achilles, received the neighboring Anspach, and attended to whatever of fighting was to be done in that quarter.

Frederick II. was twenty-seven years old when he became Elector. The outlook was not altogether promising at first. The burghers of Berlin were disposed to be refractory, and shut their gates against him. But they were by no means at harmony among themselves. The craftsmen were at bitter feud with the nobles and their kindred, and in the end aided Frederick, at the head of six hundred horsemen, to enter Berlin through the Spandau gate. He repaid their services by ordaining a new Constitution, by which the rights of the smaller burghers were greatly extended at the expense of the larger ones. The other towns took timely warning, and no longer ventured to lay claim to their ancient "Privileges." Still further to hold Berlin in curb, Frederick built a sumptuous castle within the city, upon land which the burghers were forced to make over to him for that purpose. This castle, or palace, became henceforth the principal residence of the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns. For the firm grip with which he held on to everything which he claimed as his own, Frederick II. received the popular sobriquet of "Iron Teeth." Having by fair means or foul got his Brandenburg territories into due order, Frederick's projects took a wider scope, resulting upon the whole unfavorably to him. A fierce contest was raging between the German and Sclavic peoples on his border, the origin of which dated back for many generations.

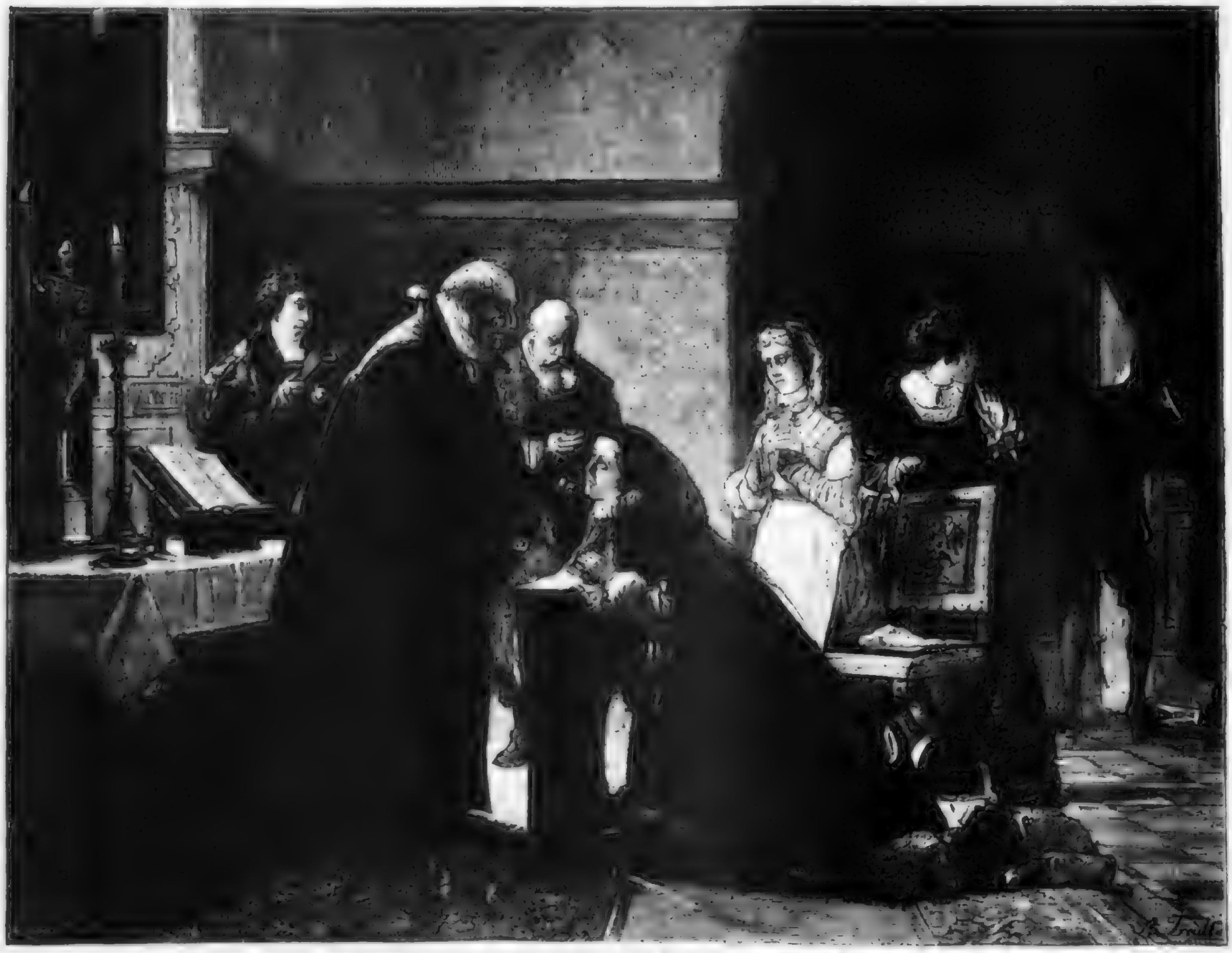
Eastward of Brandenburg stretched for five hundred miles and more a region known from time immemorial as "Preussen," and still called by that name in German, though we know it best as "Prussia Proper," to distinguish it from the later Kingdom of Prussia, of which it forms a part. Preussen was perhaps the last region of Europe in which heathenism held its own against Christianity. When the spirit of crusading to the Holy Land finally died out, the semi-monastic Order of the Teutonic Knights, leaving Palestine, took it in hand, about 1230, to Christianize these heathen Prussians after the fashion of the times. What with the swords of the Order and the preaching of the monks, this work was fairly accomplished in a century. German settlers flocked in to this comparatively fertile region; fields were sown, flocks and herds pastured, towns and churches built. The Teutonic Order waxed rich and haughty, and became engaged in interminable contests with their Christian neighbors, especially with the Poles, who have always had an aptitude for being on fighting terms with everybody around them.

In 1410 the Order suffered a great defeat at Tannenburg, for which they had to pay heavily. But they were still great feudal lords, and increased rather than diminished their haughty aggressions upon the landholders and burghers around them. These rose in arms against the Order, and threw themselves upon the protection of the Polish King. The Knights, pressed to the last extremity, appealed for help to Frederick of Brandenburg, adjuring him "by all that he held sacred, not to suffer this most noble Order to be driven clean out of Preussen." Frederick saw some advantage in this proposed alliance with the Order; for Brandenburg still lacked several positions of great strategic value. Principal among these was the province of Neumark, across the Oder, which the Teutonic Knights had bought of Sigismund, not yet Kaiser, more than half a century before, while money was yet rather plentiful with them.

Neumark formed a connecting link between the isolated possessions both of the Order and of Brandenburg; and it would be perilous to both to allow it to fall into the hands of the hostile Poles. But the now impoverished Knights felt themselves too weak to hold the province for any long time; so they first pawned, and finally, in 1454, sold it outright to Frederick, who had warily bided his time. He took possession of his purchase without direct opposition from the Polish King, and thus saved it from the menaced Sclavic inundation. He hoped, moreover, that he should be able to restore the Order to its old importance, and appealed to the Reich and to Denmark for aid. His appeals were disregarded, and he was not strong enough alone to do more than hold what he had got. The Poles, meanwhile, pressed the Order in other quarters, and at length, in 1466, dictated the Treaty of Thorn, by which the Teutonic Knights abandoned all West Preussen, they retaining only East Preussan, or the region along the left bank of the Vistula, down to the borders of Neumark and Brandenburg; and even for this they had to do unwilling homage to Poland.

Frederick had reason to congratulate himself that Neumark was not lost to him, for he was elsewhere sorely bestead. Besides the Poles, there were the Czechs of Hungary, under the bold leader, George Podiebrad, who lay menacingly upon the frontier of the Reich, of whose princes none suffered more severely than did the Elector Frederick, who had some hereditary claims upon that part of Lausitz bordering upon Brandenburg. Podiebrad found this district very convenient for him, and took possession of nearly all of it, leaving to Brandenburg

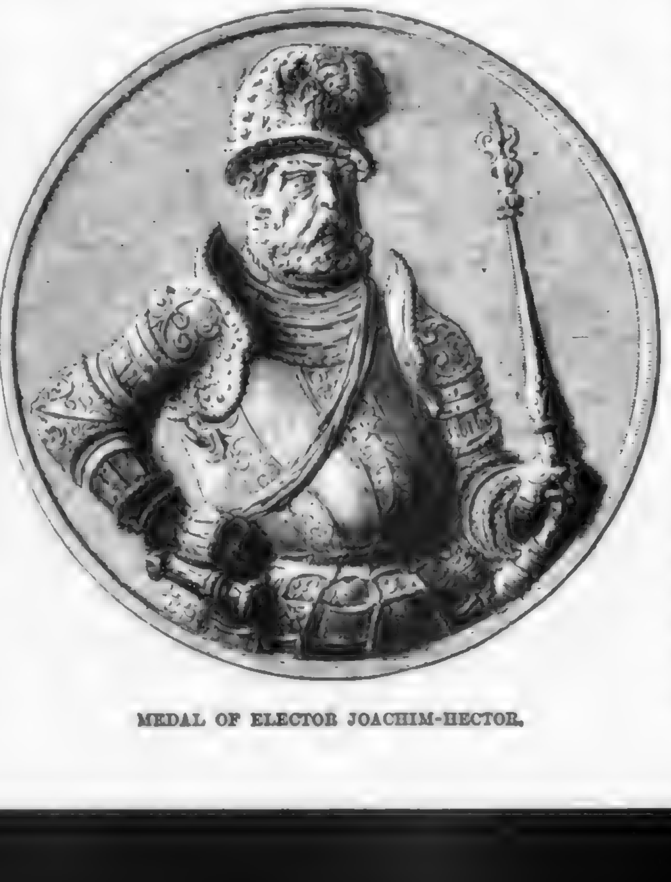
XUM



ELECTRESS ELIZABETH RECEIVING THE SACRAMENT IN BOTH KINDS.

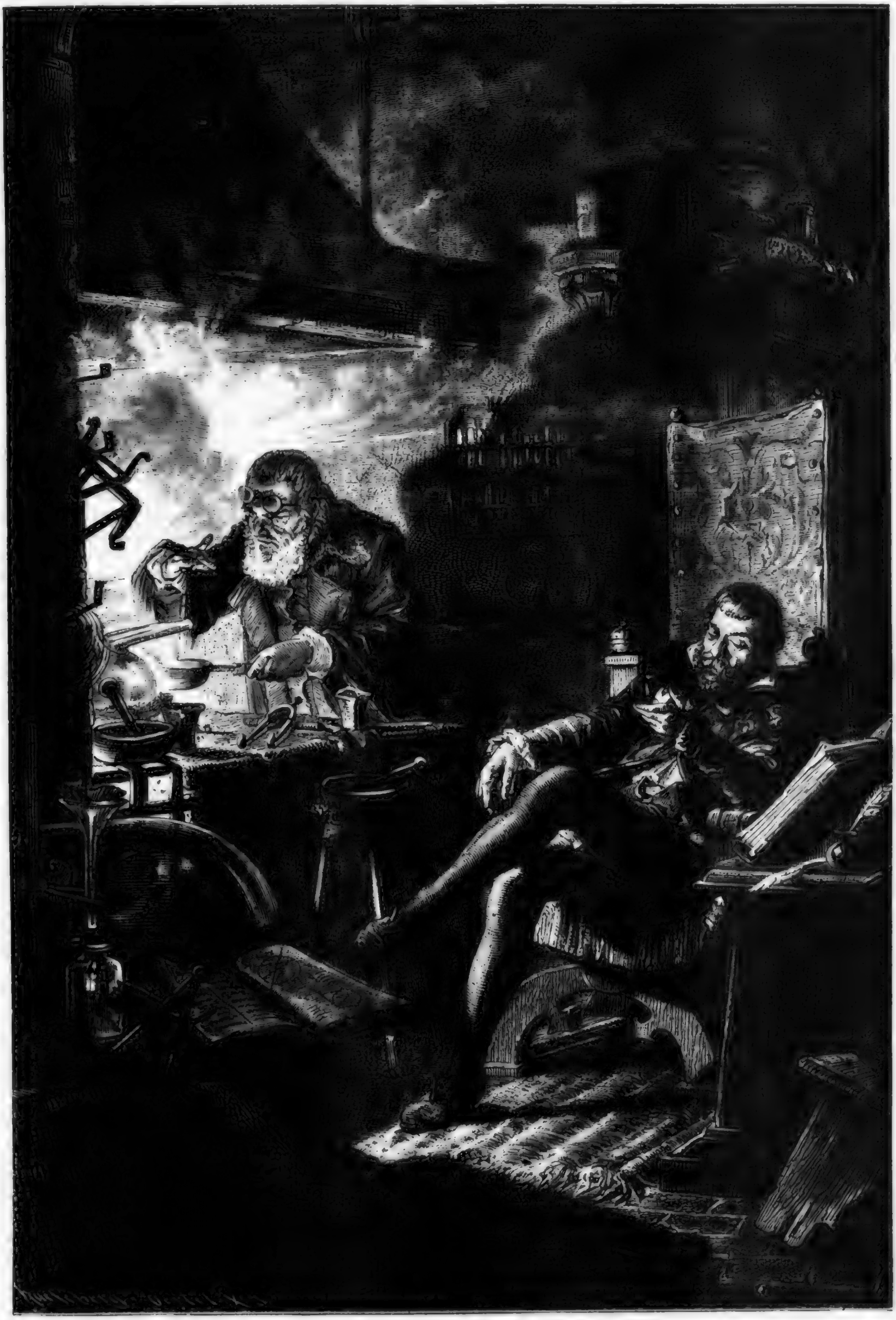
only the town of Kottbas, and a bit of territory around it. West Preussen, thus shorn off from Germany, remained a part of Poland for more than three centuries, and was only reclaimed at the "Partition of Poland," in 1773. This Partition of Poland, which has occasioned such floods of obloquy, was, as far as Prussia is concerned, only a reversal of that former Partition of Preussen by the Poles.

The Neumark transaction was, indeed, a positive gain for Frederick; but another enterprise which he took in hand turned out disastrously for him. In 1464 died Otto, the last Wendish Duke of Pommern-Stettin; and according to solemnly guaranteed treaties and acknowledged laws, the succession fell to the Elector of Brandenburg, not to the Duke of Pommern-Wolgast. When the coffin of the dead duke was lowered into the grave, Albert Glinden, Burgomaster of Stettin, in accordance with the old usage upon the extinction of a sovereign line, threw the shield and helmet of Otto into the grave, with the words, "Here lies buried the sovereignty of the land"; thus, in effect, announcing that Frederick of Brandenburg had now become Duke of Stettin. But a bold Ritter, Francis von Eichstadt, leaped into the open grave, lifted out the shield and helmet, exclaiming: "No, not so; we have yet a hereditary sovereignty—the Dukes of Pommern-Wolgast—and to them belong the shield and helmet."



MEDAL OF ELECTOR JOACHIM-HECTOR.

The party opposed to Frederick were by far the strongest; they flew to arms against the Elector, and found ready support from the King of Poland. The Elector adjured Kaiser Frederick III. not to leave him in the lurch, since he had "firmly set himself to maintain the rights of the Reich against foreign tongues, even to the remotest bounds of the Empire." The Kaiser, engrossed in looking out for the aggrandizement of the House of Habsburg, gave no heed to this urgent appeal, and when the Elector undertook to maintain his claims with his own unaided force, he found himself overmatched. Brandenburg and Neumark were



ELECTOR JOHN-GEORGE AND THE ALCHEMIST.

XUM

harried by the enemy, and the contest went on for several years, with varying fortunes, for Frederick clung with his old tenacity to his purpose of extending his Pomeranian domains clear to the shores of the Baltic.

But the weight of advancing years and toil began to press upon him. All his children, except one daughter, died in quick succession, and he fell into settled melancholy. Early in 1470 he was besieging a little town in Pomerania, when a cannon-ball came crashing into the room where he was sitting at dinner. The shock to his nervous system affected his hearing and impaired his memory. He felt that it was time for him to resign his Electorship into the hands of his only surviving brother, the Markgraf Albert of Anspach. Amid the tears and benedictions of his subjects, who recognized the great good which he had wrought, and forgot the failures of his later years, he retired to Franconia, where he died a few months later.

Albert, the third Elector (1470-1486), is known in history as the "German Achilles." He was only a year the junior of his brother, whom he succeeded. He was now some three years less than three-score, of imposing stature, and famed for his immense physical strength and his proficiency in all martial exercises. Already, as Markgraf of Anspach, he had played a notable part, uniting the prowess of a man-at-arms, whether in the tournament or on the battle-field, with the highest attributes of the great commander. With the Nuremburgers he had much trouble when he took up his abode in their vicinity upon the death of his father. They and other free towns, aided by various neighboring petty princes and lords, tried to carry on matters with a high hand, insisting upon sundry rights and privileges which Albert was not minded to accord. Over them he won eight decisive victories, and met with one great reverse, being made prisoner by Kunz of Kauffungen, a soldier of fortune, whom the Nuremburgers had hired as their captain, and was forced to pay a heavy ransom for his release. In one of these fierce encounters, he dashed single-handed into the hostile ranks, seized a standard, and held on to it until his Ritters came up just in time to save him. He had, moreover, fighting to do, as Imperial general, against all sorts of enemies—Poles, Czechs, Bohemians, and what not. In all of these contests he gradually learned the art of war, and was everywhere recognized not merely as a stout fighter, but as a great captain. And now that he had come to be the head of the Hohenzollerns, his subjects had good reason to hope that they had gotten the man who would retrieve the mischances which had befallen his predecessor. He was in the end successful at every point. One of his latest contests was with the Bishop of Bamberg, who excommunicated him, and refused to bury his dead. "Carry the bodies," he said, "to the priest's door; let him find out whether it will not be best for him to bury them in a day or two," by which time the putrefying corpses would have become offensive. "These ecclesiastical fellows," he once said, "would like to combine the sword-temporal with the sword-spiritual. But if God had wished that there should be only one sword, He could have contrived that as easily as two. He knew what He was about."

Albert-Achilles rose to high favor with the old Kaiser, Frederick III., and managed several delicate matters for him. To him, indeed, it was owing that the Kaiser's son, Maximilian, was able to get for wife Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of the slain Charles the Bold, with the rich dowry of the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. He died at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1486, at the age of seventy-two. He had accompanied the Kaiser and his lucky son Maximilian to the Diet to be held there, in which many crooked matters were to be straightened out. The Kaiser, and all other notables and magnates of the Diet, accompanied the corpse in solemn procession for many miles on the way to Heilbronn, where it was to repose. The skull was for a long time shown there, lying upon the lid of the tomb; it was remarkable for its great thickness, and for having no visible suture. After him came nine Electors of Brandenburg, the last of whom became the first King of Prussia, and two other kings—twelve generations in all, lasting 316 years—son following father in uninterrupted succession, without a single break; an instance to which it would be hard to find a parallel in all history.

Albert-Achilles was succeeded as fourth Elector by his son John, by his contemporaries styled Cicero (1486-1499) by reason of his eloquent speeches. In the Diet he would discourse for four hours at a stretch in the most unexceptionable Ciceronean Latin. Of all these eloquent speeches not a word has come down to us; but they must have made a deep impression upon the men of his time, for, half a century after his death, a noble monument—one of the masterpieces of the famous Peter Vischer, of Nuremburg—and having a recumbent portrait statue of him, was erected in the Domkirche of Berlin. The acquisition of the Netherlands had given to the Kaiser such an overwhelming preponderance, that the princes of the Empire could play only very subordinate parts, and we are told that under John Cicero "the renown of Brandenburg was less in the Reich than it had been for ages." But apart from his eloquence, this Elector has many claims upon respect. While his father was living he had governed during his many absences, and with credit to himself. And now that he had become Elector, he quietly devoted himself to the internal welfare of his states. He was able to purchase, for a round sum, the Lordship of Zossen, in Lausitz, which lay conveniently on his south border. He was, moreover, active in putting down the robbers throughout his territories. He was especially desirous of advancing the higher education of his subjects, and took preparatory steps for founding a Brandenburg University, a design which it was left to his son to carry out. The portraits of him represent a tall, portly, erect man, with square head and cheerful aspect. He became exceedingly corpulent, and is sometimes designated as *Johann der Gross*, or "John the Big," not the "Great," in the usual acceptation of the word. He died at forty-four, and holds a creditable place in the Hohenzollern line.

John-Cicero was succeeded, as fifth Elector, by his eldest son, Joachim I., who is usually styled Nestor (1499-1535). He was only sixteen when his father died; and many of the nobles fancied that with a boy-Elector they would have things all their own way, in spite of him. But Joachim was physically and mentally older than his years. He assumed the Electorship with the full determination to maintain all his rights and to fulfill all his duties. He had been duly warned by his wise father "not to have the reins of the nobility too long." He dealt with the lordly disturbers of the public peace as his grandfather, the first Elector, had dealt with the Quitzows, and threatened to inflict corporal and capital punishment even upon malcontents in his own court. Upon the door of his chamber some of these had posted a threatening monition couched in rude rhyme:

> "*Jochimken, Jochimken, hüte Dich,*
> *Wo wir Dich finden hängen wir Dich.*"

> "Jochy, little Jochy, take you care,
> Where'er we catch you, we'll hang you there."

Before long the perpetrators were found out, tried and sentenced, their heads being stuck up, by way of warning, upon the town gates. The Elector justified his severity by averring that "He had shed no noble blood, but only that of knaves and robbers."

Joachim ruled wisely in many respects. In 1506 he completed the great design of his father by founding the Brandenburg University at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Up to this time, so ran the saying, "a learned man in the Mark was as rarely to be found as a white crow." He established a uniform system of weights and measures, and set up a supreme tribunal at Berlin to which all others were subordinate. When he died he could justly say that "he left his dominions in a better state than that in which he had received them from his father thirty-six years before"; and yet a great part of his long rule had been during the fierce throes of the Lutheran Reformation. He himself stood to the last in direct, though not violent, opposition to the whole Lutheran movement, and for this there were many reasons. His theory was that all opposition on the part of subjects to the powers that were must be put down, and to him it appeared that Luther's teaching "would lead to marked discords in the Christian faith, and would result in all sorts of disturbances."

Two of his nearest kinsmen were, moreover, high ecclesiastical dignitaries. His youngest brother, Albert, had entered the Church; had at the age of three-and-twenty become Archbishop of Magdeburg, and the year after Archbishop and Elector of Mainz, and Cardinal of the Church of Rome. By the special grace of Pope Leo X. he had been permitted to hold both archbishoprics; and for this favor his Holiness was to be richly paid. The price of the Pallium—a bit of white woolen cloth, which was essential to the investiture of Mainz—was set at 30,000 ducats, or $75,000, equivalent to some $300,000 in our day. The Pallium was indeed sent on credit, but Leo, busy in the building of St. Peter's, and having otherwise many heavy expenses, came to be in need of the money, and Albert had no present way of raising it by any ordinary means. So the sale of Indulgences upon a large scale in Germany was resorted to—no new thing in the Church, and one which is not specially objectionable in itself, if conducted according to its original intent, but when improperly conducted it is liable to manifold abuses. Unfortunately, this business was put into the hands of John Tetzel, who soon made a scandal of it. This was in 1516. The indignation of Luther was aroused, and he began to inveigh fiercely against Indulgences at first, and presently against many other things; in the end against the Papacy itself. Now Albert was nominally the head of the Hohenzollerns, for the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz was chief of the Electoral seven, of whom Joachim of Brandenburg was one. The two brothers were on excellent terms; and, indeed, saving for this ugly and almost accidental Tetzel transaction, there is much good and little evil to be said of him. He was indeed warmly eulogized by no less a Reformer than Ulrich von Hutten.

Another Albert of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the Electors of Mainz and of Brandenburg, was Chief-Master of the Teutonic Order in Preussen, and, as such, a high ecclesiastical dignitary. Some eight or ten years later he indeed threw up his Chief-Mastership, went over to Lutheranism, took a wife to himself and was made Duke of Preussen, owing homage to the King of Poland. But at the time of which we are speaking he was as sound a Catholic as any one. Thus it was that Elector Joachim had two strong family ties to keep him fast to the old order of things, and nothing either within or without to draw him toward Lutheranism. And, moreover, he had every reason to anticipate that so powerful a ruler as was Charles V., who had now become Kaiser, would find or make a way to uproot the heretical faith.

Despite all the opposition of the Elector, Lutheranism made steady advances in his dominions, and even into his own household. His wife, Elizabeth of Denmark, tended more and more that way, and led their children in the same direction. At length, in 1528, she took the decisive step, by partaking of the Eucharist in both kinds at the hands of a Lutheran minister. This was done in her own chamber, with due precautions for secrecy; but it somehow came to the ears of her husband, who had strictly forbidden any such thing, and he flamed out into violent wrath, threatening her with awful penalties, even to imprisonment for life. In her terror, the Electress fled from the palace, disguised as a peasant woman, and made her way across the frontiers to her uncle, Elector John of Saxony, who invited her to make her home in his fine Castle of Lichtenburg, hard by Wittenberg, the home of Luther, who thus wrote, three or four days after the flight: "The Marchesa" [so he styles the Electress] "has fled from Berlin, because the Margrave has threatened (as is said) to wall her up, on account of the Eucharist in both kinds. Pray for our Prince;" that is, for the Elector of Saxony. Thus far the letter is in good Latin, ending, however, in homely German: "That pious man and hearty fellow is now right well bothered." She made her abode here for eighteen years, until eleven years after the death of her husband, sometimes seeing Luther, corresponding with him frequently, and once making a three months' visit to him and his Kathie. Elector Joachim made no attempt to molest her, and even allowed their children to visit her, to the great detriment of their orthodoxy, which he must have more than suspected to be already dubious, as that of most Brandenburgers had come to be.

He, however, held fast to the old faith, and when near the point of death made a moving address to his two sons, earnestly exhorting them to keep clear of the new heresies, and hold fast to the one Catholic faith. This Joachim-Nestor, as portraits of him show, was a big, burly man, with thick lips, bottle nose, small eyes, scanty eyebrows, beard and mustache, and affecting a rich and rather fantastic mode of attire. He died at the age of a little more than fifty years, the Electorate falling to his eldest son and namesake; while a younger brother, John, received Neumark, and other inheritances, is familiarly known as the Markgraf "Hans of Küstrin," and played a conspicuous and honorable part in his day.

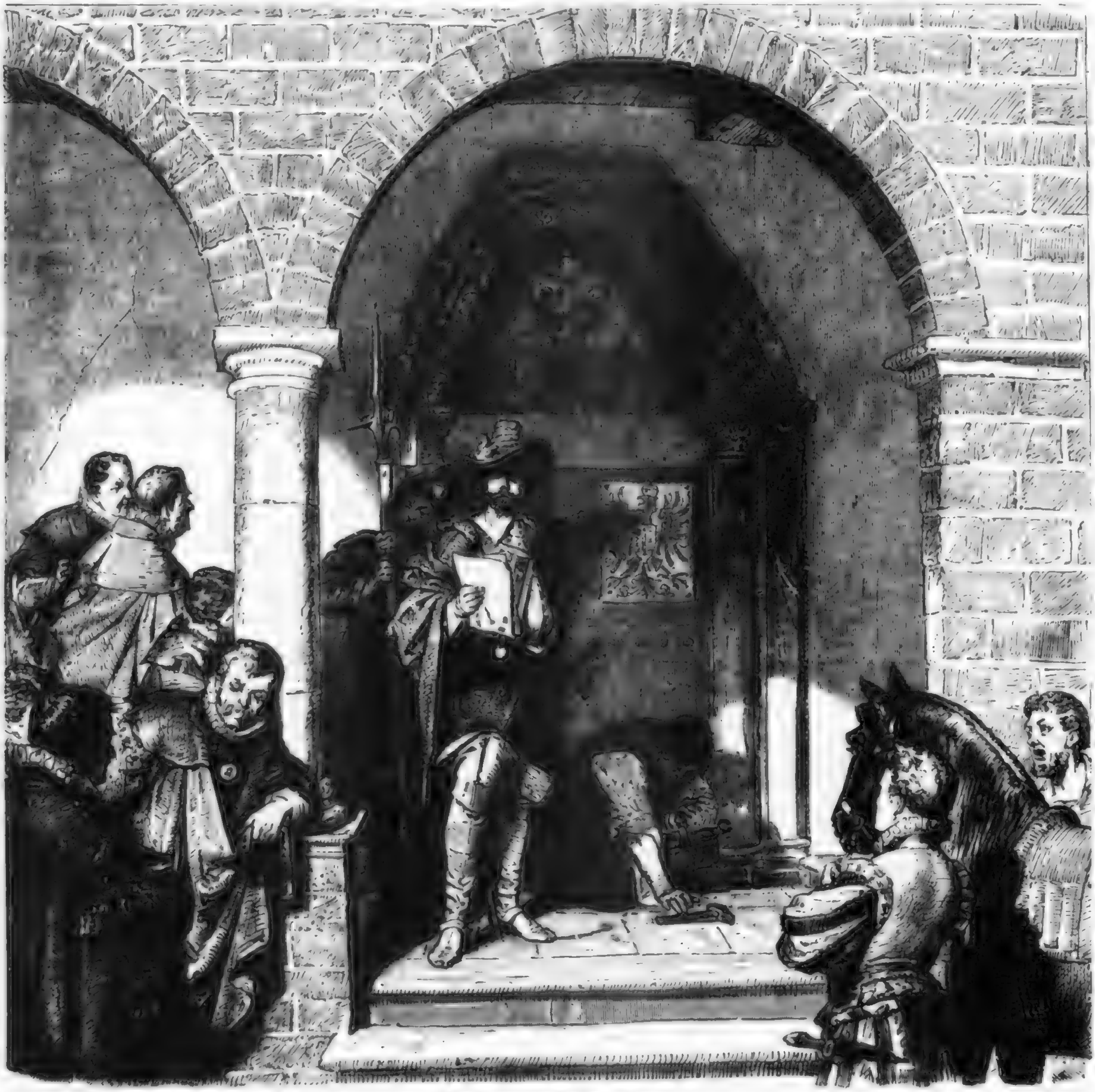
Joachim II., styled Hector, the sixth Elector (1535–1571), had long been a Lutheran at heart, but he hesitated to make a formal announcement of his adhesion to the new faith. The Bishop of Brandenburg, the foremost ecclesiastic of the Electorate, had meanwhile been won over, and under his guidance Lutheranism spread rapidly among all classes. At length, in 1539, four years after his accession, the Elector and his young wife publicly received the Sacrament in both kinds at the hands of the Bishop, in the Church at Spandau. The magistrates and burghers of Berlin followed the example, and in a short time adherents to the Catholic faith were to be found only here and there throughout the Electorate. The Elector Joachim II. had always been, and still remained, on good terms with Kaiser Charles V. He took no part in the ill-starred Schmalkald War, into which the Elector of Saxony and other Protestant princes plunged; and after its disastrous close, in 1546, he strenuously

XUM

exerted himself to save the lives of its leaders—Philip of Hesse and the deposed Elector of Saxony. And again when, in 1552, the aggressions of Charles V. drove most of the Protestant princes of Germany into another war with the Kaiser, which came nigh being his ruin, Joachim of Brandenburg still held aloof, and had little to do with the events which ensued.

While a young man Joachim II. was thought to have evinced much military capacity, especially in a campaign against the Turks, which he conducted as Imperial Generalissimo, acquiring thereby the appellation of the "Hector of Germany." After his accession to the Electorate he gave himself up to home affairs with eminent success. Industry, trade, and education, flourished under him. He lived in no little state, built extensively, and kept up a large retinue, his expenditures for a time exceeding his revenues. He was, moreover, a diplomatist of high order. Two of his projects eventually turned out to be of great moment to his successors.

Shortly after he became Elector he entered into what is styled a "Heritage Brotherhood" (*Erbverbrüderung*) with Duke Frederick of Silesia, in virtue of which there should be a double marriage between their children, and in case either line should become extinct, the other should succeed to both inheritances. Such a compact had long been recognized as among the rights of sovereign princes, but Ferdinand of Austria, now King of Bohemia and Hungary—by-and-by to become Kaiser, after the abdication of his brother, Charles V.—looked jealously upon the possibility that Silesia should fall into unfriendly hands. He caused the *Erbverbrüderung* to be declared illegal and void, and demanded its revocation. The Duke of Silesia was obliged to comply; but in his will, executed many years later, he solemnly averred that the revocation was forced from him, and that the compact was in full and rightful validity. In course of time the line of the Duke did die out, and Silesia fell into the hands of the Austrian Habsburgs. The Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg never consented to the abrogation of the *Erbverbrüderung*, and upon it Frederick the Great of Prussia

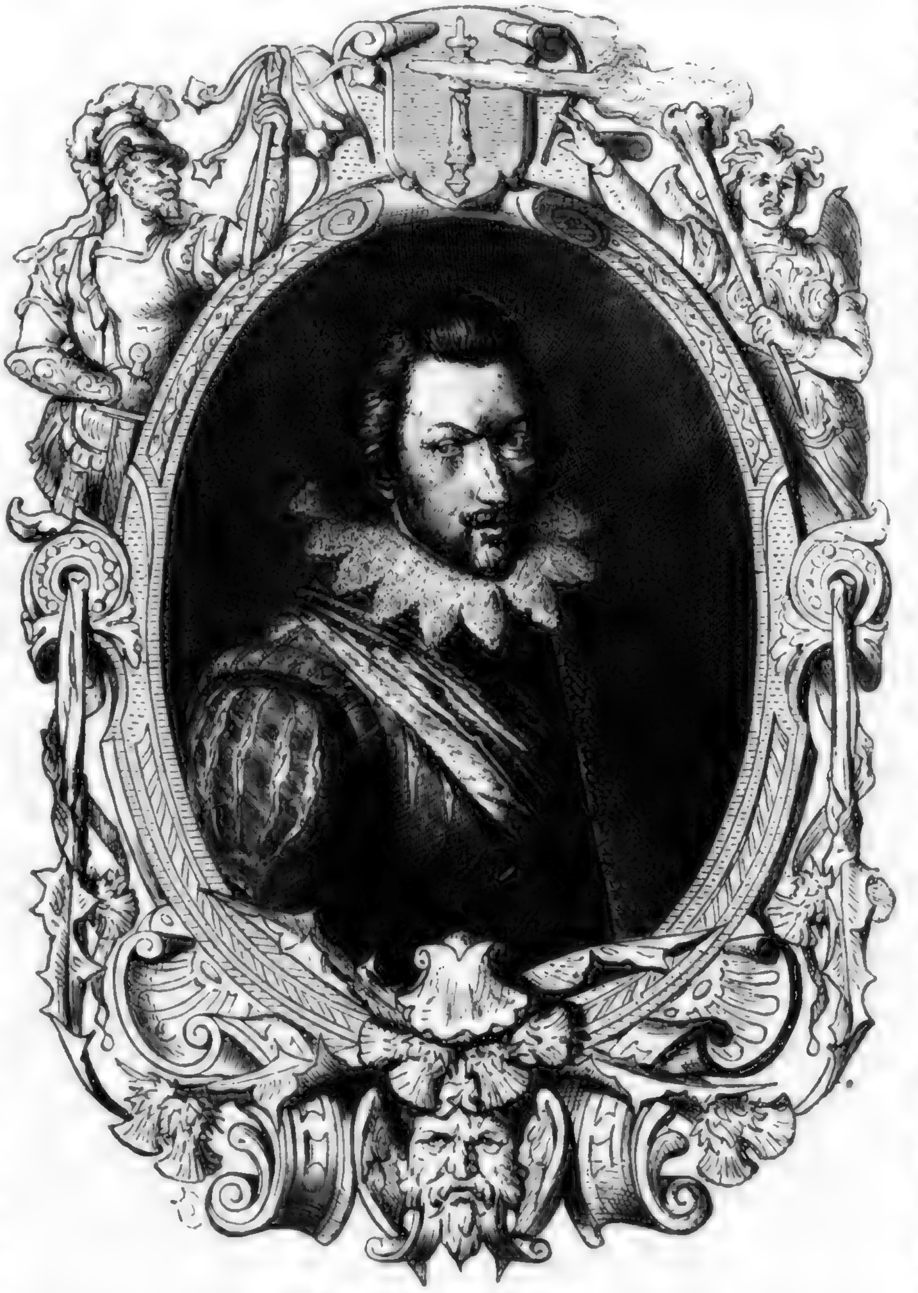


TAKING POSSESSION OF CLEVES.

based, two centuries later, his claim upon Silesia—a claim which he made good by the sword.

Of more immediate consequence was another piece of diplomacy, almost the last act in the life of Elector Joachim-Hector—the co-infeftment (*Mitbelehnung*) which he obtained of the Duchy of Preussen. His uncle, Duke Albert, once Chief-Master of the Teutonic Order, died in 1568, and was succeeded by his son, Albert-Frederick, a boy of fifteen, held to be of such high promise that he was declared at once to be of age, and fit to govern. In four years more he was married to Maria-Eleonore, daughter of the Duke of Cleves. But in the meantime his mental and physical condition had become such that it was deemed wise to make an arrangement for the succession, in case he should leave no heirs. The settlement—all interested concurring—was to the effect that in such case the Duchy should go to the Hohenzollerns of Culmbach; and should their line die out, then to the Hohenzollerns of Brandenburg. To bring all this about required much delicate negotiation, and the expenditure of much money, on the part of Joachim-Hector and his able Chancellor Distelmeier.

The happy conclusion of so much negotiation was celebrated at Berlin with great pomp. Silver medals were struck for the occasion. What came out of this *Mithelehnung* will appear when we come to speak of succeeding Electors. Joachim-Hector died early in 1571, at the age of sixty-six, after an Electorship of thirty-six years. He was a conspicuous man all his life long; busy in public affairs, stanch to his kindred, yet with a keen eye to his own interests; and true to Protestantism, after a conservative fashion.



ELECTOR GEORGE-WILLIAM.

John-George, seventh Elector (1571-1598) was the eldest son of Joachim-Hector, his mother being Magdalena of Saxony. He had no liking for the somewhat profuse ways of his father, and for the luxurious habits which had come into vogue in Berlin. His guiding principle was to minister to the welfare of his people. He encouraged industry, and gladly welcomed fugitives whom the relentless tyranny of Philip II. of Spain had driven from the Netherlands. Strict justice to all his subjects was his aim. On one of his tours through his territories a poor peasant appealed to him for redress against some one who had done him wrong. "Grant me justice, most Serene Highness," he said; "I am your Highness's born subject!" "Justice thou shalt have, my good man, wert thou a born Turk," gravely replied the Elector. He was a stanch Protestant, as his father had been. In conjunction with the Elector of Saxony he caused to be framed the *Concordienformel* for the repression of all deviations from strict Lutheranism; but when, in some parts of Germany, an invidious Lutheran bigotry sprang up, John-George would not encourage it.

He gave no little attention to the cultivation of those occult studies which were the forerunners, at least, of modern science. A special favorite of his for a time was the empiric and alchemist Bernhard Thurneysser, whom he made his physician-in-ordinary, and for whom he fitted up a laboratory, in which he himself spent much of his time. He was fond of strolling into the schools for children, and listening to them while they recited their lessons.

He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-three, when the matter of the co-infeftment of Brandenburg and Preussen was verging toward a practical issue; for Duke Albert-Frederick of Preussen had become a hopeless lunatic, with no living son to take his place, and the administration of the Duchy had been committed to a prince of the Culmbach line, who was himself old and childless. John-George had been married three times, and had in all twenty-three children, one of them born after the death of his more than septuagenarian father. Of these twenty-three children, fifteen survived him. He was succeeded by his only surviving son by Sophia of Liegnitz, his first wife.

Joachim-Frederick, eighth Elector (1598-1608), was turned of fifty when he acceded to the Electorship. He had been sent to the wars, but was soon recalled to take possession of the Archbishopric of Madgeburg—a Lutheran See by this time, and so capable of being held by a

XUM

married man, provisionally, at least, by a layman. He had already married his eldest son to one daughter of the lunatic Duke of Preussen, but in a year more, having become a widower of fifty-six years, he married a younger sister of his son's wife, thus establishing a second claim upon the great possessions of Cleves and Berg to which the daughter of the mad Duke had fallen heir.

The matter stood thus: Albert-Frederick of Preussen had married one of the four daughters of William the Rich, Duke of Cleves, brother to that great "Flanders Mare" who was the luckiest of all the six wives of Henry VIII. of England, inasmuch as she kept her head safe by consenting that their so-called marriage should be pronounced null and void for certain physical reasons to be only hinted at. William the Rich had settled the succession to his vast possessions in a way which seemed to preclude all possibility of dispute. His son, John-William, was to stand first, and his heirs after him, should there be any; these failing, the estates should go to the eldest daughter and her heirs; these failing, to the next daughter, and so on. But if the eldest daughter should thus come into possession, each of the others was to be paid 200,000 golden gulden, or $500,000, equivalent to some $3,000,000 in our day. John-William quarreled with his wife, accused her of infidelity, and had her strangled in bed (1599), turned Papist, married again, and died in 1609, leaving no children by either marriage. The eldest daughter, wife of the Duke of Preussen, had died a few months before, and her rights fell to her daughter Anna, wife of John-Sigismund, the heir to the Electorate of Brandenburg. The other daughters of William the Rich had in the meantime married, the elder of them to the Bavarian Prince of Pfalz-Neuburg, to whom she had borne a son, Wolfgang-William, now come to manhood. So matters stood when John-Sigismund set off in hot haste for Preussen to look after his interests in that quarter. On the way tidings overtook him that his father had died suddenly, and that he himself was now Elector of Brandenburg.

John-Sigismund, ninth Elector (1608-1619), now thirty-five years of age, kept straight on to Preussen, and, after overcoming innumerable obstacles, got himself recognized as the successor to the Duchy, after the death of the imbecile Duke, the actual administration being meanwhile placed in his hands. The Duke, however, survived till 1618, and not until then was the design of the *Mitbelehnung* formally accomplished by the incorporation of Brandenburg and Preussen into one body-politic.

Duke John-William of Cleves and Berg died March 25th, 1609, and Elector John-Sigismund lost no time in asserting his claims in right of his wife. In less than ten days his plenipotentiary appeared, accompanied by a notary, to make official note of the proceeding, and nailed up the Brandenburg arms upon the Government House at Cleves and in other towns, proclaiming thereby that all these territories belonged to the House of Hohenzollern. Prince Wolfgang-William was only a day behind him in likewise nailing up the arms of Pfalz-Neuburg, thus claiming the inheritance for his mother, who, being the sister of the late Duke, was, he averred, nearer of kin than the Electress, who was only a niece. Other claimants by the full score set up pretensions to various parts of the heritage upon one claim or another. Among these were the other sisters or their husbands, who held that the estates should be divided between all of them, share and share alike; and two lines of Saxon princes, who rested their claims upon old Salic laws.

Kaiser Rudolf and the King of Spain had also something to say in the matter, for both Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg were Lutheran, and it would be of ill-omen to Catholicism that Cleves and Berg should fall into the hands of either of them. Among so many claimants it was not easy to decide who had any rights at all, or what their respective rights were. So the Imperial Aulic Council pronounced that all the possessions of the late Duke should be put in sequestration until the question should be legally settled, Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg to be proclaimed under the Ban of the Empire should they offer resistance. They did make strenuous resistance, tore down the Imperial proclamation, and drove out the Austrian troops who had seized the Castle of Jülich. In this they had the strong support of Henry IV. of France, who had set on foot a strong combination against the Austro-Spanish House, whereby the course of history might have been changed, had not the dagger of Ravaillac brought the career of Henry IV. to a sudden end.

Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg agreed upon a kind of joint-possession of the whole territory, the various states doing provisional homage to both, but with an oath of ultimate fealty to the one whose claims should be found valid. The contestants tried to carry on the government as best they might, each having his own Vice-Regent who held joint presidency there, not without innumerable bickerings. The Elector of Brandenburg had at length to step in personally and try to put things straight. At a dinner-table conferance between him and the young Wolfgang-William, of Pfalz-Neuburg, held in Dusseldorf in the Autumn of 1613, the prince broached his plan for an amicable arrangement: "Give me your eldest daughter," he said, "for wife, with all your claims to Cleves, Berg, and the rest, for dowry. Upon that condition I will marry her, and we will be good friends. John-Sigismund would not listen to this proposition, by which he was to give up everything and get nothing. High words ensued, ending by a smart slap in the face of Wolfgang-William, who hurried off to Munich, renounced Lutheranism, went over to the Catholic faith, and in a few weeks received the hand of a sister of Maximilian of Bavaria, the Kaiser's right-hand man. His old Lutheran father took the matter sorely to heart, holding a "weekly fast of humiliation" during the few remaining months of his life.

The clouds of what was soon to be the Thirty Years' War were gathering thick and fast, and near the close of 1614 a compromise was agreed upon. The territory in dispute was to be divided into two parts, for which Brandenburg and Pfalz-Neuburg should draw lots. The Elector got the Duchy of Cleves, and some other portions; Pfalz-Neuburg got the Duchies of Berg and Jülich. But this partition turned out merely nominal. Spanish troops marched into Berg and Jülich, the new ruler of Pfalz-Neuburg assenting; Dutch troops likewise moved into Cleves, which lay close upon their frontier. Both parties seized the strongholds, and stood sullenly fronting each other; not coming to actual blows as yet, for a twelve years' truce agreed upon between Spain and the Netherlands had yet some six years to run.

After the term of truce had expired, there was hard fighting enough in this Rhine region and all around; but Elector John-Sigismund was not to see it. Repeated apoplectic strokes compelled him to resign the Electorate to his son, and he died in 1619, at the age of forty-seven. Several years before this he had gone over from Lutheranism to Calvinism. Some say that this was done to gain favor with the Calvinistic Dutch; others affirm that it was from sincere conviction and a disgust at the bigotry and intolerance of the Lutherans of his day. Be that as it may, his defection aroused a storm in Brandenburg and Preussen, although he made no effort to induce others—not even the members of his own family—to follow his example. "The Elector," he declared, "pretends to no mastery over the consciences of his subjects." His best biographer says: "This change of faith was of the gravest import to the House of Hohenzollern. It furnished to them the ideal foundation of all their future policy; for amid the religious dissensions of Germany no princely House could put forth any effectual national action unless it tolerantly raised itself above the brawls of the Confessions; and in those days this was attainable only by going over to Calvinism."

George-William, the tenth Elector (1619-1640), came to the throne when evil days were close at hand. His father's eyes were closed in death as the flames of the great Thirty Years' War were just bursting out, and the days of the son were passed amidst its blazings and hot ashes. In more respects than one he reminds us of Charles I. of England, to whom his portrait bears a marked likeness: the same oval face, melancholy eyes, arched eyebrows, prominent nose, hair brushed back from the high forehead, slight mustache and chin-tuft. Alike in feature and character, they were not unlike in fortune. He was not destitute of talents of a certain sort and of ambition. He was wont to say that he "hoped History would have something noble to say about him." But he was infirm of purpose and irresolute of will—a weak man thrown into circumstances which demanded the most strenuous efforts of a strong man. He was unfortunate in his chief adviser, Adam von Schwarzenberg, an Austrian and a Catholic, and more than suspected of being in the pay of the Habsburgs. To write his history in full would be to write the history of the Thirty Years' War, in which he and his Brandenburg bore a passive rather than active part; but a suffering one throughout, taking blows from both sides, half of which he might have escaped by not trying to remain a neutral in times when the universal motto was, "He who is not with us is against us." The policy of "Peace at any price," is usually the most costly one; so poor George-William found it from first to last, during the one-and-twenty years in which he tried it. More than once, indeed, he was forced to take one side or the other, yet under such circumstances that his half-hearted movements were for him more disastrous than none at all.

The world-famous Thirty Years' War fairly broke out in 1618, when the Protestants of Bohemia flung the Imperial Commissioners out of a window, in Prague, seventy feet down into the ditch below, where happily for them was a soft dung-heap, so that no bones were broken. They then chose for King, Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, son-in-law of James I. of England, from whom sprung the present reigning House of Great Britain. The fiery Maximilian of Bavaria made short work of this "Winter King," and sent him and his wife packing. The war, however, went on, partly by help of the drunken Christian of Denmark, who soon had enough of it; and what with the victories of Tilly and Wallenstein, the armed Protestants of Germany in ten years were to all seeming thoroughly put down, and lay prostrate at the feet of the Catholic Kaiser, Ferdinand II. George-William of Brandenburg had nothing to do with these transactions, except to bear as patiently as he might the encroachments of the Austrians upon him and his. Protestantism in Germany was during that generation a poor, selfish affair, quite worthy of being made an end of, unless there should come some new Reformation, which should reform it out of the world if it could not be done in the world. In 1630 Gustavus-Adolphus of Sweden took the matter in hand in order to see whether there was any Protestantism in Germany worth saving.

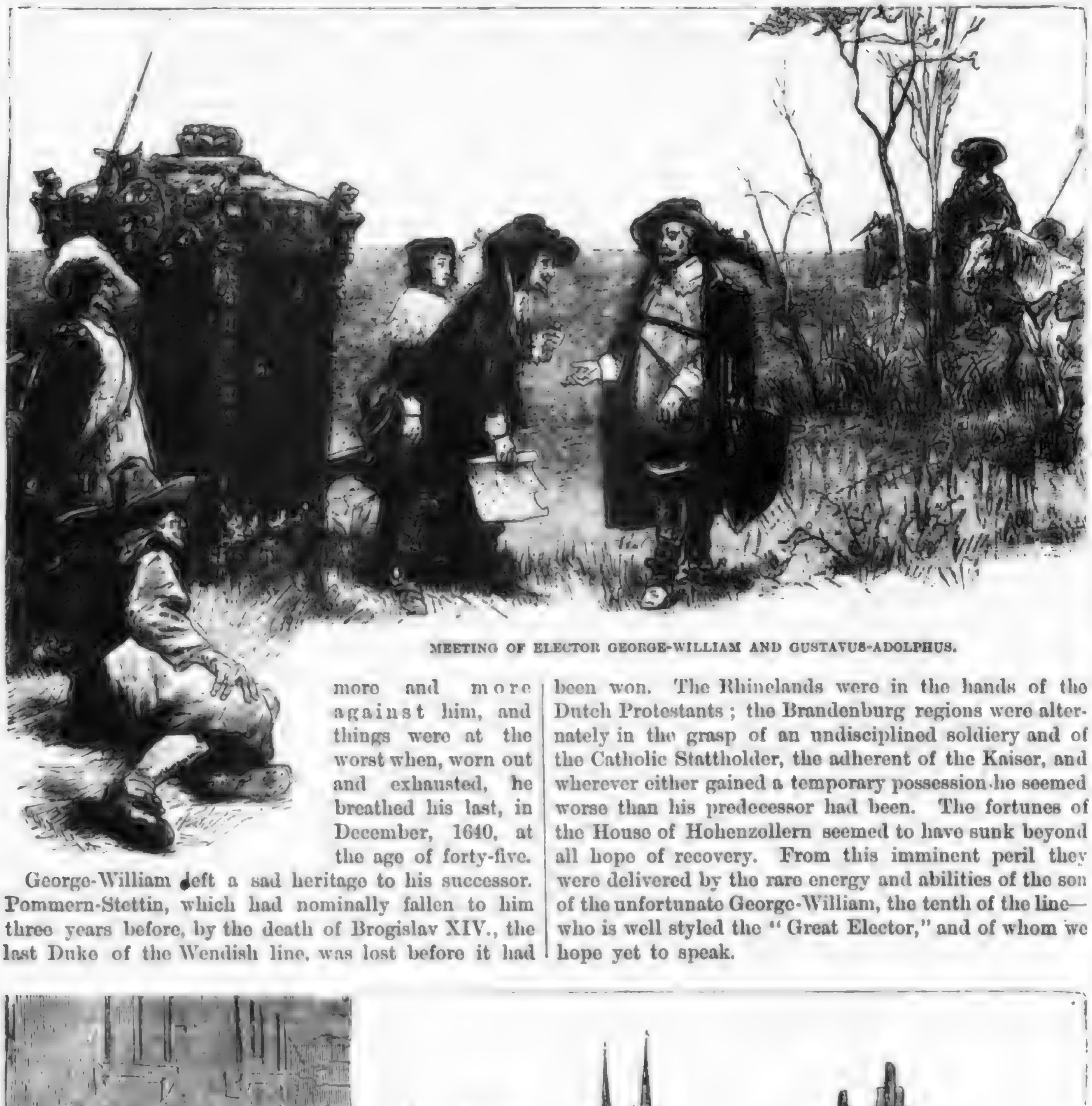
He landed in Pommern-Stettin, that part of Pomerania which should by right have fallen to Brandenburg as long ago as 1464, when Burgomaster Albert Glinden flung the helmet and shield of the last Duke into his grave, but of which the Dukes of Pommern-Wolgast got possession, and had held ever since, though the Austro-Bavarians found a pretext for occupying it. Gustavus-Adolphus swept the Austrians out, and next year marched to the relief of Magdeburg, which Tilly was bombarding. He demanded that George-William should join him in his contest with the Kaiser, or, at all events, give him temporary possession of the towns of Küstrin and Spandau, in Brandenburg, which were essential to his military operations. The Elector demurred to accede to these demands, whereupon the Swedish King turned his line of march straight toward Berlin. "I am coming," he said; "shall I come as friend or as foe?" The Elector went out, accompanied by his wife and Council, to have an interview with the Swede on Köpenicken Heath, not far from Berlin. "What shall we do?" asked one of another; "they've got cannon!"

The Swede was inflexible in his demands, and the Elector came to the decision that since Gustavus would come, it was better that it should be as a friend and ally, rather than as a foe. He was invited to Berlin, where he gained all he demanded, and Brandenburg acceded to the Protestant Union, to which it furnished, or agreed to furnish, some troops. This gave a breathing-time to the Electorate, for the tide of war rolled in another direction.

The great Swede fell in the hard-won victory at Lützen, eighteen months later; the daring plan of Wallenstein to make peace with the enemy by sacrificing the Kaiser was frustrated by his own assassination. The half-hearted Elector of Saxony, who had also been unwillingly forced into the Union, broke off from it, and in May, 1635, concluded with the Kaiser the so-called "Peace of Prague," by which he gained something for himself, while the interest of his associates were thrown overboard. The Elector of Brandenburg saw himself exposed to two fires, the Swedes on the one side, the Kaiser on the other, and he was at a loss what to do. There was no Gustavus-Adolphus to force him into the right path; the evil influence of Adam von Schwarzenberg again became predominant. He urged upon George-William that the Swedes could, at the worst, only deprive him of some lands and subjects; the Kaiser would make that good, would protect and honor him. The Elector finally yielded, and joined the Peace of Prague, uniting with his enemy the Kaiser, and the Saxon who had become his rival and competitor.

The Electorate now became the arena where, for three years, the armies of the North and of the South strove against each other. No great battles were fought, the aim of each being to starve the other out. Neither side had any regular commissariat; the troops were rarely paid, and degenerated into marauders, plundering right and left, wherever their temporary camps might be. Towns and cities were laid in ashes; the people perished by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence. Never in all history was there such misery as fell to the lot of Brandenburg in those hard times. The Elector, however, did not, with his own eyes, see the worst of it. He took himself off to Preussen, where there was comparative quiet, leaving Adam von Schwarzenberg as Stattholder in Brandenburg. There, however, he found no long rest, for the miseries of the times aroused the population

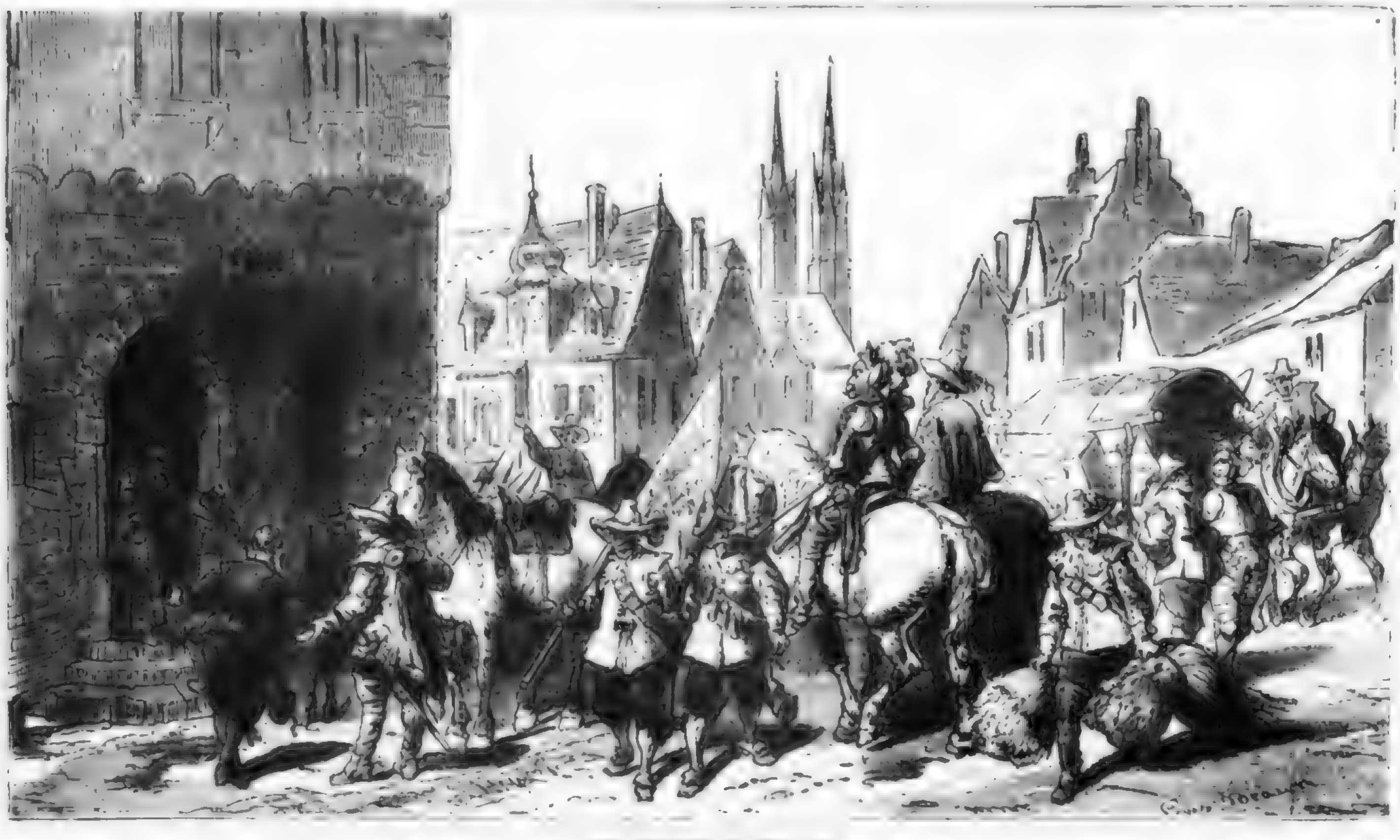
XUM



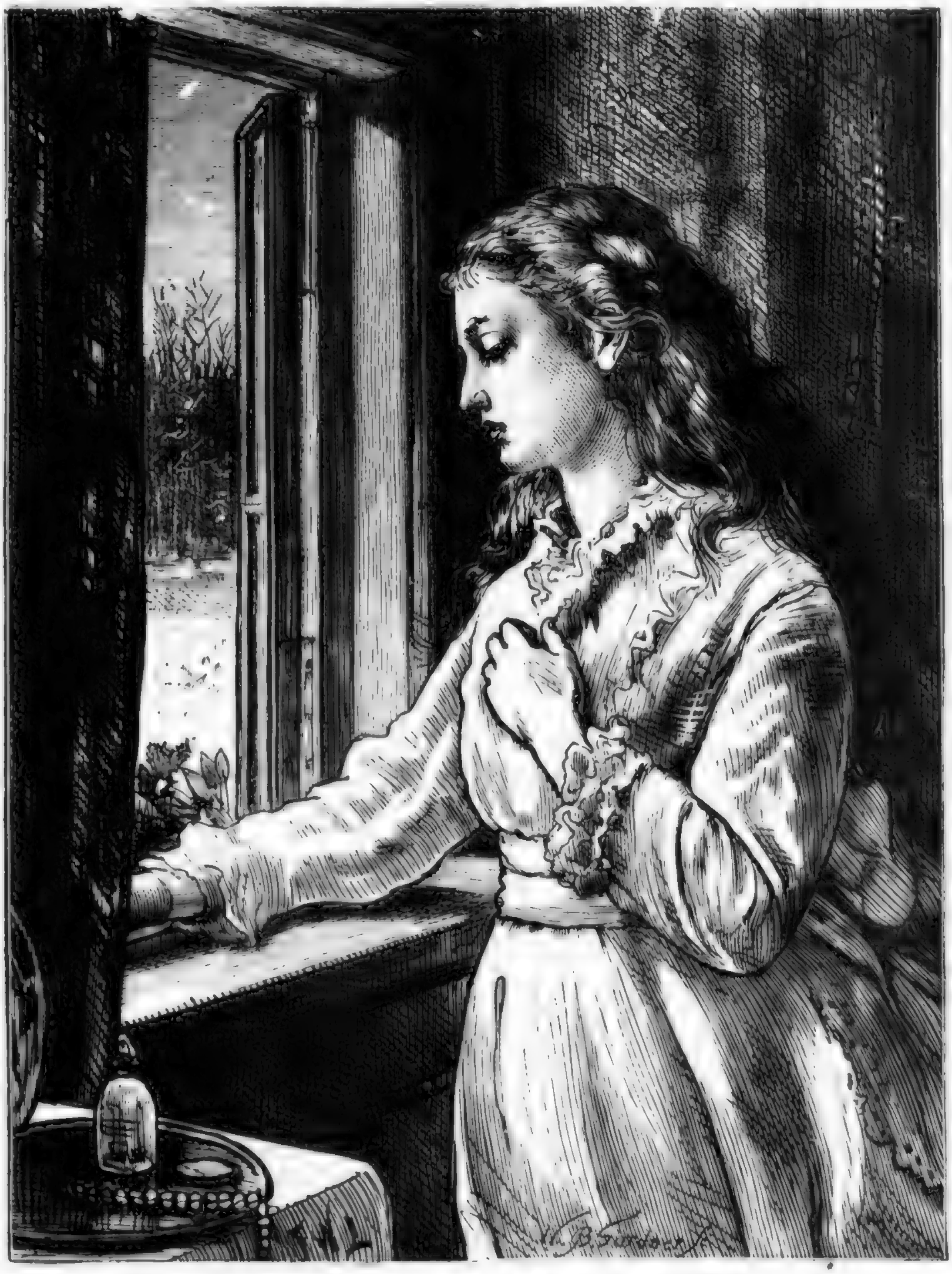
MEETING OF ELECTOR GEORGE-WILLIAM AND GUSTAVUS-ADOLPHUS.

more and more against him, and things were at the worst when, worn out and exhausted, he breathed his last, in December, 1640, at the age of forty-five.

George-William left a sad heritage to his successor. Pommern-Stettin, which had nominally fallen to him three years before, by the death of Brogislav XIV., the last Duke of the Wendish line, was lost before it had been won. The Rhinelands were in the hands of the Dutch Protestants; the Brandenburg regions were alternately in the grasp of an undisciplined soldiery and of the Catholic Stattholder, the adherent of the Kaiser, and wherever either gained a temporary possession he seemed worse than his predecessor had been. The fortunes of the House of Hohenzollern seemed to have sunk beyond all hope of recovery. From this imminent peril they were delivered by the rare energy and abilities of the son of the unfortunate George-William, the tenth of the line—who is well styled the "Great Elector," and of whom we hope yet to speak.



THE SWEDES IN BERLIN.



VIOLETS IN THE SNOW.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXXIII.—Last Words.

Another year went by. Miss Pam and her niece lived on in quiet seclusion at Greylock Woods—the former, busy with the increasing infirmities of seventy years, the latter, absorbed in her books and music.

Aunt Pam vainly lamented the new Ethel's odd ways—her utter indifference to society—her total disregard of all those things to which a rich heiress, with a fair share of good looks, ought naturally to devote her time and attention."

"I am not like other girls, Aunt Pam," said Ethel to her aged kinswoman. "A leopard cannot change his spots, and it would be quite as impossible for you to transform me into a woman of society. All the same," with a quiet little smile, "it seems to me that you and I are very happy together."

"We are, indeed!" cried Aunt Pam, heartily. "You stand in your own light, Ethel, and I'm sure it's highly absurd for a girl in your position to live the life of a nun; but Heaven knows you have the sweetest, noblest nature I ever met with in my life!"

Polly seemed to dearly love her own boundaries—her rich, stately home, and its grand surroundings. She paid no visits, she received no visitors; nevertheless, since entering into her inheritance, she had made a large circle of friends—the poor, the sick, the afflicted. For miles around all these knew her well.

Letters arrived regularly from Lady Greylock. No cloud had fallen on her happiness. The baronet was the noblest of men, the most devoted of husbands, their English home was a Paradise, and at the end of the year a cablegram came to the Woods announcing the birth of a son and heir at Greylock Hall.

It was in the following Summer, when a brazen heat filled the sky, and the marshes stretched parched and brown under the sun, that a wasting, contagious fever crept into the cottages of the Blackport fishermen, and made such want and woe and havoc there, as had not been known before for many years.

Night and day Dr. Vandine came and went among these abodes of suffering. He seemed at this time neither to rest or sleep. There was no other physician to help him; the disease had spread into adjoining towns, and nurses could not be found to assume the care of the sick. The population of Blackport district was poor, at best. Comforts were scarce in the fishermen's homes, luxuries scarcely obtainable.

Late one night Vandine was called to the cabin of a "frogger," down on the edge of a dreary marsh, a forlorn, isolated spot, lying black and low under the mournful sinking moon. The miserable dwelling contained a half-dozen destitute, motherless children, all stricken with the fever and with no one to lift a hand in their behalf.

The frogger himself, a hopeless sot, lay drunk on a bed of ditch grass outside his own door, with his dip-net and canvas-bag by his side. The nearest neighbor lived a mile away. Vandine, at his wit's end, searched the cabin and found dirt and abject poverty, but not so much as a draught of water for the little ones.

He spent a half-hour searching for a spring, ministered as best he could to the suffering children, gave them the necessary medicines, and was then obliged to ride away to other patients and leave the frogger's brood alone.

"I will send some woman to their help before dawn," he inwardly resolved, but the thing was easier said than done. Though he searched for half the remaining night, he could find no nurse, no heart nor hand to respond to his appeal for the miserable children.

The next day he hurried again to the hut. As he came in sight of it he saw a thin column of smoke ascending from the chimney. He entered the place and found cleanliness, food, abundance of fresh clothing, ice, fruit-delicacies, and, best of all, a trained nurse moving quietly around the room, attending, as only a woman can, to the needs of the moaning children.

"What angel of Heaven has been here?" cried out Vandine, in his great relief and astonishment.

From a shadowy corner, where she had been sitting by one of the sick children, uprose a girl in plain dark garments—he had not seen her till that moment. He doffed his hat quickly; his rugged face, half-covered by a reddish Vandyke beard, showed no particular agitation, but his voice was a trifle unsteady as he said: "I have no words to thank you for this timely help, Miss Greylock."

He knew her, in spite of the change which three years had wrought in her appearance. Her figure had grown round and full. Her olive face, with its Spanish eyes and regular, refined profile, had little in it to remind him of the old-time Polly. Her hands, once red and rough with hard work, were now satin-smooth and white. He noticed that she wore no rings. "Beautiful hands!" he thought, involuntarily; "and it seems they still find their pleasure in ministering to the needs of the needy!"

"I chanced this morning to hear of the condition of these children," said Miss Greylock, quietly. "If anything more is needed here. Dr. Vandine, the nurse will provide it at once. Dark days have fallen on the Blackport people."

"Yes," he answered, gravely; "there are a score of new fever-cases in the town this morning."

"How can you possibly attend to so many patients unassisted?" she asked, with a kindly earnestness that made him think of the Polly of old.

"I have sent to other places for help," he answered; "but in vain, for the fever is all around us. Luckily, my strength seems sufficient for the emergency. But you—do you know that the disease is highly contagious, Miss Greylock? You expose yourself to great danger in coming to a place like this!"

She smiled quietly.

"I am not in the least afraid," she answered.

"Ah, I might have known that without your assurance," he said, under his breath.

He escorted her to her carriage, which was waiting near, made some polite inquiries concerning Miss Pam, and saw her ride away.

This was their first meeting during the season of fever and death, but not their last. In every dwelling where want and poverty reigned, there he found her. For weeks and weeks they fought the foe together—he with his medical skill; she with trained nurses brought from the distant city, and all those countless helps that money alone can furnish. Only Vandine knew how many lives she aided him to save—how many he never *could* have saved without her assistance. They exchanged few words at their noble work. He was a plain, common-place doctor—she, the rich lady of the region, as reserved in her manner as she was generous and brave in her conduct. They kept their separate places, they gave few signs of any previous acquaintance, and when the fever was subdued, stamped out, what was left for the co-workers to do but say farewell and part?

One night he found her sitting by the bedside of a dying woman in a shanty on the beach. It was the last victim that the epidemic was to claim in the town.

The large, gaunt hand of the sufferer grasped the slight and delicate fingers of her visitor—clung to them as to a last hope. By the light of an oil lamp Miss Greylock was reading from a velvet-covered Testament words of comfort and consolation for the soul that trembled, even then, on the brink of eternity. Dr. Vandine, hat in hand, paused reverentially on the threshold of the room. She did not lift her eyes; perhaps she did not see him. He had ample opportunity to watch the lamplight slanting on her rich black braids, and down her lowered lashes and satin-smooth cheek. She looked pale and tired. What a life she was leading, for a girl who had not the smallest need to vex herself about any of the ordinary troubles of existence!

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

A strange feeling went over Vandine as he listened to the clear, earnest voice. The air of the room seemed choking him; he could scarcely breathe. Like lightning his thoughts flashed back to the day when she, a ragged street Arab, first crossed his path. He remembered his keen interest in her always, the plans which he had meant to carry out for her education and welfare, and which her sudden change of fortune had so swiftly nipped in the bud; he remembered how she had saved his life that freezing, tempestuous midnight, on the wild road of the creek. And then, in the midst of his retrospection, Miss Greylock suddenly dropped her velvet-covered book, and looked up in a way that told him plainly she had known all the time of his presence in the room.

"Her hand is very cold," she faltered, with a slight motion of her sleek, dark head toward the sufferer.

He bent over the bed. The soul of the woman had passed quietly, painlessly out into the placid Summer night, but her dead fingers remained locked about Miss Greylock's hand so firmly that Vandine was obliged to release Ethel by force.

"Come away," he said; "you can do no more here. Come away, Miss Greylock; you do not spare yourself in the least!"

She arose, pale and unnerved.

"Oh, Dr. Vandine, when will this end?" she shuddered.

"Take courage!" he replied. "There has been no new case for a week. I think we can safely say that the worst is over."

She was trembling violently. He picked up her little velvet book, and spread her mantle of heavy, lustreless silk over her shoulders. The twain then left the dead woman to her relatives, and stepped forth together into the night.

On the moonlit shore the great sea sobbed like a breaking heart, the winds were at rest, the long marshes lay dark and low under the cloudless, starry sky.

"Your carriage is not here," said Vandine, looking around, but seeing it not.

"No," she answered. "I left instructions at the villa that I was to be called for at ten o'clock, but I shall not wait. I can walk home; I am not a timid person. There is no one in Blackport who would do me harm."

He gave her a strange look.

"I should think not! These people have no words to adequately express their gratitude to you. What an angel of mercy you have been to them for the last two months! Yet, while I know you would, at any hour, be as safe on the wildest road of Blackport as in your own drawing-room, I must beg the privilege of walking home with you."

She offered no objection. They set forth in silence. The villa was a mile away. Dr. Vandine drew his companion's slight hand through his arm.

"You are tired," he said, in a deeply sympathetic tone. "Worn out with constant exertion. Lean upon me. God grant you may not be ill yourself."

She answered with forced lightness:

"No. I am preternaturally strong. You used to say, long ago—when I was your patient—that it was next to impossible to kill me. Do you not remember?"

"Remember?" he echoed, quickly. "There is nothing concerning you that I can ever forget, Miss Greylock."

They went on in silence, and entered the grounds of the Woods. The place was like Paradise this night. Long lances of moonlight silvered the velvet-green knolls, and steeped the wilderness of flowering chestnuts. Mysterious shadows lurked in the deep, violet-scented hollows. Unseen fountains splashed softly, the breath of roses and heliotropes arose like incense from the lawns. Years had passed since Vandine's last luckness visit to the Woods. He looked carelessly around.

"Ah, this reminds me of many things!" he said, involuntarily.

She gave him a quick glance.

"Nan's memory will always haunt the Woods," she answered, with a sigh. "To me it is the brightest thing here. To *you* it must be the—saddest."

He did not choose that she should misunderstand him.

"Even at the risk of appearing inconstant, Miss Greylock," he confessed frankly, "I must tell you that all regrets connected in my heart with Nan's memory have been, for years, growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' I loved her once, as you know, but she cared not a straw for me; and, properly enough, under such circumstances, my unlucky passion came, long since, to a natural death! He was a sensible men who wrote that old song—

"'Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!'"

She made no answer. She was shocked—angry. They had reached the stone steps by this time. After a moment of silence she put out her hand.

"Good-night, Dr. Vandine," she said, quietly. "Since I am needed no longer among your patients, we may not meet again."

He seized the hand and did not release it.

"Not meet again!" he echoed, blankly. "That's a hard thing to say to an old friend, Polly—a hard thing, after such weeks as we have spent together in the cottages of Blackport—after you have given me such a revelation of the glory and worth of womanhood as I never knew before!"

He called her by the old name. The moonlight was shining full on her delicate, dark face, and he saw—yes, surely, he saw tears in her eyes. An irrepressible cry arose to his lips.

"I love you, Polly! I am not sure that I have not always loved you. *Now*, shall we meet again or not?"

Her hand lay passive in his clasp. The tears that had been clinging to her lashes rolled slowly down her cheek.

"Oh, how can I believe this?" she said, with a little gasp; "so much happiness *cannot* be meant for me!"

He snatched her to his heart. Lying there in the moonlight and the silence, with his arms around her, Polly sobbed out the story of that secret passion, which for half her life she had cherished for him—cherished, yet concealed so closely, that no living being had ever suspected it. He looked at her in mingled rapture and amazement.

"Great heaven! How blind I have been!" he cried out. "Surely, my darling, surely no man was ever before so stupid, and—so fortunate!"

In this quiet way the heiress of Greylock Woods disposed of herself and her possessions.

She married Dr. Vandine in the same church where Nan had plighted her vows to the baronet.

"Such a very commonplace match, my dear!" sighed Miss Pamela.

"And such an absurdly happy one, Aunt Pam!" smiled Polly, through her tears.

* * * * * *

High noon on the Mediterranean, and the palms and gardens and hills of the Riviera. High noon upon lovely Nice, dreaming in the purple shelter of the Maritime Alps, and crowded with health-hunters and pleasure-seekers from every quarter of the globe. High noon on the white, palm-shaded Promenade des Anglais, and upon a certain charming villa, occupied by a fair American, and standing amid orange and lemon trees, in full view of the crowded, the marvelous promenade. A charming villa, indeed, but a rather dull and silent one at this particular hour. Inside its vine-draped walls all the clocks were striking twelve, and a black page, in scarlet livery, was just mounting a stair to the second floor, bearing in his hands a painted Vallauris jar, overrunning with tea-

XUM

roses. He gave a low signal at a silken portière—a waiting-maid thrust it aside.

"Is madame still asleep?" said Mrs. Iris Greylock's page, Sir Lancelot.

"*Oui*," replied the girl, as she received the odorous jar. "She came from Monaco, much wearied, yesterday; she had lost at the gaming-tables there, and," with a shrug of the shoulders, "it always annoys madame to lose money. But, *ciel!* these Americans are so rich, a few thousands of francs out of their long purses can signify little. Madame is no longer young, but she is gay."

The black head of Sir Lancelot retired into the corridor. Celeste, growing impatient, ran to a door that opened into her mistress's bedroom and looked through.

It was a charming apartment, overlooking the promenade and the bay, and full of mirrors and gilding, rich draperies and French furniture. The bed, like a great lily, stood in one corner. Celeste tiptoed softly toward it.

A delicate hand lay motionless outside the coverlid, a white face was pressed down into the embroidered pillows. Celeste looked, leaned low, touched the sleeper, threw back the curtain of the window—looked again, and rushed from the room, shrieking.

"Fly for the English doctor!" she cried to Sir Lancelot, who was still waiting in the corridor. "Something is wrong with madame. *Ah, mon Dieu!* it is as if she were dead!"

Sir Lancelot obeyed. The English doctor came immediately to the villa, examined Mrs. Iris Greylock, as she lay, silent and cold, upon the lily bed, looked keenly at a vial and glass on a table near her pillow, and said, briefly, "She has been dead for hours!"

"Ah, monsieur," screamed Celeste, "is it suicide?"

"An overdose of chloral, more likely," replied the doctor.

"Madame *would* have her drops!" said Celeste; "she could not sleep without them, and as she was much agitated last night, because of her losses at Monaco, she compelled me to make the dose a little—a *very* little stronger. Ah, how frightful! Madame will long be remembered at Nice as the pretty, lame lady, who always spent money like a duchess."

"Nobody is ever long remembered at Nice," said the doctor, dryly, as he departed from the chamber of death.

Busy brain and restless heart were still at last. On a table near the bed they found an unfinished letter, addressed to her daughter across the sea; the closing lines ran as follows:

> "Life is not worth the having, Ethel—mine has been a hopeless failure. Everything bores and wearies me. Well, you are fortunate, perhaps, you goody-goody girl, that you did not inherit your mother's nature. I am, and have always been, a most unhappy woman——"

Iris Greylock had set the seal of this declaration upon her life, just as Death stood ready to close the records thereof. That was all. People went by on the Promenade des Anglais, laughing and chatting in many tongues, the sunshine poured upon the sea, the palms waved in the gardens of Nice, and over Mrs. Iris's dead face, as she lay alone in her pretty villa, there was no living being to breathe a sigh, or shed a tear—not even the black page, Sir Lancelot, nor Celeste, the maid.

THE END.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.

HAUNTED.

Chapter I.

In the old days—the old Colony days—this house had been away out from Manhatta. Built by a Berkeley of Warwickshire, to the direct heirs of this younger branch of a noble family had it descended, coming at last to Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., whom we all remember.

In those old days it had half crouched like a lazy, living thing in the little lap of ground lying between the softly-swelling hills—a pretty picture, all emblazoned as it would be with the green-and-gold of each passing year. But the softly-swelling hills had been leveled, the little lap of ground had become a bare stretch of land, while the passing years, in place of the green-and-gold to meadow and wood, brought broad roads and busy streets, which were, in fact, but the many and far-reaching arms of that thrifty giant, the City. Brought these, with all their bustle and confusion, their upstart bravery and pretentious grandeur, and so seized and cut up this barren stretch of land, that Berkeley of Warwickshire—did that stanch old cavalier revisit in the spirit what he had so loved in the flesh—must needs have wrung his shadowy hands in sore repining.

Changed! Ay, but not so the old house. A good bit of garden encircles it yet, while giant oaks—shreds of that grand old forest—hug it in with jealous care. Not to hide it, surely, for in all the country there can be no quainter relic than this old place with its walls of rough gray stone, its uncouth fashioning, and its heavy roof rising in peaked gables on every side. Then the barrier of a high brick wall, and beyond this, the spot which men have called accursed. Hear, first, the story—then wonder, if you can. Learn the truth, and marvel, if you will, at the voices which would sob and wail in solemn mockery of all vaunted cynicism and scorn of mystery.

Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., the owner and occupant of the house No. — Sixtieth Street, was a man of forty-seven, it might be—tall, well-formed, and singularly (one could not say attractive, for it must be confessed that this singularity was detrimental to the gentleman) dark, almost to swarthiness. His eyes were of a peculiar shade of bluish gray; they seemed for ever to reflect lights and shadows which one could explain by no known laws. A metallic lustre burning in their depths shot out ever-varying gleams, and suggested most unpleasant possibilities to an unfortunate who might chance to fall beneath the ban of Mr. Berkeley's displeasure.

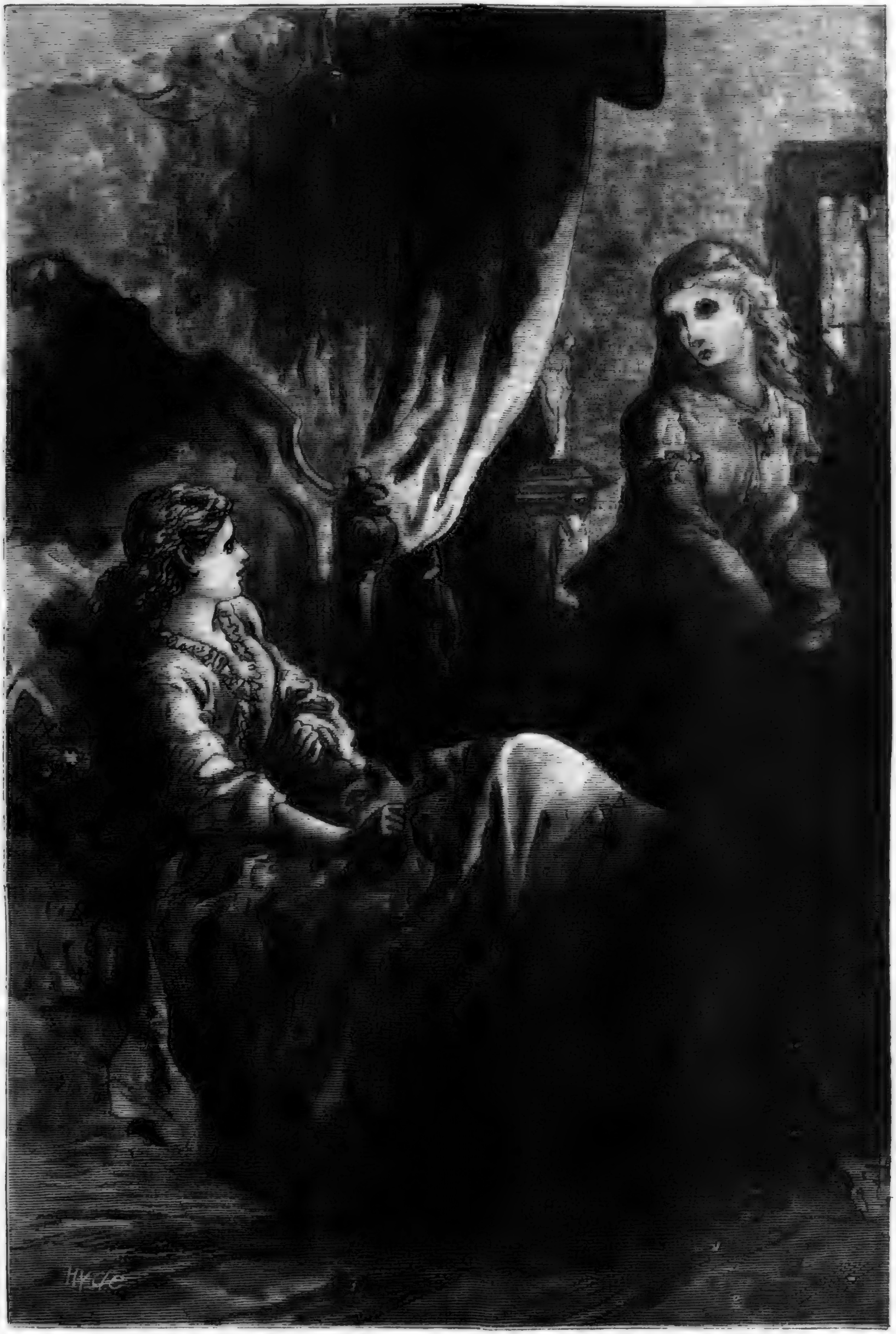
His wife was a woman of twenty-five—not tall, but exquisitely proportioned, with eyes of darkest blue, and hair of that charming tint for which we can find no term so applicable as the pretty one of *blond doré*.

If Mr. Berkeley had his peculiarities, and they were repelling, Mrs. Berkeley had hers, and they were seductive. A consciousness of this fact it must have been which, leagued with his love, induced the husband to prefer a seclusion wellnigh monastic to the brilliant ovations which would have greeted his return to that grand world in which he held, by virtue of his birth and wealth, so exalted a position. Truly the bond of affection which united this strangely mated couple must needs have been like gold thrice-refined, without alloy; for no man could have been more anxiously tender, no woman more gratefully conscious, of this tenderness.

But a time came when this seclusion must be broken. Said Mr. Berkeley, one evening, to his wife:

"My dear, to-morrow we must expect Constance."

"You are right—it is the 13th already," with a half-checked sigh.



HAUNTED.—"THE FACE UPON WHICH I LOOKED WAS THAT OF A CORPSE. THE EYES WERE NOT CLOSED—THEY WERE GONE."

This did not pass unnoticed, but elicited no comment. Evidently, here was not a man given to self-torturings.

"The 13th?" he repeated, absently, removing, as he spoke, the shade from the lamp, so that the rays fell full upon his wife's face. "The 13th of——"

Never flushing, she looked up pleasantly from her book.

"You should not do that—the night is too warm for this glaring light."

"There, I will lower it. Now, hear me, Vera: you must not let the child know of this foolish superstition. It may frighten her needlessly."

Mrs. Berkeley shrugged her shoulders.

"I shall not tell it, be sure."

"Very good! See that the servants are careful. You will be kind to her?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you! Her father was such an old friend—my other self almost—that I could never do enough for his child. I really thank you, Vera."

Vera accepted these declarations of gratitude in silence.

"I am confident that you will love her," he continued.

"Doubtless," assented his wife, in the same impassive manner.

"You have a large heart! Are you never lonely here?"

"Never."

"Seeing no one——"

"I have my souvenirs," she interrupted, composedly; "souvenirs of a happy past, the knowledge of a contented present, convictions of a peaceful future. These, and your love—I ask no more, Vane."

She had spoken very slowly, carefully choosing her words, and at each enumeration of her causes of contentment her husband had inclined his head in mocking deference.

"I am a villain, madame, but do me the justice to believe that I love you," he said, at last.

Yes, he loved her, as such men love. Did she value his affection? We shall see.

The morning brought Constance Gresham to them. Mr. Berkeley's ward was a girl of eighteen, and unlike his wife in every respect. Tall, brown-haired and hazel-eyed was this new-comer. Not beautiful, if we estimate beauty at its current value of wondrously chiseled features only. Here was life—young, fresh and vigorous—life which sent a healthy glow over the smooth skin, sparkled in the merry eyes, and laughed out upon the full red lips in joyous carelessness.

This was Constance Gresham, but newly escaped from the bondage of a young lady's boarding-school, now bringing her dreams and visions upon the very threshold, nay, within the very stronghold, of as sombre a prison as ever displaced the fairy palace of a girlish imagination.

She saw her hostess for the first time. Indeed, the duties of a guardian having but lately fallen to Mr. Berkeley, his wife had received the information with but little concern—so little that he was not altogether free from a certain nervous anxiety which increased as the weeks wore away and Vera evinced no desire to see one who was so soon to become a daily companion.

All nervousness, however, regarding the first interview was foolish. The lady was kind and considerate—Constance flushed and fluttered—while Vane Chester Berkeley, with a smile of satisfaction, fell straightway to secret vauntings of his own clear-sightedness, and a silent approval of his masterly scheming.

When they were alone together, said Mrs. Berkeley to the girl

"You will endeavor to be happy, my child, but I fear that you will find the place very lonely."

"Indeed, no," protested Constance, "Will you believe that I have always longed for some such home—gloomy and grand as this? And then, Uncle Vane—he wishes me to call him 'uncle,'" she explained, apologetically. "I could not say 'aunt' to you—there is so little difference in our ages."

"Call me Vera," said the other, smilingly.

"May I? How kind! Vera, dear, then, you have no idea how much I love Uncle Vane."

"Indeed?" with the same winning smile.

"He has been so kind—so thoughtful."

"How long have you known him, Constance."

"Always. I can remember him from my earliest days."

"And your parents?"

"Uncle Vane has not told you? Why, my father died before my birth—my mother, when I was a child. How she must have loved him, Vera! See, here is her portrait?"

A childish face, not unlike the girl's. Mrs. Berkeley examined it atttentively, then said, very softly, as Constance kissed and put it aside:

"I will be to you all that she could have been, dear!"

Later, she asked her husband:

"Tell me, is Constance like her mother?"

"Not at all; Mrs. Gresham was a blonde."

"Indeed? The artist must have been dreaming, then, for in the miniature I traced a great resemblance."

"What miniature?"

"Constance has one."

"Is it possible?"

A silence followed, during which Mr. Berkeley puffed vigorously at his cigar, while his wife tranquilly trimmed off the floss from a bit of fancy-work."

"Is it possible?" said the gentleman, at length. "Remember that it is many years since I saw her." Looking up, she caught a gleam of the yellow light in his eyes. It was positively ugly.

"Why does he lie to me?" she asked herself. "Why does he lie to me about a dead woman? What is this new trouble come to me? Ah, faint heart! to cry out now, with such a sweet vengeance nigh!"

"Why does she question me?" Mr. Berkeley was thinking. "I would give very much to know why she does it. Vera, my wife, I would tear out your heart if I fancied that I might read my answer there!"

These were thoughts. She only said:

"I am sure that I shall love her."

And he made answer:

"You are an angel of goodness? Love is your second nature, dearest!"

A laudation which Mrs. Berkeley might have construed into a sneer, had she been so minded.

CHAPTER II.

BARTON came in great haste to her mistress. It was early, and the lady had not yet completed her toilet, but this girl, who had been raised to the dignity of maid to Miss Gresham, was imperative in her appeal.

"Oh, ma'am," she pleaded, "please come! My young lady's really ill. She's looking dreadful! I'm frightened fairly. I never did see her so before."

Considering that she had never seen her at all until the previous evening, it is very probable that the statement was not exaggerated.

"What is the matter?"

"I can't tell, ma'am—not if you killed me for it."

"Don't be silly. Come!"

Then to Miss Gresham's chamber, to find that young woman dressed and standing at the open window.

"Why, Barton told me you were ill!" exclaimed the intruder.

"Barton is partly right. I sent for you—I am not well, Vera. Go now," to the maid. Then, when the door closed: "Mrs. Berkeley, do I look brave and strong? Do I seem a nonsensically nervous schoolgirl? Tell me that. Do I appear a woman apt to search for death's-heads?"

All this was rattled off so excitedly that her companion drew back in real alarm.

"Indeed, no," she declared; "but you are positively ill, child. Constance, what ails you? Be calm, and try to tell me."

"I am calm—I will tell you. Last night I was very tired, and so, dismissing Barton, quickly fell asleep. I awoke as the hall-clock struck *one.* I remember distinctly, for this clock upon the mantelpiece caught up the echo. I did not wake from an ugly dream—I did not open my eyes with a start, as one may do when frightened. No; an irresistible influence controlled me. I raised my heavy lids. For a moment my sleepy gaze remained as it had fallen. In a half-drowsy way I noticed the sparkling fire, the shadows creeping and crouching upon the white curtains of the bed, even the feeble flickering of the night-lamp upon the little stand. All these I noted in that drowsy way—then, mechanically obeying that secret influence, I turned my eyes toward the table at my right. Are you listening, Mrs. Berkeley? A woman stood beside that table—a woman in a long, loose gown of silk, it seemed. Do not smile—nothing escaped me. I declare to you that the golden outline of each flower was plainly visible upon the shimmering whiteness of the robe. I was not startled—I fancied that you were before me. The fancy had barely come when *That* turned slowly, and then——"

The girl's voice grew sharp with horror. She hid her face, and trembled violently:

"Go on!" commanded Mrs. Berkeley.

"I dare not! Oh, the agony of fear! Shall I ever forget!"

"Constance Gresham! Shame! Are you a child, indeed? Tell me the rest."

"Mrs. Berkeley, *the face upon which I looked was the face of a corpse!* I looked, but no rigid stare met mine. The eyes were not closed—they were not open—*they were gone!*"

"Great heavens!"

"*Gone!* Can you know the awful fear which fell upon me—the sickening dread? Motionless, wellnigh lifeless, I saw *That* glide toward my bed. It stood beside me, Vera Berkeley—the gleams of firelight falling upon its ghastly face, and darting down into the black depths of those great empty sockets! How long it held me spellbound I cannot tell. It may have been hours—it may have been but a moment. I must have fainted. When I recovered consciousness the blessed daylight was bringing joy about me, and Barton was here. She had aroused me from my stupor. What was it? Was I mad—was I dreaming? Ah, you know that I saw it! Your looks say that."

"*If* my looks say aught but this," assured Mrs. Berkeley, very gravely, "they are not to be trusted—that you were ill last night, that you are ill now, that you have a fever, and need careful tending. Try to understand me, Constance. You must remain perfectly quiet. Your room shall be changed. You shall have one near mine—mine, if you prefer. You see, I do not even pretend astonishment at what you tell me. I accept it in good faith, as a creation of your fevered fancy. By-the-way, do you lock your door?"

"Yes."

"How did Barton enter?"

"Through the dressing-room there. You forget that it opens into the hall. I gave her the key, so that she might enter without disturbing me."

"You told her of this, of course?"

"Of course not—I was ashamed. I sent her for you, however."

"Poor child! the night of your arrival, too! Why, you will detest the place, not love it, as you declared you would. Upon my word, there is the secret! Confess now, you fell asleep, your mind teeming with ghostly imaginings, did you not?"

"Indeed, no," said the other, simply. "I fell asleep thinking of——"

"Of whom?" asked madame, very sweetly.

But Constance only blushed, and whispered:

"I will tell you that later, dear."

Miss Gresham had her secret as well. So the end of the matter was, that the young lady's chamber was changed—that the whole affair was kept from the servants, and that Barton's numerous attempts to force a confession were futile. In fact, this curious Abigail retired from the contest utterly and ignominiously defeated. Not convinced, however, for she declared to her fellows that, "Never—no, never could they make her believe but what something was wrong, and that she, for one, would wish to gracious that Mrs. Berkeley hadn't given any orders about it. For her part, she'd like to speak her mind out full and fair, and warn the poor young creature about having been put in that place."

Mrs. Calcott, the housekeeper, managed things differently. That motherly soul, by virtue of long service, ventured further with her mistress.

"It's the old story, I'm afraid, ma'am—the old trouble about that room."

This was when orders were given for the change.

"Calcott," said madame, "I will be frank with you. Miss Gresham has had wild fancies. Let this be our secret, to rest a secret with *us* alone. She imagines that she has seen——"

"Not *That,* ma'am?" cried the horrified woman. "Surely not *That?*"

"*That*—yes."

"Now, may the Lord be good to us! Trouble and death are close at hand. It's true, ma'am. Remember, in this house I began my life, and in this house I hope to end it. As child, as maid, and for thirty years as housekeeper, I've seen this, oft and over again—when *That* comes, trouble and death follow!"

When Mrs. Berkeley told the story to her husband, that gentleman heard her with every expression of polite contempt.

"Do you believe it, my dear Vera?"

"No," declared she, stoutly.

"You are a woman of sense, and the others are—idiots."

"Constance as well?"

"Constance is a child."

"Very good." Then, after a pause: "Do *you* believe this story?"

"No."

"They say that *It* foretells a death?"

"So they say."

"And trouble?"

"As a natural consequence."

"Not always."

"True."

"That woman was a Berkeley," said madame, thoughtfully.

"That woman *married* a Berkeley," corrected her husband. "And after such a fashion, the legend declares, he punished her—destroyed her beauty, then let her die. Bah, she was a sinner, if ever a sinner robed herself in silks!"

"And he a saint, doubtless."

She had, while speaking, filled a goblet with water, but now replaced it upon the table untasted, then turned away. Mr. Berkeley, watching her through his half-closed lids, noticed this. He made no comment. Looking back as she left the room, she saw him lift the glass to his lips. He knew that she saw him, and he intended it so. The most trivial action of Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., was not without a motive.

Chapter III.

A MONTH passed away before Constance made her confession. Then Vera, as *confidante*, mentor, and judge, had displayed a rare diplomacy. In the latter office, she evinced a weakness truly womanly, thereby utterly routing the stern array of conventional truisms with which she had seen fit to surround the two former. As judge, Mrs. Berkeley decided that, if Thurston Beauclerc really loved Constance, and that young lady was truly wretched at the thought of an approaching separation, there could be no valid reason why a speedy marriage should not take place.

"This involves your future happiness, my love; besides, these Beauclercs are rich," argued she, with a pretty mingling of sentiment and worldly wisdom. "I think that we may manage it; trust me."

From Miss Gresham she went to her husband. Mr. Berkeley was, as usual, lovingly polite. They spoke of Constance. Said Vera:

"She has confided to me a wonderful secret."

"What! already? Ah, you women!" laughed her husband. Finding that his companion was silent, he continued: "May I not share your confidence, dear?"

Here was evident anxiety, with an awkward attempt at concealment.

"Certainly," declared the trusting creature; "the poor child is in love."

Which announcement was not startling enough to arrest Mr. Berkeley in his occupation of cutting the leaves of a new volume.

"Ah!"

"With young Thurston Beauclerc; and he loves her, and they are already engaged."

"Ah!"

"Yes. I promised her to speak to you about it. They are determined to marry. I acknowledge that I think it quite reasonable. True, he is but an *attaché d'embassade*, but then he has a fine fortune besides. It is a perfect romance, their love-story—something about an accidental meeting at the house of a school-friend, and letters, and vows, and secret interviews. Imprudent, of course; but let us remember how *we* might have acted under similar circumstances, and so be charitable. We must not oppose them."

"Ah!"

These monosyllabic rejoinders became excessively annoying. It must be confessed that they are never apt to impart a briskness to conversation.

"Pray, give me another answer," said the envoy.

"Another answer?" Vane Chester Berkeley laid down his book, and rising, approached his wife. "Another answer? Hear it, then: If that girl ever marries Thurston Beauclerc I will kill you! That is my answer."

This explicit threat hissed, rather than spoken, he resumed his seat and his occupation with a nonchalance belied only by the face now pallid with passion.

"You fail to terrify me," calmly assured madame. "What have *I* to do with her selection of a favorite? What have *you* to do with it? Do *you* love her?"

"Yes; I love her!"

"Indeed! Your candor charms me."

"I love her enough," Mr. Berkeley made haste to say—"enough to protect her. She *shall not* marry this Beauclerc."

"Who is wealthy!"

"Who at one time numbered among his connections the fellow whom I had the civility to send out of the world in a gentlemanly way, and for my wife's good name. Your memory is as treacherous as your faith. Do you forget, madame, that Noy Kenyon was his cousin?"

"I remember it."

"Ah, you remember it! Then, take this, my answer—*no*, she shall not marry him. Now, let me hear no more about the matter."

The day passed quietly enough; Mr. and Mrs. Berkeley dined alone, the gentleman having regained his affability, the lady her sweetness of temper. During the afternoon madame, dressed for a drive, entered Miss Gresham's chamber.

Constance had been informed of her guardian's opposition to her love-projects, but being a girl of spirit, determined to brave him, which determination was strengthened by her ally's tacit approval. Nay, touched by such misery, Mrs. Berkeley at last counseled cunning.

"You see, my child," she argued, "poor Thurston has already applied to my husband, and been repulsed—rudely, at that. Mr. Berkeley said nothing of this to me. Now, Thurston counsels an elopement, and I advise it."

Constance sprang up with glistening eyes.

"Do you?" she cried. "Dear, kind friend, do you?"

"Indeed do I!" continued the friend. "When men are obstinate, women must be wary. I can see no good reason why your happiness should be sacrificed to a mere whim. Write to the poor fellow. I am going out, and will post the letter. Come now, cheer up, my pretty one! Why, this is nothing! I would not care that for it!" snapping her fingers jauntily.

Here was ripe revolt and seditious counsel besides.

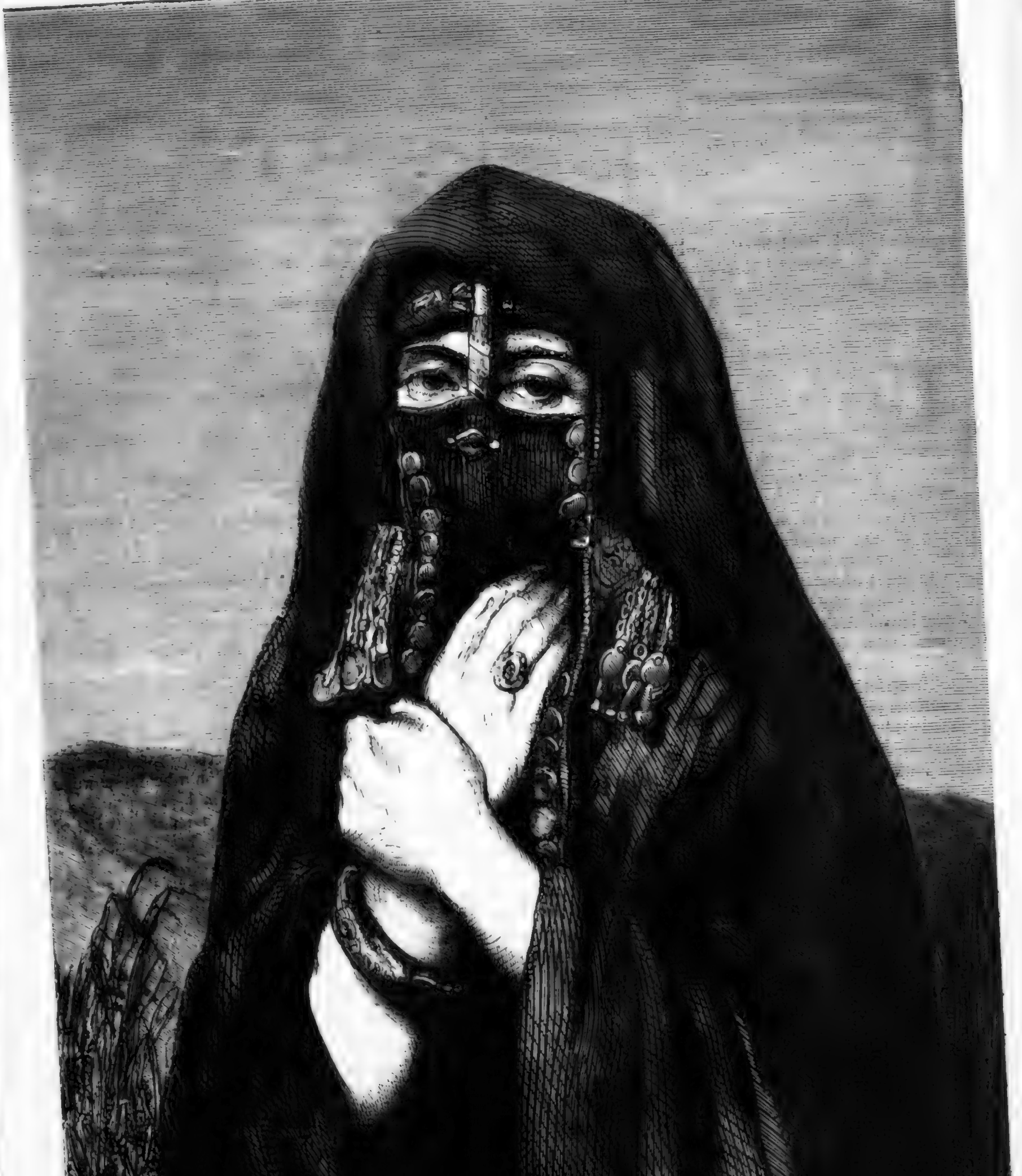
"Vera, some day I shall tell you what must be my secret yet. Knowing it, you will no longer wonder why I am now so unhappy."

"Of course you will. Quick, now! Write!"

The hazy purple twilight was fast deepening into night when Mrs. Berkeley returned from her drive. A Summer's night made glorious by the moonrays, and they were flooding the alcove of the upper hall with glinting waves of yellow light, rolling broken drifts even to madame's feet as she tripped to her chamber-door.

What was it that arrested her?

Some one stood in her path. A woman! Not in the shadow, but there with the moonbeams falling upon the shimmering brocade of her robe, upon the bare neck and arms, upon the corpse-like face slowly turning upon—oh, fear! upon a ghastly face made yet more ghastly by the black horror stamped there. *The eyes were gone!* The empty sockets caught her own appalled gaze, and held it so—held it until the frightened woman, with one piercing



AN EGYPTIAN LADY.

shriek, fell forward. Then came hurrying steps and eager voices and wise suggestions, and Mrs. Berkeley was borne to her chamber. In fifteen minutes she was herself again.

"My long dress tripped me," she unblushingly declared. "I was awkward enough to stumble and fall, and in falling must have cried out."

'Twas thus she kept her counsel. Evidently, like her husband, she, too, had her motive.

Chapter IV.

Returning from his club that evening, Mr. Berkeley found madame in the laboratory—looking for a book, she said. Yet, as this was but a small room opening from the library, and containing only musty tonics and chemical vessels, it was not improbable that her husband should accept this assertion with suspicion.

"I am afraid that you found nothing here to satisfy you. Was the door open?"

"Unlocked? Yes. And your books are detestable."

Really this pretty creature would make nothing of a falsehood, if it suited her purpose. The door had been opened by the aid of an old key, searched out for the occasion, and which she had had the forethought to remove from the lock.

As soon as she left him, Mr. Berkeley examined a small drawer of the writing-desk. Everything was in its proper place. Satisfied upon that point, he wasted no more thought about the matter. Mentally he had rendered a verdict of acquittal for his wife.

After having written several letters—this gay gentleman was a man of business-like promptitude—what more acceptable than a good cigar to aid an odd half-hour's quiet retrospection? That duty accomplished, he retired, with various projects planned and approved for action—to be frustrated, notwithstanding, for before morning the amateur chemist lay at Death's door. The physicians, of course, found a name for his malady, but no relief for his sufferings.

His wife was a model of devotion. Miss Gresham was solicitous—strangely so; but Vera was jealously attentive. She and Calcott watched beside him.

One night the sick man, in an agony of madness, raved of some ugly secrets. Disjointed snatches of imaginary conversations were mingled with frank avowals of sins, which caused the old housekeeper to stare in open-eyed wonder. Her mistress was calmly indifferent.

"It is always so," she whispered, compassionately. "'Tis a trait of fever. It would be silly to heed him."

A charitable conclusion, for at that moment Mr. Berkeley's mutterings were of a certain secret drawer containing rare potions carefully concealed—of these and of various honest intentions which, as they were far from inspiring Calcott with confidence, caused her to exclaim, very thankfully:

"Goodness knows I'm glad Miss Constance is not here!"

The sick man caught the name. It was enough.

"Constance!" he cried. "My poor, poor Constance! My darling! my love!"

"Good land!" ejaculated Calcott, quite startled out of all prudence, "and he a-thinking of loving her like that!"

Mrs. Berkeley's unconcern, however, silenced her. That lady's devotion was repaid with this announcement: *Her husband loved Constance Gresham!* That she knew—more she had no desire to learn. His drugs had befriended her.

Toward morning she went to her room. From a jewel-casket she took a portrait. Ah! none but a woman who had loved, and from her soul, could have looked as she looked upon the treasured semblance of one who now lay moldering.

"To avenge you, Noy—I swear it, my beloved!" she murmured, then kissed the portrait and concealed it.

The action was characteristic of the woman. A sinful love had lost her soul. Let a sinful pride proclaim it.

* * * * * *

Mr. Berkeley was convalescing. Calcott was doubtingly thankful—she remembered the self-accusations—but Vera was touchingly happy. This, notwithstanding that the patient evinced an evident uneasiness at her presence. Nay, he even carried his foolish fancy so far that he would touch nothing which had passed by her hands. This mistrust was always skillfully concealed; but madame divined and understood it.

Miss Gresham came to him once only. Then she wept and kissed him. Her ally, standing by, looked on with a hard half-smile.

"I do love him very, very dearly!" sobbed the girl.

That was her adieu.

The same evening he asked for her.

"Where is Constance?"

"She is not well," declared his wife. "A slight headache—nothing more."

Twelve o'clock!

Mr. Berkeley half raised his head from the pillow as the little timepiece chimed its warning.

"Vera, what are you doing there?"

"I am here," rising from her chair—"here beside you."

"Are we alone?"

"Quite alone. Do you——"

Mrs. Berkeley's question remained unasked. It was false! *They were not alone!*

Not ten paces from them stood a woman—a woman richly robed, whose face was hidden by her pretty, jeweled hands. They saw her—this man and wife. In speechless terror they saw at last the bowed head slowly raised, the rigid face uplifted, whilst from the empty sockets black crime and shame spoke to them!

Nearer, still nearer it came, yet with no rustle of silk or breath of perfume. The shimmering, glistening, gala-robe trailed noiselessly upon the floor, and the odor of phantom-flowers was the odor of an opening grave—heavy and stifling and damp with decay.

For a moment—a moment which seemed an eternity—standing there, its shadowy hands were raised to beckon them, then it was gone!

"You saw it, Vane!"

"I saw it."

"And you believe it now?"

"Believe what?"

It was very evident that his indifference was affected. It was unnatural. As for his wife, she had quite lost her hardihood. A calm despair, an utter helplessness, lay in every word.

"Do you believe that one of us must die, now that it has come again?"

"Both of us will surely die—in time," quoth he. "Death is the lot of man. Preachers tell us this. You, my love, know that no earthly affection insures a lease of life. But even if we should be silly enough to attach importance to that superstition, we have time, love, and to spare. The lady must make another visit yet. Neither you nor I will rush off madly at a first invitation, I fancy. There, let it pass."

"Yes, let it pass."

She was trembling still, so great had been the shock.

"Ring for Calcott."

It was only for a fresh drink. One of the invalid's droll fancies had possession of him now. He would have refused outright anything from his wife's hands.

So Calcott came, and Vera left him.

"What would he do if he knew that this is the third time *It* has appeared? Would he?—ah, Heaven help me!" she muttered, wearily. "Surely yes—*in time!*"

Morning found her watching yet. Pale and haggard, her strange beauty never before so faded, her old imperious manner gone, and in its stead a quiet thoughtfulness, full of touching simplicity.

And thus from the wretched vigil sprang these tender graces—phantom-flowers all.

Chapter V.

Mr. Berkeley was in a fair way of recovery. In fact, he had recovered, and was in a fair way to perfect health again. The surprise, the anger attending the knowledge of his ward's elopement, had given place to a grim taciturnity. When the fact was announced to him, he had turned upon his wife.

"You knew of this!" he fiercely asserted, rather than demanded.

"I know nothing of her intention," artless Vera was pleased to declare.

"Good! I shall not forget it!"

No more was said upon the subject. The girl's name was never again mentioned—all reference to her forbidden. Her letters—for she wrote to them—were returned unopened, such, at least, as fell into her guardian's hands. Those to Vera were answered with every expression of womanly friendship. It was politic to retain the girl's gratitude, she reasoned.

Naturally enough the invalid had made many anxious inquiries concerning his moments of delirium. His wife thereupon recounted pleasant fictions, at which he laughed heartily.

Calcott, who had received instructions, based upon her wholesome fear of "a relapse," unblushingly corroborated these flights of fancy.

"She's a better Christian than I would be," thought the old housekeeper. "I would ha' served up a pretty dish of tea to Paul Calcott, if he had raved about another woman as this one has, the backslider!"

So seven long weeks had passed. The harvest-time was upon them. They of the city knew little of that, but Mr. Berkeley had that very day, which happened to be the thirteenth of October, been riding down broad country roads, and then through narrow lanes, where humble hedge-vines stretched out their blooming branches.

Now, having seen the reapers at their toil, naturally enough he fell to thinking of a bit of harvesting of his own. The fruits of *their* labor might demand more room—*his* would be comfortable in six little feet of earth. Let others build, so would he, and a coffin-lid should be the roof of the dwelling that he planned. Good! The idea sent a new life bounding through his veins. He returned therefore, in excellent spirits, thoroughly invigorated, and so full of joyousness that when evening came he left the library, and returning to his chamber, sent for his wife.

"Let us be at our ease here, darling," he pleaded. "I am a little, but a little, wearied. Let us remain here."

"As you will," assented she.

He had been thoughtful. Upon the table was a decanter of wine and two glasses.

She noticed this, and a half-smile curled her lip. Turning from him, she contrived to place herself in such a position that she might catch the reflection of every action in the mirror opposite. She saw him examine, then fill, the glasses. That was all.

Coming to her with one, he said, laughingly:

"Let us drink to your health, love."

"Why? I have not been ill!" accepting his offer.

"May you never be! To my darling's prosperity!" he cried, and, snatching the other goblet, he drank.

"I will drink to *you*," then handed him her glass—empty.

Mr. Berkeley replaced it upon the table, and returned to her.

"And now, to be really cozy and confidential," said he, "I will tell you a story."

"Nothing could please me more."

"Ah, ha! Sit down. 'To begin at the beginning,' as the children say, there was a beautiful lady—beautiful and rich, with a husband who adored her. Was she not fortunate?"

"Exceedingly so."

"We shall see. The husband was a bad man, if you will, but he loved her; and so, when he became convinced of certain scandalous proceedings, he undertook redress without the aid of justice—challenged and killed his wronger—saved from open contumely the wretched creature who bore his name."

"Your story has not even the charm of novelty. I have heard it very often," remarked madame, composedly.

He had paused to watch her through his half-closed lids. This was his reward.

"I have not finished. Do you fancy that he hated her? Not so. Stung into madness, goaded to frenzy by the thought of all he had lost—love, honor, happiness now and hereafter—his jealous passion made a piteous wretch enough of this gay gentleman. He knew that she hated him."

"Ah, he knew it?"

"He knew that while life lasted would their dumb warfare last. She could never be to him more than she was to all the world—cold and repelling. It was *her* fault if he became selfish and cruel—not his. Before heaven! the burden of many crimes will lie heavy upon her soul!"

"Ah, he grew cowardly?"

She asked this, never raising her eyes from her white hands so closely locked.

"Cowardly?" he cried, with an angry oath. "Cowardly?"

"What came to her then?"

"Fear came to her—dread of death! He made her existence a constant terror. Bah! I will finish the story at another time. But his vengeance was sweet."

"That is, really, not entertaining. I know a prettier. My heroine had loved before her marriage—unwisely, as goes the wisdom of the world. She was young. Hating her husband, she taunted him with unpleasant truths. Remember, she had been forced to wed him. Her imprudence ruined her. The life she would have died to save"—how tender grew her tones! how reverent and how low—"that life was given for her sin. Then——"

"Go on!"

"Then began her atonement."

"She atoned?"

"Through a thorny pathway leading to a grave," half-moaning, half-chanting the old refrain, rocking back and forth with a slow, swaying motion. Then, suddenly springing up: "There is no more to be told. You know all. I cannot tell the end—not yet."

"What is the matter, Vera?"

Her husband caught her hand, and looked down in her face.

"Nothing. I am not well. Let me go now. Presently I may come again."

"Not 'good-night,' surely?"

"Yes, 'good-night.' I must go."

"Dearest, has it occurred to you that this is the 13th of October?"

"You will not let me forget that," she replied, with a smile, half-sad, half-mocking.

She was gone.

Mr. Berkeley silently but carefully rinsed the glasses which they had used, then rang for Somers, his valet.

"I'm afraid you've been exerting yourself too much, sir," remarked the man. "You're flushed with fever now."

"Am I? Yes, I am tired. I shall get to bed."

Not to sleep, however. The old fancies were crowding upon him.

The time wore on. A deathlike silence fell upon the place. The very noises of the night came to them with a dull echoing. The hours went by with solemn pace—weary hours enough to the man lying there.

Somers, who, since his master's illness, had never left him, sat watching by the window. This window gave upon a piazza which extended around the house. The evening being sultry, it was partly raised—just enough, as the valet afterward testified, to give the fresh breeze entrance. Once the man was startled from his drowsiness by a low cry.

Mr. Berkeley sat upright in bed.

"Somers!" he cried. "Quick! I swear that I saw a face there at the window!"

"Sir, be calm. There is no one, I assure."

No one, for the servant parted the curtains and looked out.

"I saw it."

"You've been dreaming, sir."

"My God!"—Mr. Berkeley was ashen-hued now—"I saw it."

"Imagination, sir—sheer imagination and over-fatigue."

"Don't leave me, Somers!"

"I shall not leave you, sir. You must take this. It will help quiet you."

A composing draught, and under its influence the sufferer soon fell into a restless slumber, broken by starts and cries, and such strange ravings that Somers, now thoroughly awakened, watched him suspiciously.

"It's the fever coming back," the man concluded. "I'll step down and call up Calcott."

He departed noiselessly. In a few minutes he was on his way back with the housekeeper, when a sharp report rang out with startling clearness. Their affrighted cries caught up the echo—affrighted cries, soon changing to exclamations of horror and a woman's shriek—for Vane Chester Berkeley, Esq., had fallen forward, his body half hanging from the bed!

Somers raised him, and with trembling hands wiped the blood-stains from the face; but the gentleman was dead. A pistol-ball, sent with unerring aim, had buried itself in the brain of this untiring schemer. So had one more gone at the beckoning of that ghostly visitant.

Difficult to point out the assassin? By no means. It was a clear case of self-destruction.

At the inquest some one had asked a foolish question about the windows. Of course they had been open, and it *was* quite possible for any one to reach the piazza from below. But a pistol had been found beside the bed. This weapon, which had belonged to the deceased, had always been kept within reach upon the bureau. Others were in a case upon the table; but this being a favorite toy, was often used by Mrs. Berkeley in her amateur endeavors. Did not this prove the suicidal act? So that the inquisitive juror was covered with confusion.

Poor Somers was heartily rated.

"You should not have left him," said madame, in her coldest tones. "Had you been there, this would never have happened."

"It might, ma'am. Don't say that, please. He was raving mad. You don't know how he went on. If I hadn't known him for the mildest, kindest gentleman, I would have said he was an awful sinner. *Don't* blame me, ma'am."

Chapter VI.

The day after the funeral was passed by the widow alone in the library. There was much to be done. Bearing in mind certain possibilities, Mrs. Berkeley destroyed many letters. Other things were marked as well. Among these, a small casket containing several minute vials. True, the contents of these were harmless—the lady having prepared them upon that eventful evening when her husband had discovered her in his study. Assuredly, the dabbler in chemistry had worked to little purpose.

This task accomplished, she wrote to Mrs. Beauclerc. Here was the closing clause of her letter:

> "I cannot expect you to come to me. The place is haunted by too many mournful memories. Bear in mind, however, that you have a true friend in one who has for ever done with this world and its belongings."

"That will satisfy the world. It can ask no more," she muttered.

But Constance did come. From across the seas to the grave of one who had been very dear to her.

"I may tell you now," she said, with a proud humility—"I may tell you what he was to me."

"I marvel at your daring."

"He was my father!"

The honest wife made this confession with a bright blush creeping in her cheeks.

"Your father?"

"He never told you that, Vera? How strange!"

Then followed the humiliating avowal. The story of a dead mother's wrongs, of repentance all too late, of the adoption of his child by a man who, with his utter contempt of justice, human or Divine, had yet some tender impulse throbbing in a heart so strangely perverted. "Truly was her father his other self," thought madame, as his words flashed across her mind.

"Do you know anything of your mother, Constance?"

"She was the daughter of an English clergyman. Thurston knows the truth. I told him all before our marriage. Ah, he is so noble, Vera! We have been there with my poor mother's family, and I have been so happy! I am grateful to him for it all."

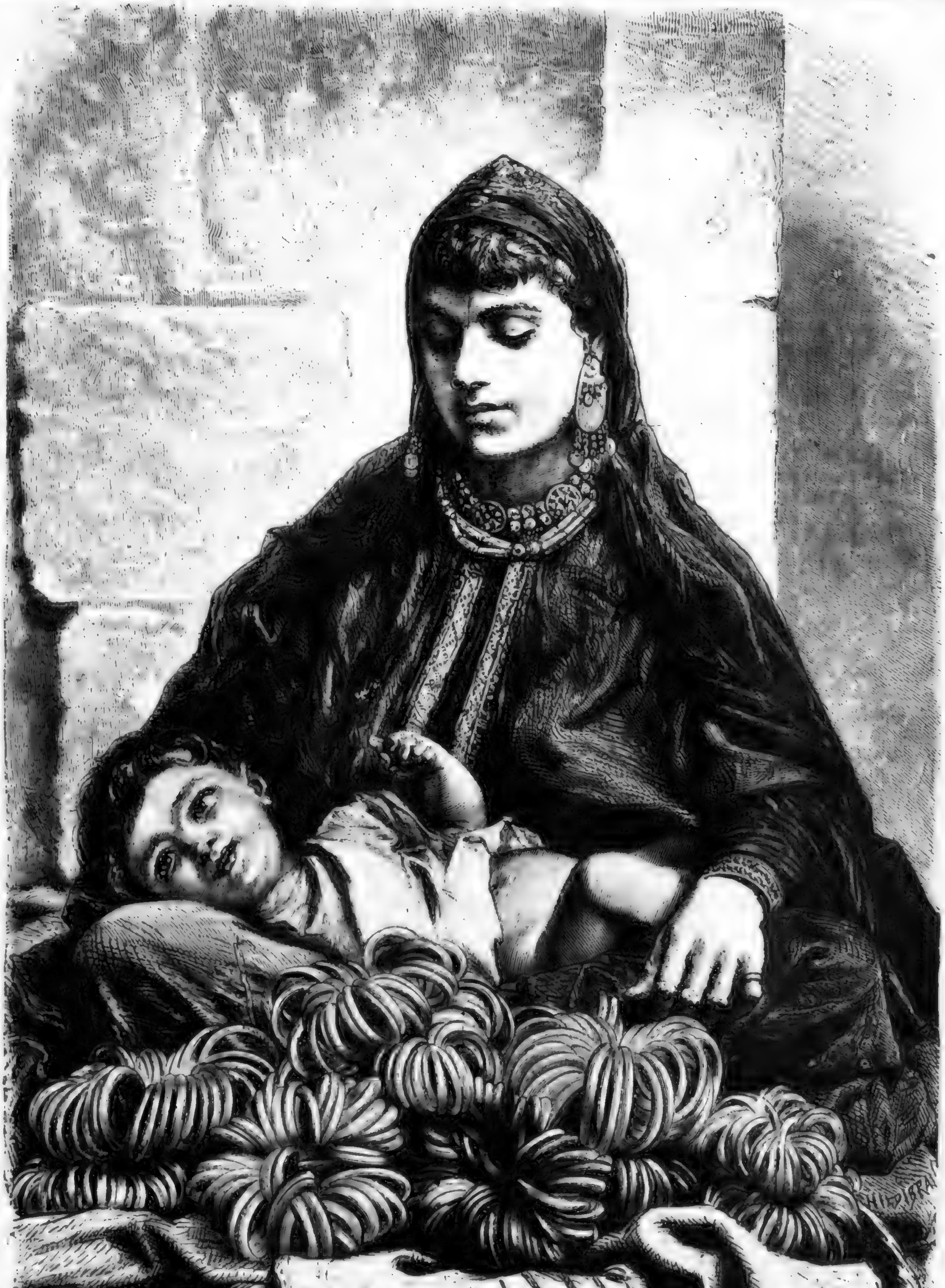
"Who told this to you?"

"My father. Not long before I left home he confessed to me the bitter, bitter truth. He did it to prove to me how little I had to hope from Thurston. I knew my darling better."

"Did you know why he so hated your husband?"

"Truly no. I can imagine no cause."

Mrs. Berkeley could. In fact, there was nothing that



THE BANGLE-SELLER.

Constance had confided which she had not already learned, and that, too, from the papers, the private papers, which she had destroyed. From these she could have told of a foolish suspicion of the betrayed girl, of vile accusations which coupled the name of the poor heartbroken creature with that of young Beauclerc's father—a spendthrift and a *roué*. Suspicious accusations, which were none the less cruel that they were false. She could have told as well of her own misgivings of her conviction that the love borne by her husband to this girl was other than this. Her sole object in aiding this young woman's escape had been to thwart her husband's supposed passion. It was as well that Constance should not suspect this, so there all confidence ended.

"I suppose that he really fancied himself aggrieved," thought madame. "Each blow at his innocent affections came from these Beauclercs. His light o' love—his wife, and his daughter. What a pretty grouping! Ah, well, it is not strange that he should so hate them!"

* * * * * *

Opening from Mrs. Berkeley's apartment was a small chamber. This she caused to be fitted up in a strangely sumptuous manner. It was a perfect triumph of artistic taste and Eastern magnificence, yet nothing more sombre could be imagined.

Black velvet covered the floor and fell in heavy drapery over the walls. Nay, the very ceiling, with its glaring whiteness, gave offense, and so was hidden by a tent-like fashioning. Statues started from this gloomy background—figures of saints and holy women—all brought from foreign lands. Above a dais at the lower end hung a large painting. Upon either side of this lamps were always burning. Here the light of day might never enter. A curtain of velvet covered this painting. None, not even they who placed it there, had ever seen what that curtain concealed—none save the widow, and here would she pass long hours alone. Those about her said, afterward, that each visit made a milder, kinder mistress of her. According to their lights they judged.

Let us hope that she grew in grace, for one day they found her kneeling before the portrait—*dead!* Death had come so wooingly that the tears upon her cheeks were yet undried—so kindly, that, seeing the lithe form bent over the great chair, you would have said she prayed.

Then, for the first time, they threw aside the jealous drapery from the semblance of a young and handsome man. Was it recognized? Certainly. It was Noy Kenyon, and Mr. Berkeley had killed him in a duel years before. Every one remembered the affair. It had taken place upon a fine morning of October—the 13th, strangely enough. There were at the time many scandalous conjectures, and excellent Christians made them. These did duty again.

By Mrs. Berkeley's will, her husband's ward was the sole heir.

"Pray for me," the woman had said, in her last letter; and Constance, in her happy wifehood, mourned her as a dear friend lost.

A pleasant home now is that old house. It may be that, its work being done, the tormented spirit has found rest—rest, until some crime or treachery shall again call it to its old haunts. It must be that the pure hearts and glad voices of little children have sanctified the place. This surely is: Love and happiness are there. The spell is broken.

Those who are most disinterested and have the least of selfishness, have best materials for being happy.

THE FIRST IN AFTER DINNER.

They talked, in after-dinner phrase,
Of rise of stocks, or fall of shares;
Of speculation's crooked ways,
Of Egypt's bulls and Russia's bears;
Or, as old wine new thoughts inspired,
They raised the desultory theme,
With zeal of state or party fired:
I heard it all as in a dream.

For still my ears one murmur fill'd;
My vision but one image knew;
Yours was the voice my senses thrill'd,
The murmur was your robe's *frou-frou*.
For when you passed through the door,
I, turning gloomy to my place,
Heard your dress rustle on the floor,
Saw but the gladness of your face.

The talk droned on, the wine went round,
Discussion's jangling tone rose higher;
I watched my chance, occasion found
To 'scape the glance of either sire.
There to their disputatious doom
I left the controversial three—
A stranger in your drawing-room!
You started, looked, and then saw me.

We talk'd; but not of five per cent.,
Nor of the senate nor the mart;
I conquered in that argument—
You paid the forfeit with your heart.
Then voices, steps upon the stairs;
And then the door flung open wide—
A venerable pair of *pères*
Surprised us fairly; at their side
My elder rival, I divine,
At heart loathed walnuts, talk and wine.

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

A Sailor's Yarn.

Yes, sir, 'tis an awful affair, but at sea one gets used to all kinds o' things. I remember the loss of the *Victory*. I had served aboard her from quite a lad, and had got to know and love everything about her.

She was a fine, full-rigged ship, she was, near 1,800 tons burden. Maybe you'd like to hear how she was lost, if you've time. You would, sir? All right, then.

It was a lovely day in May when she started on a voyage to America with a cargo of coal. We had on board the captain, three officers, two apprentices, a steward, a crew of sixteen men, besides two passengers—a Mr. Williams and a Mr. Johnson. Soon everything was in order, Captain Stanhope and the wizen old pilot were with us, and the order was given "man the windlass!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the response. There was a rush of feet, the windlass clanked, the anchor lifted, the tugboat started ahead, and we were off. The next morning the pilot and tug left us, carrying letters and messages for the loved ones ashore, and with the sails "sheeted home," our noble vessel, under a cloud of white canvas, headed for the deep Atlantic. For the first few days nothing much happened; the weather was warm and fine, and the passengers enjoyed it. I could tell you of some strange things as went on in the forecastle, but they wouldn't interest you. Well, about three weeks after we had lost sight of land a fine breeze sprang up; but it soon died away, a dead calm succeeded, and the sails hung motionless against the masts.

The day was fast fading, and the sun was sinking lower and lower down the horizon, like a great globe. Little did any of us think we should soon be drifting on the sea.

"We shall have a change in the weather shortly," said

Mr. Jones, our second officer; "the glass falls rapidly, and there's a dark line a-stern."

"Stow the royals and mizzen-top gall'n's'l," shouted the chief officer in command.

The order was quickly obeyed. The clouds began to blow up, and black enough they looked; a stiff breeze also sprang up, and we could see the squall was on us.

"All hands shorten sail!" was the next order.

Meanwhile the squall increased to a gale, and the captain, coming on deck at that moment and seeing the state of affairs, shouted:

"Take in the tops'ls, and mind your helm there!"

These and some other commands executed, we tore before the raging tempest, under main lower tops'l and reefed fores'l. Ay, the *Victory* she did tear along, whilst the waves, which were like mountains, swept over her deck, and the water boiled like under her bows, and came rushing through her lee scuppers. The gale lasted until about one o'clock in the morning, when it 'bated almost as suddenly as it had risen.

"How's her head?" asked Mr. Jones, of the man at the helm.

"Sou'-sou'-west, sir."

"Let her go off just a point," he said; and then added, "Aloft there, and loose the tops'ls and t'gall's'ls!"

The sea had begun to go down a bit, and the passengers, who had been in the saloon, finding the ship rolled less, retired to their berths. The stars shone clearly, and the watch, having been relieved, had gone below. It seemed such a blessing to get our clothes off, for they were wringing wet.

We hadn't been asleep more than half an hour, when there came a kind of startled cry, "Fire! fire!" How we hurried out of our bunks and ran on deck, and then, sure enough, we could smell the fire!

The captain ordered search to be made in the hold, to discover, if possible, where the mischief was; but there was nothing to be seen, only a sort of sulphurous smell could be detected.

So we went below again, and slept till eight bells. A watch had been kept meanwhile, but no more occurred to awaken suspicion.

Another careful examination was afterward made, but it proved unavailing as to finding anything. Then the day broke.

Oh, how well I remember it, the glorious first of June, and glorious it was! The sun shone brightly, and there was a nice breeze, just enough to make it pleasant. There was a soothing sound, too, in the wash of the waves against the sides of the ship. Most of the sails had been set, and the *Victory* looked a perfect picture.

'Tis strange, but I always remember one thing: I was gazing at the sky, and there was one little white cloud floating along in the middle of the blue, when a young 'prentice said to me, "James, that must be the sweet little cherub as sits up aloft, to keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack." Maybe 'twas.

Toward evening the decks began to get very warm, and one of the men made a remark to Mr. Jones, who immediately reported it to the captain.

Holes were cut in the deck over the place where the fire was supposed to be, and plenty of water poured down; and the carpenter and some men were ordered to make a careful examination below. I was sent aloft to take in the main royal, and was just about to descend when the carpenter came up, and going to Captain Stanhope, said something which I did not hear; but I was told to have a look if any ships were in sight, but I could see no sign o' one. There seemed a great rush on deck, and looking down, I saw, to my horror, a dense smoke coming through the hatchways. In vain were the decks deluged with water, and the hatches battened down. The smoke came thicker and faster, and at last, with a roar, flames burst through the hatches.

"Lower the boats—'tis our only chance now!" cried the captain.

I can tell you, sir, they were lowered quick enough, for the heat was getting dreadful. I got into the long boat, with the steward and first officer and some of my mates.

We all got safely away, and after rowing some distance laid to and watched for the end. By this time the sun was sinking, a great red ball, and there was our ship, sails and all, enveloped in a sheet of flame.

We couldn't help noticing that, as the sun sank in the west, the *Victory* seemed attracted or drawn towards it. Her bow was directed west, and she looked grand.

The captain sat in the boat that lay next ours, and after watching some time, covered his face with his hands, as though unable to bear any more.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the horizon I saw the second officer touch him on the shoulder. He looked up, only in time to see his good ship disappear beneath the waters.

There was a moment's silence, and then we rowed away toward the west, too. We were too sad to talk much. To think we had escaped the fury of the gale to see our vessel burnt! Well, well, "Man proposes, God disposes."

As I said, we rowed away, and after a while the moon rose, and the stars shone with a brilliancy you never see in this country—almost cruel they seemed to us.

The boats kept together the most of the night; but about three o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow in gusts, and before an hour was over we were pitched and tossed on an angry sea, and in the darkness the boats got separated. No one knows what we suffered that night, for we had naught to eat, nor, what was worse, to drink.

When the day broke we first missed our companions. In vain we gazed round. Nothing met our sight but a wild sea and a wilder sky. Fortunately, toward noon the wind fell, the sea began to go down, and it rained. *This* was a blessing, for by holding our caps we had some water to drink. Till then I never knew what it was to suffer from real thirst.

About six o'clock in the evening we saw a sail. We waved our arms frantically, but whether they saw our signals, or whether they were coming that way, we didn't know. One thing was certain—the frigate (for such she was) bore down on us. It wasn't long before we were aboard, and then we learned that the *Spitfire* was homeward bound. The captain and crew treated us with great kindness, but they could tell us nothing about the other boats. They hadn't seen them.

After an uneventful voyage we reached England safely, and went at once and reported to the owners the circumstances under which the *Victory* was lost.

It was nigh eight months after our return that we learned the fate of the rest of the crew. They had had a fearful hard time of it, and had lost seven of their number. The captain was the first to go.

Ah! we were sorry to hear of *his* death. It appeared he scarcely noticed anything; and once when Mr. Jones asked him which way they had better try for, he said: "West—she was drifting west; yes, she was drifting west."

He died two days after that, his last words being, "drifting west." One after another the remaining six

XUM

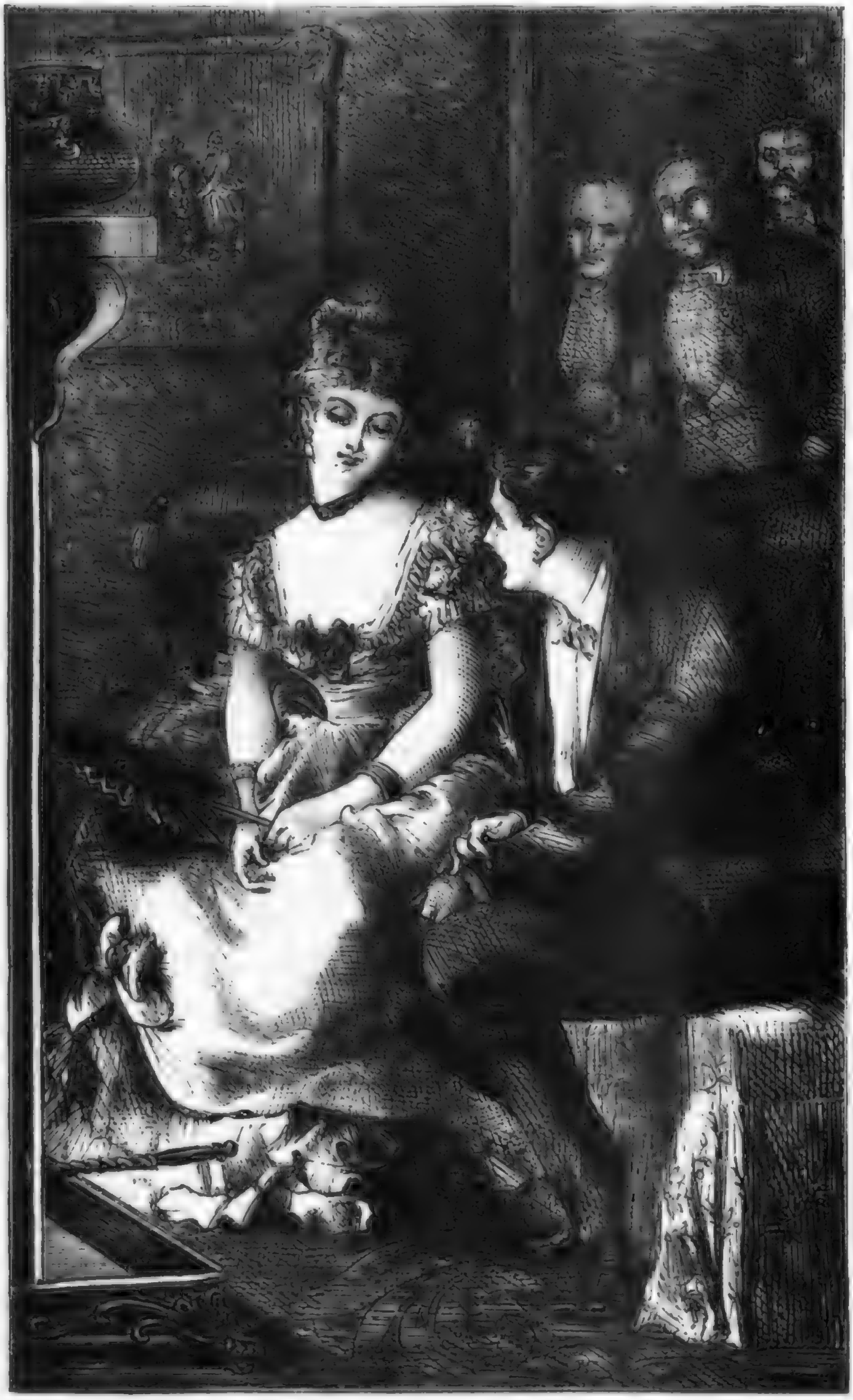
succumbed to fatigue and the want of water and food. Those that had been rescued were ten days and nights on the sea, bearing the scorching sun and cold, before they were picked up by a passing steamer, and landed at some foreign port—I forget the name. At last they secured berths in the *Sphinx*, another steamer, and thus reached home once more.

I've seen a good deal in my time, but I believe I felt the loss of the *Victory* more than all. What caused the fire was never known. Combustion in the coal, 'twas supposed.

No, thank'e, I won't take nothing. I'm glad to get any one to listen to my yarns, and if any other day you'd like to hear it, I could tell you something else. Much obliged for your kind offer. Good-morning, sir. Ay, she was a fine ship—the *Victory* was a fine ship!

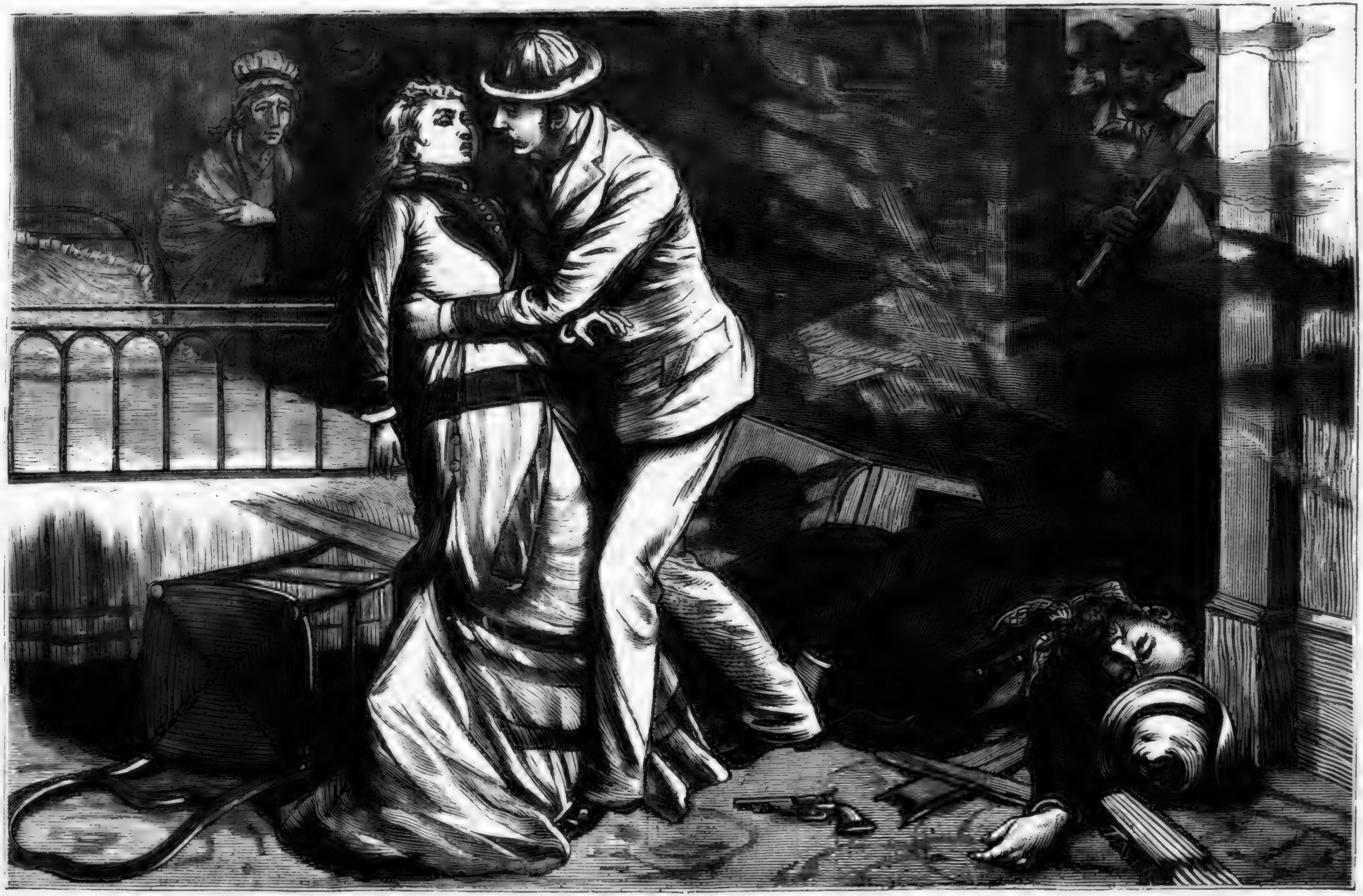
MEMORY.

An example of the most astounding memory is the winner of the National Chess Tournament, Mr. Zuckertort. He recently played sixteen games at the same time, in the same way—that is to say, before each of the sixteen tables sat a player with a board, and they informed him, after each other, of their respective moves; he replied, and never confounded one position with another, one game with another, never made a false move, but twice detected where, on purpose, false moves were made, to test him, in the wrong direction. He once performed an especially curious feat in the house of a friend, where there was a whist party, playing a game of chess by heart with some one in the adjoining room, and when the cards for whist were dealt, he looked once through his cards, then put them away, and each time his turn came he mentioned the card he wished to play, all the time continuing his chess game, and never keeping either his chess or his whist partner waiting one minute for the necessary move.



THE FIRST IN AFTER DINNER.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 462.

The Chinese farmhouse is a curious-looking abode. Usually it is sheltered with groves of feathery bamboo and thick-spreading banyans. The walls are of clay or wood, and the interior of the house consists of one main room, extending from the floor to the tiled roof, with closet-looking apartments in the corners for sleeping-rooms. There is a sliding window on the roof, made of cut oyster-shells, arranged in rows, while the side windows are wooden shutters. The floor is the bare earth, where at nightfall there often gathers together a miscellaneous family of dirty children, fowls, ducks, pigeons and a litter of pigs, all living together in delightful harmony. In some districts infested by marauding bands houses are strongly fortified.



A LITTLE COWARD.—"THE BURGLAR SPRAWLED SENSELESS ON THE FLOOR. AUNT MARGARET SANK BACK ON HER BED WITH A WILD 'THANK GOD!' AND THE LITTLE HEROINE OF THE SCENE LAY IN SIR ROBERT'S ARMS, IN A DEAD FAINT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

SONNET.

By Morgan Evans.

We wandered in the morn of life, as flew
Wing-footed hours quick by in sunny haze,
And talked of all our past and future ways.
Oh, how we loved that time when love was new,
And how it lasted, ever fresh and true,
Throughout the day! For when the noontide blaze
Throbbed with fierce heat, we sheltered in a maze
Of amorous bowers, while love still stronger grew.
We never dreamed of parting. We were bound
As one together—vow was given for vow,
Love begat love, until we grew profound
In wedded mysteries.—Alas! but now
Dark night has fallen. Alone I tread the ground.
I go, I know not whither, care not how!

A LITTLE COWARD.

By Agnes James.

That was what Miss Merivale had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare Stella reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety while Agatha Merivale mounted Stella and rode off triumphantly down the avenue.

She *was* a coward. She did not deny it, and was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it, or to scorn her for it, till Agatha Merivale came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding and hunting and shooting; and everybody admired Agatha so much, even, Sir Robert!

She almost *hated* Agatha! You see, until Agatha came they had been so happy at De Rosset. Little orphan Madelaine Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the Hall with sweet Lady de Rosset, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her, and *loved* her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert, and kept the house in a turmoil of gayety, and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivale. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the Hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away *now!* Not far though—she was too much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to "Aunt Margaret," as she called Lady de Rosset's widowed sister-in-law, who lived in a quiet, comfortable house a mile away from the Hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most people were inclined to shun her; but sweet, bright little Lina had won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcomed at the Lodge.

Yes, she would run away to Aunt Margaret's, and, perhaps, when she was missed, Sir Robert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl, she flew off across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty colley, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls; but with Leo she would not mind it so much.

Leo was calmly taking a nap on the front portico, but he started up and raced after her with a joyous bark. But, at the little gate that led from the park into the fields, Lina was greatly disconcerted by an unexpected encounter with Sir Robert and Miss Merivale, who came laughing and talking along the path, both looking bright and handsome in the golden rays of the setting sun.

She brushed past them with a hasty "Good-evening," but Sir Robert turned back to speak to her.

"Where are you going, Lina?" he asked.

"To Aunt Margaret's," she answered, not looking at him.

"Alone, Lina? Are you not afraid? If you will wait a little while, I will go with you," Sir Robert said, looking down kindly at the girl's flushed cheeks and averted eyes.

"No, thanks," Lina answered, hastily. "I will not trouble you. Leo will take care of me. And you would be late for dinner if you went with me."

"May I come for you, then, after dinner?" Sir Robert asked.

"Thanks, I am not coming back. I shall stay all night," was the hurried answer, and Lina turned to go.

But Sir Robert detained her for a moment.

"Lina," he said, in a low tone, "what makes you avoid me so lately? What have I done to offend you?"

Lina raised her blue eyes hastily to his one moment, and then dropped then again.

"I have not *avoided* you," she said, coldly. "You have been very much occupied with—other people. There, I will not detain you."

She waved her little hand haughtily, and walked away from him. He watched the pretty, white-robed figure for a moment, and then Leo came and fawned on him.

"Leo, Leo," called Lina's voice.

"Go, Leo," said his master, and the obedient dog trotted off down the path after the girl.

It was rather dreary at the "Lodge" that evening. Mrs. Harrington was out of humor, because her agent had failed to call that day to receive a thousand pounds that she wished him to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and nursemaid, had let the maid-servants all go off to a fair in the village, "where they will certainly get into mischief," Mrs. Harrington said.

But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances, and chatted away very pleasantly. At ten o'clock she declared she had laughed till she was tired, and Lina must give her her drops and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it? Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening, and would come up as soon as she had finished."

Lina did not *altogether* like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went, and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry, looking round for the spoons, with no light but a faint gleam from a hall-lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground-floor, its iron-barred shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first words that caught her ear startled her.

"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate!" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.

"Yes," was the reply, in a woman's voice—the voice, Lina knew, of *Parkins*, Mrs. Harrison's model, soft-voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it, because I have let the women go away to stay all night, and sent the gardener on a fool's errand to Misses's brother's, twenty miles off."

"But this girl that came to-night—what about her?" asked the man.

"Oh, she will go to her room, presently, and *stay* there if she is wise. *She'd* be no hindrance any way—a silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.

"But see here, Molly, why not do it *now?* Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man."

"I tell you it's not safe before eleven o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Whenever this girl is here they *do* come. Sir Robert don't like her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. *Wait till half-past eleven*, and the west door here will open. And, Jim, look here. When you get this swag, you are to take me with you—your wife, mind."

The voices grew fainter. Evidently the speakers were moving away from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror, she leaned against the pantry wall for a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean? Robbery, murder! And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the house and across the fields to the Hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, and then poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go. But to stand here idle would do no good. She flew like a bird along the halls and up-stairs, Leo racing by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused, and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

"Where is the spoon, child? How long you staid. Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried the old lady, as she saw the girl's white, terrified face.

Lina began some evasive answer, but instantly remembered that Aunt Margaret must be told the whole story or *nothing* could be done to save her. She did tell it, and Aunt Margaret listened in silent consternation, and then burst out impetuously with:

"Good heavens, child! Why didn't you run right home?"

"Because I knew Parkins would be up here in a few minutes, and find I was gone, and then——"

"Ah, well. So you staid to save the old woman if you could? What are you doing, child? Why don't you lock the door and pile things against it! Good God! if I was just able to rise out of this bed!"

But Lina did not speak for a moment. She had found a pencil and paper and was rapidly writing a few words. When she had finished—

"Now," she said, "when Parkins comes tell her I am to sleep on the couch here in your room, and she must go somewhere else. I will be back in a moment.—Leo!"

Out of the room she darted, and down to the hall door, which she unbarred and passed through. Then, kneeling in the shadow of a pillar on the portico, she tied the note tightly in her handkerchief and knotted the handkerchief round Leo's neck.

She put her arms round his neck after that, kissed his forehead, and a half-sob escaped her.

"Is that you, miss?" said a smooth voice from the hall. "Why, whatever are you doing in the dark there?"

Lina sprang up as if she had been shot.

"I am sending the dog home," she said, speaking quietly, though the throbs of her heart shook her whole frame. "He is restless here without his master. Go *home*, Leo—*straight home*, sir!"

The dog, with one farewell lick of her hand, bounded down the steps and vanished in the dewy darkness of the Summer night.

"Oh, God! let him go safely and swiftly!" prayed the girl in her heart.

Then she went in and helped Parkins bar the door, and they went together up-stairs.

Aunt Margaret lay, very quietly, on her pillows, but with her black eyes gleaming.

"Parkins," she said, steadily, as they entered, "Miss Leigh is kind enough to offer to stay with me here to-night. She will sleep on your couch, and you, my poor soul, can go and get a good night's rest in another room."

Parkins was silent for one instant, and then began a series of smooth, polite expostulations, which no one would heed, and finally the civil nurse prepared the couch for Lina and took herself off, observing, sweetly:

"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar I can hear a call from this room, and will come instantly."

"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, speaking as sweetly as Parkins herself.

Then, as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned with a face of dismay, and whispered:

"The key is gone! She took it when she was fidgeting in and out with sheets and pillows."

"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina gave a sigh of relief as she slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had some little protection against the enemy.

"Now child," Aunt Margaret said, "can you use a pistol?"

"I never touched one in my life," said the "little coward." "But if I had one now I would *try*."

"Very well. Take my safe-key—it is under my pillow—and unlock the safe. There are two pistols there, loaded. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, *try*, my dear, to use it. Now put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now, come here, little girl; kneel down by me, and let's say our prayers together."

With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tight in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one; it was only a wild, passionate cry for pity and help, and meantime she was *listening*, with every nerve strained, for sounds from the outside.

A lamp burned in the room. On the mantelpiece a softly-ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.

Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care of her.

Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening, all would have been well! He would have come for her, and they would have been safe.

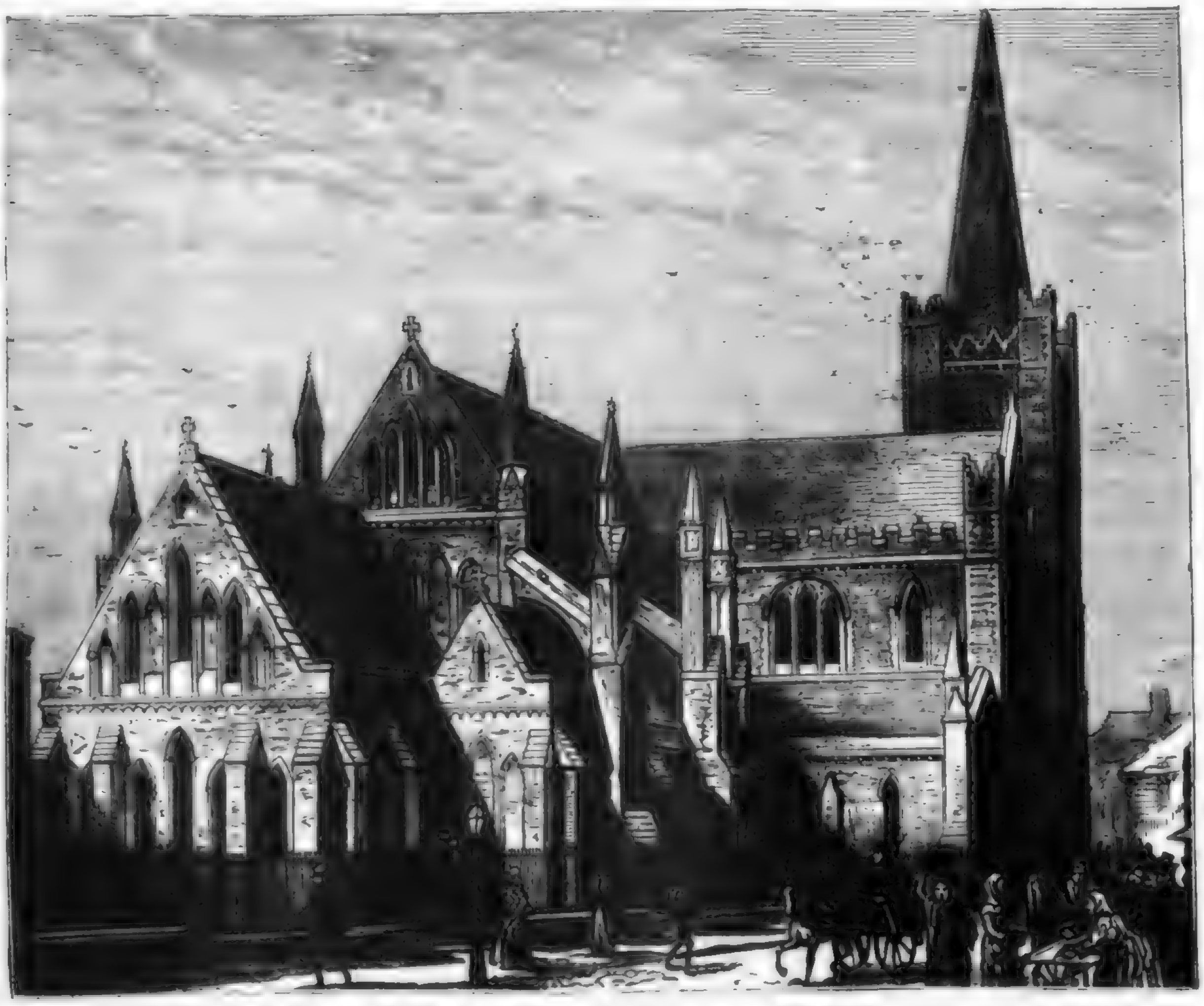
But, surely, *surely* he would come yet! He could not fail to find the note, and she knew he would come to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note *would* reach him! It might be lost, or Leo might wander about, and not get home until it was too late.

Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what *that* might mean. Oh, it was hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horribly, with help so near!"

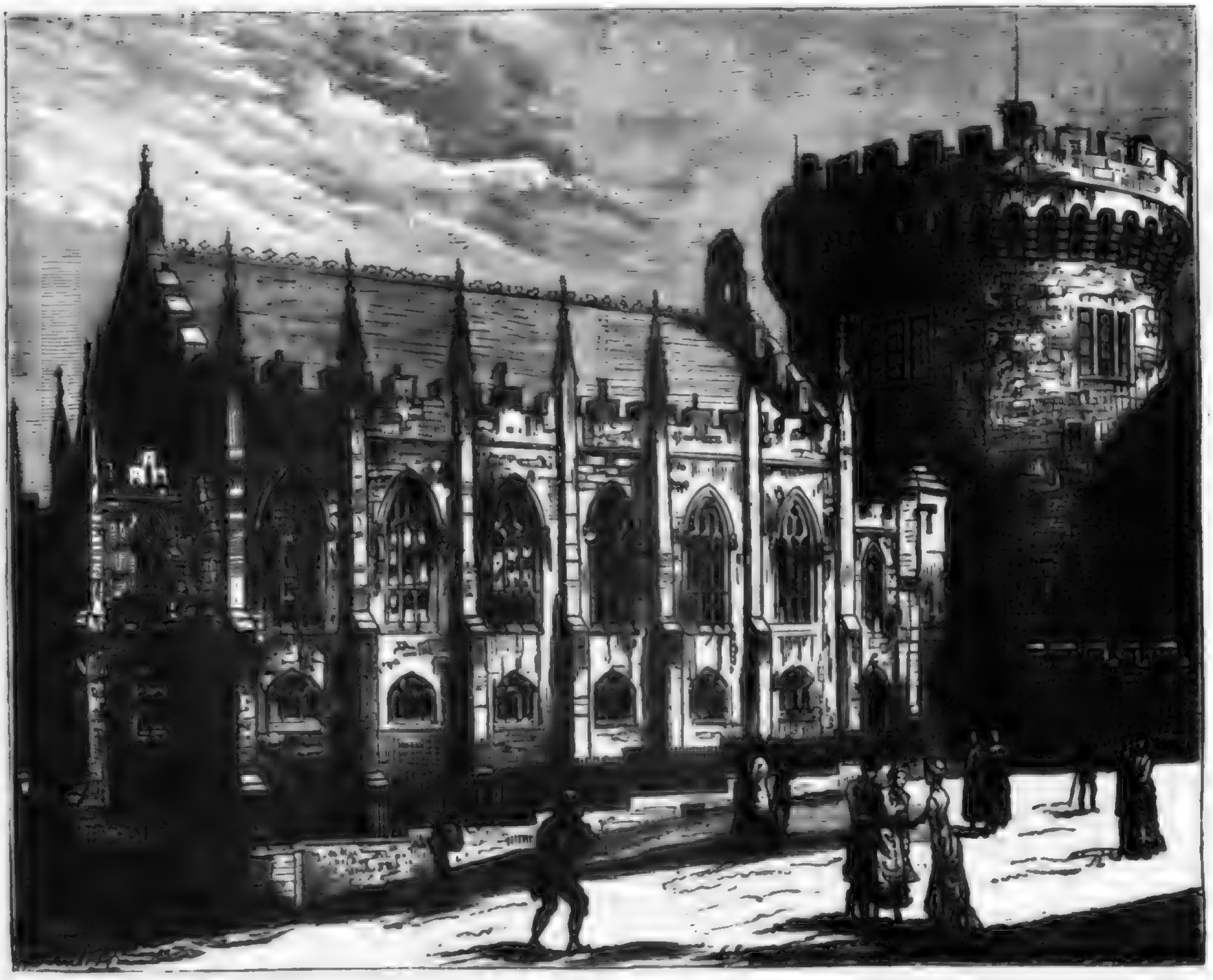
The long minutes crept on, and no sound came until eleven o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half-hour. Then, in a few moments came the sound of stealing footsteps in the passage, and the knob of the door was softly turned.

Breathless silence in the room! Then a gentle tap at

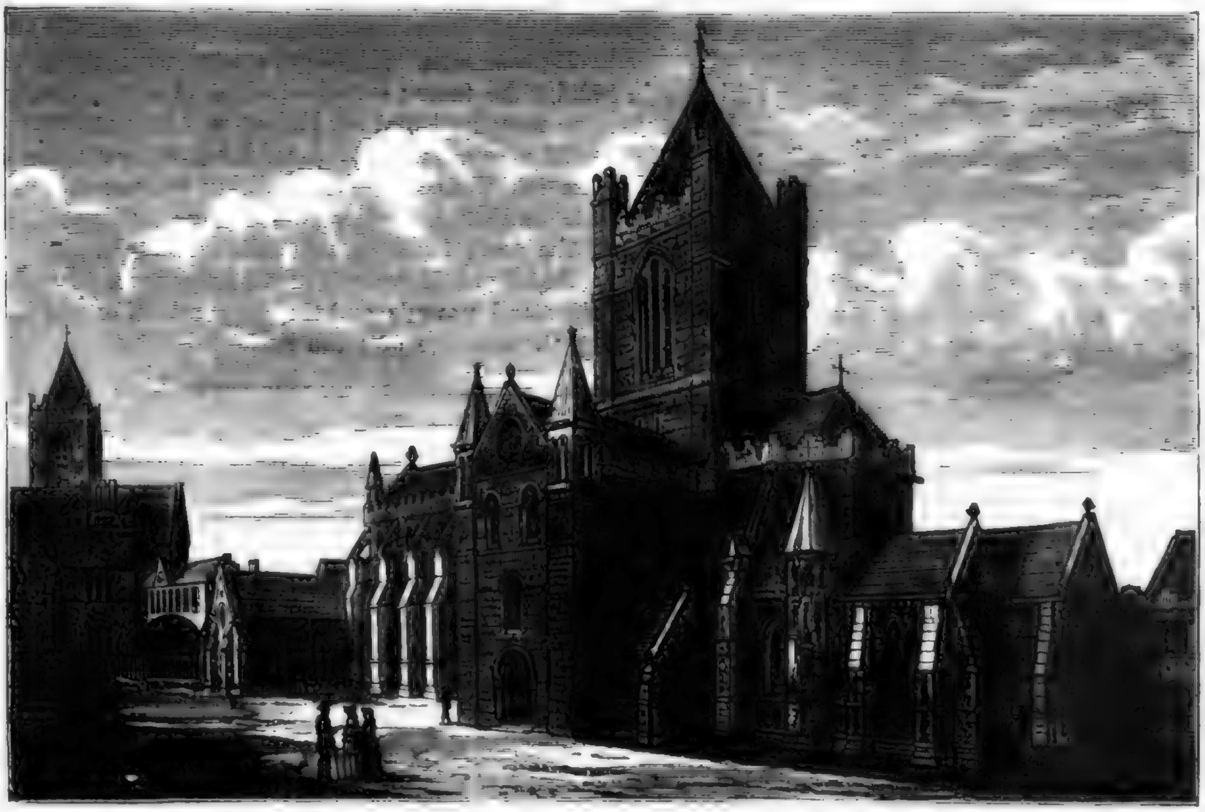
XUM



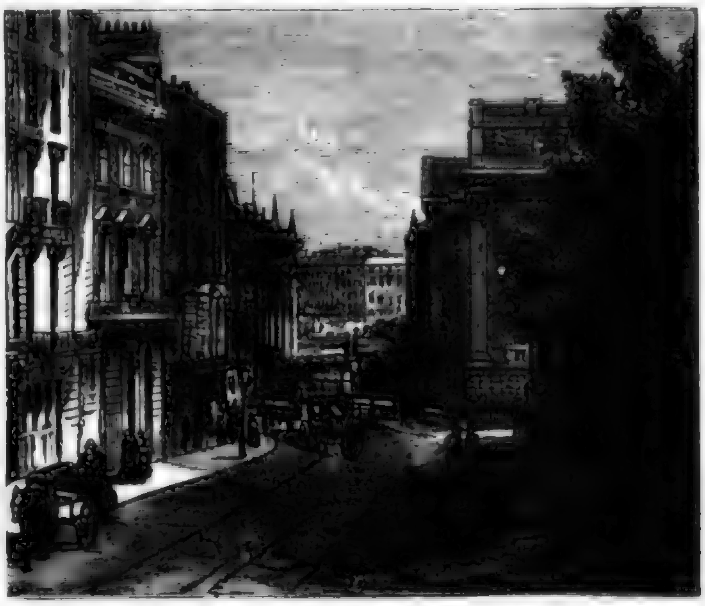
DUBLIN.—ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 471.



THE CASTLE CHAPEL.



DUBLIN.—CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 471.



GRAFTON STREET, WITH TRINITY COLLEGE AND BANK OF IRELAND.

the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old lady spoke.

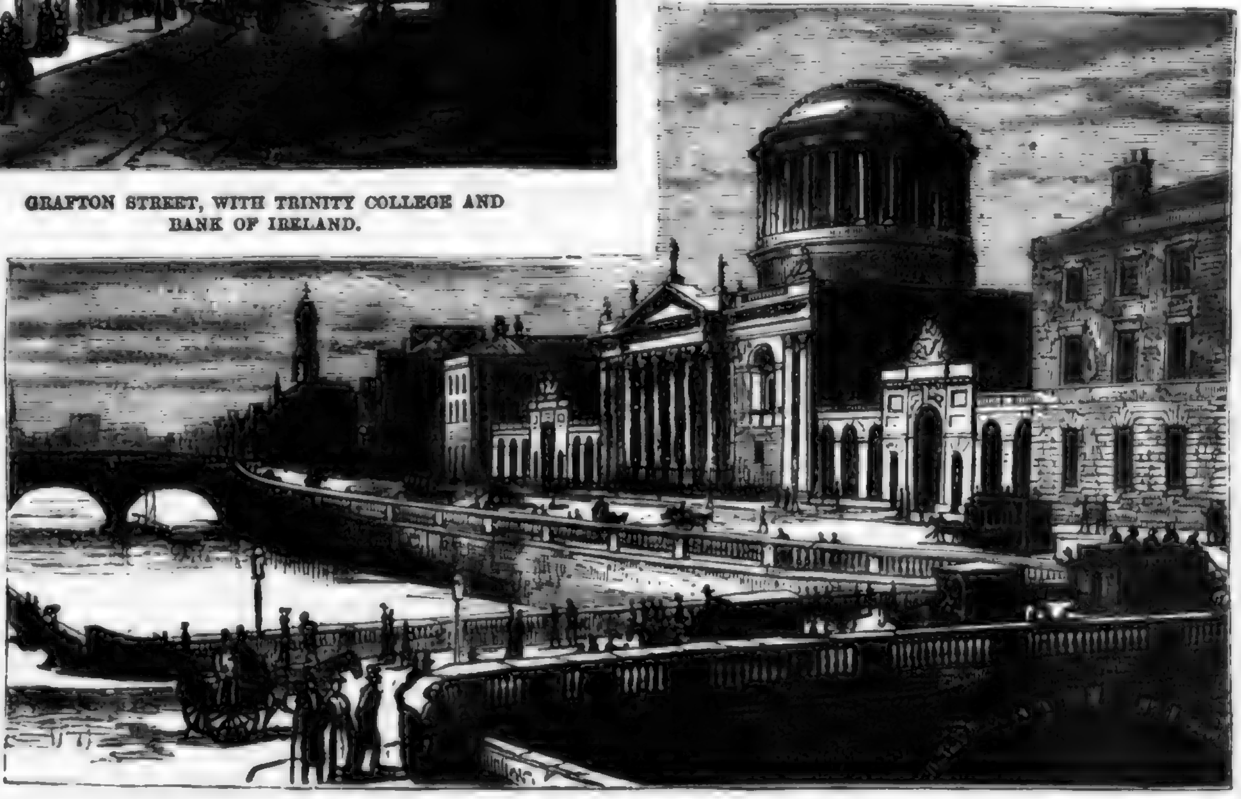
"Who is that?" she asked, steadily.

"It is me. Parkins, ma'am. Would you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."

"What a devil it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret. Then, aloud: "Go down-stairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."

Lina hoped that Parkins would urge the point a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time.

But a whisper in the passage followed, and then a man's voice spoke:



THE FOUR COURTS.

"Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just open the door peacefully and you sha'n't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."

"What do you want?" Lina asked, hoping still to gain a *little* time.

A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:

"You knows well enough what we wants, miss. We wants the thousand pounds and the di'monds, and we means to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peaceful, or you'll be sorry."

Lina sprang to her feet suddenly, and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheek and brow. She had been insulted and threatened, and indignation overpowered terror. She went toward the door and called out, quickly and clearly:

"You're not coming in. I have sent for help, and Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed, and if you *do* break the door down I will shoot you like a dog."

A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—

"All gammon. She hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkins's voice.

And heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, and a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door seemed about to fall when—bang! bang! came two reports from Lina's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the panels, and the besiegers paused abruptly.

"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will fire again."

"One more rush, mate, and we are in!" yelled the gruff voice outside.

What followed was wild tumult and confusion; the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and of the furniture Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from one of the men, and curses and threats from both of them. The door was down. One of the men was *in* the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol, and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling, "Lina! Lina! I am coming!" and Sir Robert de Rosset hurled himself bodily upon the ruffian outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body. And this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "little coward," with blazing eyes and scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in her bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprawled senseless on the floor. Aunt Margaret sank back on her bed with a wild "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms, in a dead faint.

"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner?" she murmured, half an hour afterward, when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you *know* that I came as soon as I found your note?" he said. "Leo went to my room, and I found him there when I left the drawing-room, after eleven o'clock."

"Where are those dreadful men?" Lina asked, raising her head dizzily and looking round with a shudder.

"Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"

Two months later, when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret *walked* into the witness-box, and gave her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lina gave hers with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the courtroom, walking between Sir Robert and his mother, and three more for Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.

And Aunt Margaret's wedding-present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

FAR away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the River Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient City of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palace and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian Empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away and laid bare all that remained of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshiped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh. The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the Palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tables are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablet was, of course, done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library, with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could easily find it, just as our own libraries of to-day number the books we read. Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by an instrument called the sundial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared with the sundial, for accuracy. Indeed we have to regulate our modern inventions by the ancient Babylonian system.

SEAWEED AND ITS USES.

IN tropical climates the little air-bladders which support the seawracks are of great service; for the masses of seaweed are several hundred feet long, and of considerable height, having stems the thickness of a man's thigh, and branches and drooping stems which support innumerable forms of animal life, such as corals, crabs, worms of different kinds, together with mosses and weeds of the sea, and being besides a place of deposit for innumerable eggs of various creatures. In Scotland the tender parts of the seawracks, known as tangles, are used for food, and when cooked are considered choice diet for cattle. The stems of a very hard, horny variety of the seawracks are used as knife-handles. They are cut in short pieces, and while still moist or green the blade is forced in at one end. When the stem dries it clings firmly to the knife-blade. Being gnarled and horny, it resembles buck's horn, and when tipped with metal and fully finished forms an inexpensive knife-handle. The rose-tangles are higher up in the scale of vegetable life, and their delicate tints render them very beautiful. Of these, dulse is an important variety to the Scotch and Irish, who, besides using it as food, both in its raw state and cooked in milk, find in it a substitute for tobacco. Carrageen moss is another kind of rose-tangle, from which a nourishing jelly is made. The Chinese use one variety of rose-tangle as a chief ingredient in their glossing preparations; twenty-seven thousand pounds are brought annually to Canton and sold at from six to eighteen *pice* per pound.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN LAWRENCE.

Shortly after John Lawrence's appointment as Collector of Delhi, a lawless chief in an outlying and desert part of the country refused to pay his land tax. Attended only by a single orderly—for he seldom took more—Lawrence rode thither, a distance of some thirty miles, very early in the morning, to demand or to enforce payment. The village was walled, the gates were shut and barred, and not even his strength was able to force an entrance. What was he to do? To go back would be a confession of defeat, and would encourage other neighboring chiefs to give similar trouble. On the other hand, it was the hottest season of the year. There was no food, no water, no shelter, no shade, outside the walls, except that of a single sickly babul-tree. Finally, there were no troops within thirty miles. He sent a hasty note back to Delhi asking for some guns, and then sat down under the babul-tree, exactly opposite the principal gate, a single man beleaguering or threatening a fortified post! The fierce sun of India had done its worst, and was fast subsiding toward the horizon; but still no guns appeared, and still the resolute collector sat on. At last the chief of a neighboring village approached and offered, should the sahib so will, to help him.

John Lawrence, knowing that in India, as elsewhere, jealousy is a ruling motive among neighboring potentates, accepted his offer for what it was worth. The result of a mere show of force, backed up by John Lawrence's stern resolution, was the submission of the recusant chieftain, the infliction of a fine over and above the land tax, and the return of the collector in triumph, after winning a bloodless victory, and without even the news, which has so often struck terror into the native breast, having reached the village, that "the guns were coming."

Years afterward, when the Collector of Delhi had risen to be Chief Commissioner of the Punjab, and had succeeded in winning back Delhi from the mutineers, a list of the rebel chiefs who had been sentenced to death was presented to him for his signature. The first name on the list attracted his attention, for it was that of the Goojut chieftain who had given him such timely aid twenty years before; and he struck his name off the list and saved his life.

Occupations for Children.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with the most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, and still more to be usefully employed. Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to their toilet which they are capable of performing.

DUBLIN.

By Noel Ruthven.

"Once upon a time" there stood upon the summit of a hill, covered with a wood of hazel trees, a little town, or fishing village. The houses were as rude as primeval huts, being constructed of wattles woven together and daubed with mud. The hamlet extended from the spot where the present Castle of Dublin stands, westward along the ridge to Kilmainham. "The Irish aborigines called it 'Drom Col Coille,' or, 'The Hill of the Hazel Woods.' Along the northern base of this hill, through a boggy marsh, ran the River Liffey eastward to the sea. To gain access to the river and to ford its dark waters, the fishermen made hurdles of wicker-work, and thence the little town acquired a new name, 'Bally ath Cliath,' 'The Town of the Ford of the Hurdles.' Then it got a further descriptive addition, and became 'Bally ath Cliath Dubh Linne,' 'The Town of the Ford of the Hurdles and the Black River.' In process of time the latter portion of this long-winded appellation was alone retained, and that was eventually modified to the name by which it is now known."

Two centuries had not glided away ere the town was noted by the geographer Ptolemy as "Eblana Civitas," "Eblana" being a Latinizing of "Dublin." St. Patrick foretold Dublin's future importance, for, "departing from the borders of Meath," says his biographer, Jocelin, "he directed his steps toward Leinster, and having passed the River Finglass, he came to a certain hill, about a mile distant from Ath Cliath, now called Dublin, and casting his eyes round the place and circumjacent country, he is reported to have broken out with this prophecy: 'That small village shall hereafter be an eminent city. It shall increase in eminence and dignity, until at length it shall be lifted up unto the throne of the kingdom."

The Danes, in the ninth century, sailed up the Liffey, and gave the northern bank the poetic name of Fingal, or, "The Land of the White Stranger." Another party of Ostmen later on named the southern bank "Dubgal," or, "The Land of the Black Stranger." The Danes built a fort, and held it with varying fortunes till 1014, when Brian Boru, in a pitched battle on the plains of Clontarf, "beat the Danes black and blue," with Sitric, their king, at their head. In this hotly-contested engagement Brian was killed, together with his son and a host of Irish chieftains.

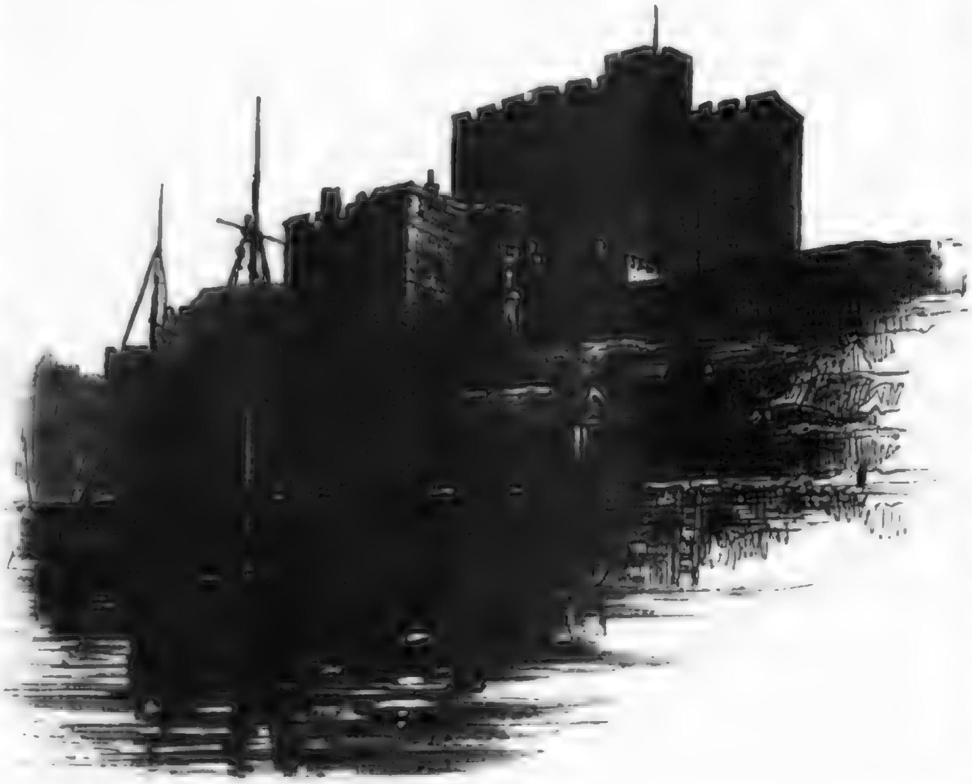
The Ostmen now became subjects in Dublin, and paid tribute. Several churches which they built during the days of their supremacy still exist, testifying to Danish religious feeling and Danish artistic skill.

Ireland was now divided into five kingdoms, Leinster, Connaught, Ulster, Munster and Meath, and in the middle of the twelfth century the two most formidable of the five sovereigns were Dermot Macmurragh, King of Leinster, and Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught. It was a subject of contention which of these sovereigns had the strongest claim to be recognized as the Supreme Dictator of Ireland, and constant wars were waged, with a view of having supremacy in this respect decided. In the midst of these conflicts King Dermot immersed himself in a wellnigh insurmountable trouble by running away with the wife of O'Rorke, Prince of Breffni, and daughter of the King of Meath. The disconsolate O'Rorke hastened to the stronghold of Roderick O'Connor, Dermot's greatest rival, and having enlisted his sympathies, an army from Connaught marched upon Leinster, to annihilate the amorous King.

Dermot, finding himself powerless to resist, sailed to

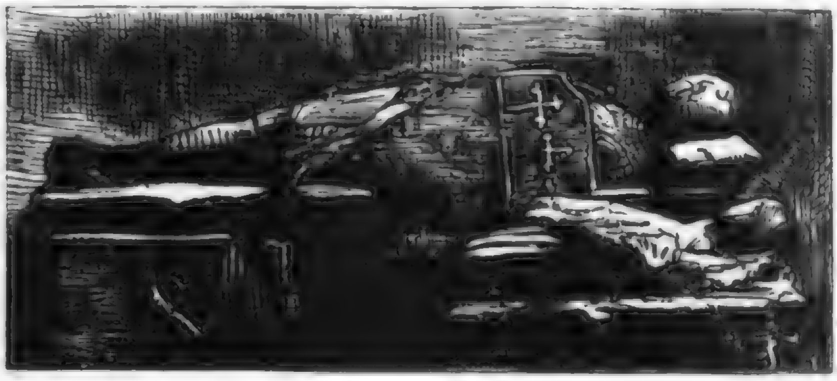
XUM

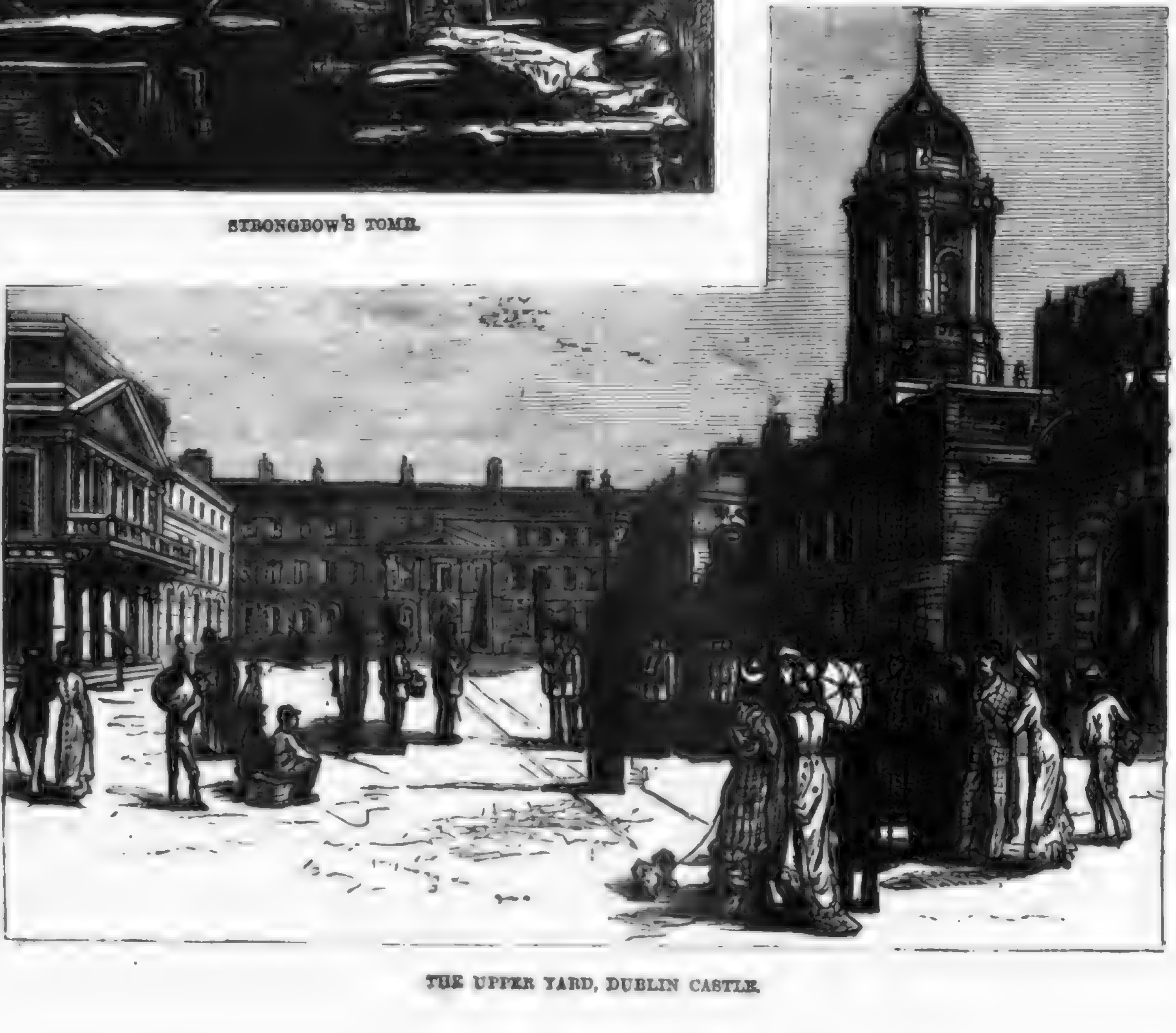
Bristol, thence to France, and prostrated himself before Henry II., who was engaged in a war in that country. He related his story to Henry, and besought him to assist him in driving back the King of Connaught, "which, if it shall please him in his goodness to do, he—Dermot—would acknowledge King Henry to be Lord, and serve him faithfully all his life as vassal."


STRONGBOW'S CASTLE.

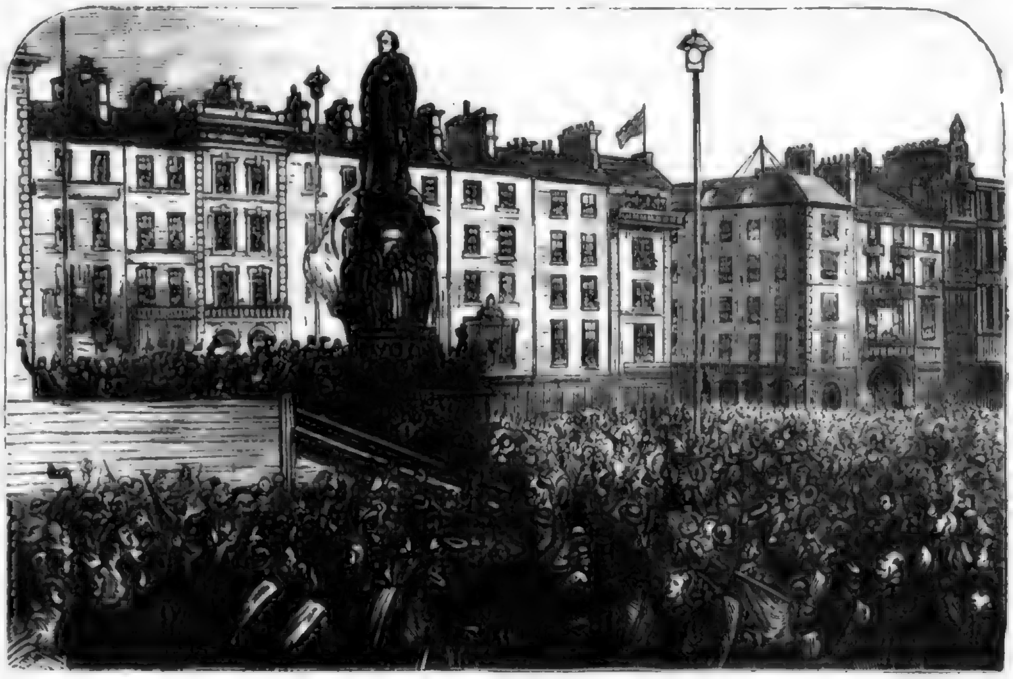
The ambition of Henry to add Ireland to his dominions became evident early in his reign, when he appealed to Breakspear (Adrian IV.), the only Englishman who ever occupied the Papal throne, to put in motion the edict of Constantine, which permitted him to assume a right in the disposal of islands, and to throw over them the protecting mantle of the Catholic Church.

The Pope issued a Bull in 1156, yielding to Henry's solicitations, and when Dermot appeared in France, the English sovereign did his best to carry his own desires into execution. He could not, however, then spare an


STRONGBOW'S TOMB.

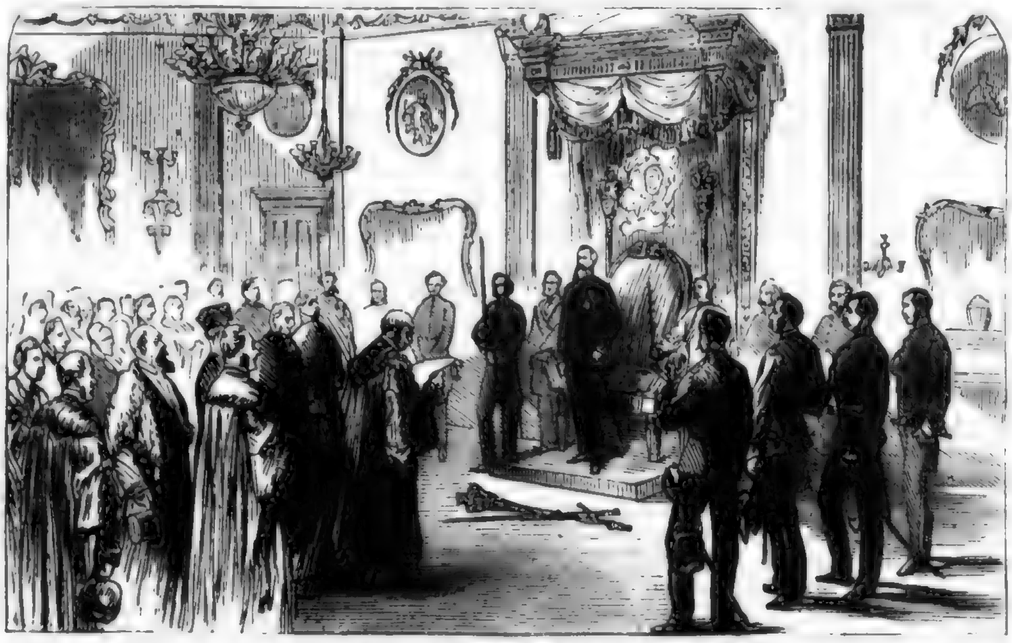

THE UPPER YARD, DUBLIN CASTLE.

expeditionary army from the royal forces, so contented himself with issuing letters patent, granting all his subjects in Britain permission to raise a knightly army, and to undertake a war in Ireland under the cover of the flag of England.

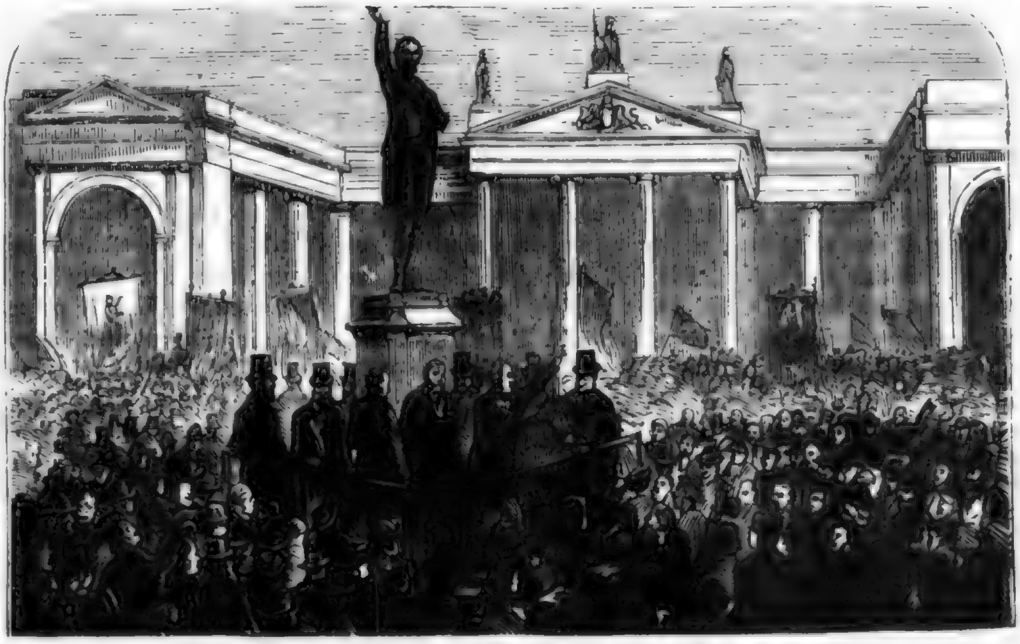


STATUE OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Dermot grew weary waiting for the aid of King Henry, and made touching appeals to the barons of Wales, who themselves were much exasperated by the incursions of the Danes from Dublin. The first to come forward was a penniless soldier of fortune, son of the Earl of Pembroke, Richard, surnamed Strongbow. But dauntless and adventurous as was this knight, he hesitated for many months to trust his fortune to the Irish nation. He came at last, in response to this poetical letter from Dermot: "We have beheld the storks and the swallows. The birds of Summer came, and with the warming of the tempest they returned, but neither gentle gale nor furious blast has blest us with thy long-wished-for presence."



THE THRONE-ROOM, DUBLIN CASTLE.



STATUE OF HENRY GRATTAN, OPPOSITE BANK OF IRELAND.

With the assistance of Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Fitzgerald, two Welsh families of distinction, and with other knights of good account, Strongbow embarked with a small army in three ships, the conditions being, that, if Dermot regained his kingdom, Strongbow should be the heir of his dominions, and receive in marriage Eva, the daughter of the King. All the other leaders of the expedition were promised portions of the conquered territories. They landed at Bann (County Waterford), and within two years the allied forces of Dermot and Strongbow completed the conquest of the whole of the East of Ireland and captured the City of Dublin. The marriage ceremony was conducted outside the walls of the City of Waterford, with all the splendor of those mediæval times. After Strongbow's battles, in one of which he defeated 90,000 men from Connaught, none in Ireland dared to oppose the English.

Jealous of the success of his knights, Henry II. hastened to inform them that the time was now come when he should himself assume the sovereignty conferred upon him by Adrian IV. Accordingly he set sail in 1172 from Milford Haven with 4,000 men, and landed at Waterford. No hostile force opposed him, and during the whole of his journey to Dublin he was received by chieftains desirous of doing homage. After entering the capital he caused an immense wicker-work pavilion to be raised, and beneath its regal canopy all the great Irish nobles of the time took oath of allegiance.

His Majesty passed the Christmas in Dublin, but his stay was not protracted, he having had to hasten away to appease by royal penance the indignation excited in Rome, as well as in England, by Becket's murder.

One of Henry's most ungracious acts—and their name was legion—was the forming of the "English Pale." The result of this barbarous business was that Dublin, within the Pale, was filled with the remnants of Danes and Irish, as well as with the recently imported colonists, all of whom were guided and governed by British law. On the other side of these chilling barriers, "outside the Pale," living as they had lived before—with this alteration, that they were now all subjects—were warriors and princes, and bards and peasants, who bowed to the royal power, but who refused to sanction the proud invader's right to scorn their passions or obliterate their laws and learning, their piety and national character.

Hugh de Lacey was the first Viceroy who ruled Ireland from Dublin. De Lacey was succeeded by John, son of King Henry, who, in 1177, was declared Lord of Ireland. He arrived in Dublin with a train of young nobles, all of whom were so disgusted at finding no royal residence prepared for them, that John, when elevated to the English throne, was easily induced to make a grant for an English Castle in Dublin.

Henry VIII., when Duke of York, was possessed of the nominal title of Lord-Lieutenant, but the duties of the office were intrusted by him to Sir Edward Poynings, the celebrated author of Poynings's Law, which restricted legislation in the Irish Parliament to measures that had first been approved of in England. Henry VIII. suppressed, among many other monasteries in Ireland, that of All-Hallows, which was founded by Dermot, King of Leinster, on what is now the site of Trinity College.

Parliament, during the reign of this monarch, was held in the City of of Dublin, in St. Mary's Abbey, where now stand the Four Courts, and Henry, by the statutes he sanctioned, and notably by the Act declaring the estates of all absentees forfeited, showed how much he desired to behold in Ireland "a magnificent nobility, a resident gentry, a commonalty well fed, and industry flourishing."

In return for the valor of the citizens of Dublin in putting down what was really a revolt of the Lord Deputy himself against established authority, Henry gave them the lands of All-Hallows; and Queen Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, solidified and enhanced the value of the gift of her father by founding on the same ground the University of Dublin.

James I. had a passion for improving Ireland. One of the longest and now busiest streets of the capital, James Street, was founded during his reign. In 1613 a Parliament was held in Dublin, the first after a lapse of seven-and-twenty years, and there was a protracted struggle between the Catholics and Protestants as to the election of Speaker. A Protestant having been elected, the Catholic party seceded from the Commons, and the bitterness engendered by this quarrel being encouraged by the successful attempts of the Scottish nation to obtain the freedom of their religion, led to the general and terrible Revolution in Ireland of 1641.

After the restoration of Charles II., the Duke of Ormond was Lord-Lieutenant, and then may be said to have sprung into existence those scenes of gayety and splendor which have been the theme of many a story of the Irish metropolis. It was, however, when James II. was on the throne that the festivities in Dublin burst into their rarest effulgence, for the then Queen of Beauty, the Duchess of Tyrconnell—*née* Jennings—reigned at the "Castle" as Lady-Lieutenant, surrounded by the most beautiful daughters of the Emerald Isle. The King himself came to Dublin from Kinsale, in 1688, with his vast army of French and English soldiers. He came, however, as a fugitive, and, although he had time to hold a Parliament, he had speedily set off for the northern cities, where the people, with all possible zeal, were declaring for the Prince of Orange. William, of "great, glorious, pious and immortal memory," landed at Carrickfergus on June 14th, 1690, with an army of 36,000 men, chiefly Dutch troops. Nearly all the North sided with him, and in less than three weeks he challenged King James face to face on the banks of the River Boyne, about thirty miles from the capital.

After the battle, which decided the fate of the Stuart dynasty, James made the best of his way to Dublin Castle, where he slept one night before sailing for Brest. A few days afterward William himself came to Dublin, where, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, a splendid service of thanksgiving for the victory of the Boyne was celebrated with all befitting pomp and circumstance. After the misery and depression of the Rebellion of 1641 and the late war between James and William, came the Penal Statutes, the object of which was to bar the estates which repeated confiscations had given the Anglo-Protestant colonists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries from ever descending to Catholic hands. The particular Act to enforce this was passed by the Irish Parliament in 1703. From the Restoration the Parliament sat in Chichester House, which stood on what was afterward the site of the Houses of Parliament, and it was within this building the struggle for the Legislative Independence of Ireland began.

The first meeting in the new Houses of Parliament, College Green, was held on the 5th of October. 1731, and the Union of Ireland with Great Britain in 1800 beheld the Speaker, Foster, bursting into tears as he declared that the "Ayes" had it. With that official declaration the Irish Parliament ceased to exist on the 1st of January, 1801; the Imperial ensign was for the first time displayed from the Bedford Tower of the Castle, signifying the ratification of the Union.

The city, which before the Anglo-Norman invasion was confined to the neighborhood of the Castle Hill, and was little more than a mile in circumference, had at the time of the Union so much increased in size that the diameter from east to west, or north to south, was three miles, and the circumference nine. In Elizabeth's time houses began to be built of wood, and bridges were thrown across the Liffey; but it was in the interval between the Revolution and the Union that the size, wealth and splendor of Dublin received so extraordinary an impetus.

As so much mention has been made of Dublin Castle, I shall commence my description of the city of the present day with King John's formidable fortress. The Castle was not, until the time of Elizabeth, a residence for the Viceroys. Little of the original structure now remains. It was entered on the west from Castle Street by a drawbridge placed between two strong round-towers protected by a portcullis. These towers were taken down in 1750 and 1766 respectively. From the western gate a strong high curtain-wall extended parallel to Castle Street up to the Cork Tower, thence to the Birmingham Tower, from which it was continued to the Wardrobe Tower, and so on to the Storehouse Tower, that stood near Dame's Gate. Here was the Treasury, and a mill to supply the troops with food in the event of a siege, and here were prisons and dungeons. The archives of the country were deposited here, and Parliaments were occasionally held, and the Law Courts had their sittings in it. In 1462 the Castle was "ruinous, and like to fall, to the great dishonor of the King."

From time to time the Castle underwent various changes. The present entrance to the Upper Castle Yard replaced the Eastern Gate Tower, which was removed for the purpose. The old Birmingham Tower, having been shattered by an explosion of gunpowder, was taken down in 1775, and one can to-day scarcely trace the outlines of the old Anglo-Norman building. As we look at the pile of buildings that surround the Upper and Lower Castle Yards, there is little to be seen but an incongruous mass of architecture, upon the whole unpicturesque, unsightly and unsymmetrical—not, however, more so than other royal residences we could name. The Upper Yard, or "The Dirty Half Acre," a name bestowed upon it on account of the pre-Union jobs hatched within its inclosure, is a quadrangle 280 feet long and 130 feet broad. The side opposite the entrance is occupied by the Viceregal apartments, fronted with a colonnade. Within, the apartments are not devoid of elegance. The Presence Chamber, above the colonnade, is a fine room, with its throne and canopy of crimson velvet. The Council Hall is handsomely decorated, and contains portraits of all the post-Union Viceroys.

But the pride of Dubliners is St. Patrick's Hall, with its gorgeous blazonry and fine proportions, being 82 feet long, 41 feet wide and 38 feet high. Here mimic royalty holds its state, and levées, drawing-rooms, and balls, take place for the delectation of the citizens and the benefit of the tradespeople. The hall on the right of St. Patrick's Hall is a sight that, for splendor, brilliancy, and gayety, is impossible to surpass.

In the Yard stands the Birmingham Tower. The Lower Castle Yard contains the Bedford Tower and the Record Tower, in which the state papers and archives of the kingdom are kept. The industry and loving labors of "that greatest of all pedigree historians," the learned, unerring and amiable Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir Bernard Burke, has reduced the vast, chaotic mass of documents to a state of orderly arrangement that makes a reference to them a matter of facility. Any of our Irish citizens, desirous of information concerning their pedigree, have but to place themselves in communication with Sir Bernard Burke, Dublin Castle, in order to receive the "hoighth of satisfaction." The Castle Chapel, or Chapel Royal, pointed Gothic, is a perfect gem, both without and within. The interior of the chapel reveals a picture of the richest architectural beauty. The galleries are of polished oak, and the paneling in them displays carvings of the coats-of-arms of all the Governors of Ireland since the landing of Henry II. There are a large number of exquisitely-painted windows. On these, also, the escutcheons of the Lord-Lieutenants are portraved. Over the altar is a magnificent oriel window.

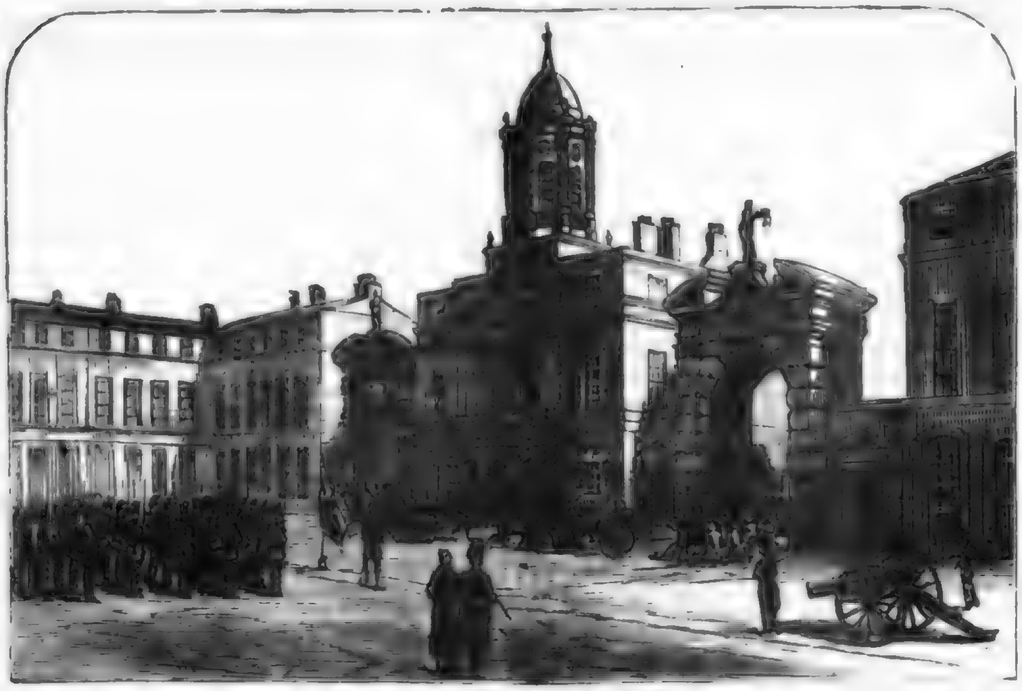
It would be almost impossible to say to how many uses parts of the Castle lend themselves in the present day. In one of the Halls the Degrees of the Queen's Universities are annually conferred. Another is devoted to the "Confidential Communications" of informers, and creatures of that stamp. The police, a superb body of men, have their headquarters here, and the "Chief Secretary," and "Under Secretary," and various governmental departments, find houseroom in the "Yards."

Leaving the Castle, we stand on the summit of the steep acclivity known as Cork Hill. On the site of Cork House, Lucas's Coffee-house, and the Church of Sainte-Marie del Dam, was erected the Royal Exchange, now known as the City Hall, facing Parliament Street. It is in the Corinthian order, 100 feet square, with four fronts. The north, or principal front, which faces Parliament Street, has a portico of six columns and pilasters supporting a decorated pediment. In the hall, surmounted by a noble dome, are Chantrey's statue of Grattan, and Hogan's statue of O'Connell. The building is used by the Municipal Council, a body which discharges its onerous duties with credit to itself and advantage to the city. The water supply, from the River Vartry, in the lovely Wicklow Hills, is one of the purest in the world, while the engineering triumphs, in carrying it twenty-eight miles to the city, are as numerous as they are perfect.

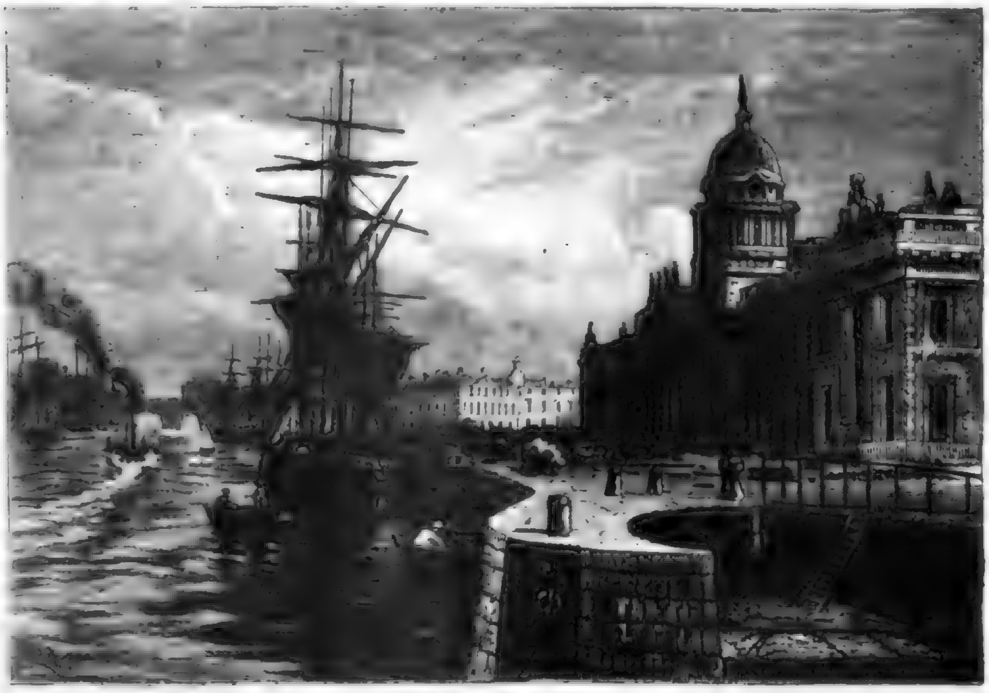
Along Dame Street, passing the Chamber of Commerce on our left, we arrive at the Palladium of the Irish people, the Place de la Concorde of Dublin, College Green. This historical spot has many great memories, and many grand memorials. Burke and Goldsmith look down the grand avenue of Dame Street from Trinity College, and facing them, with uplifted arm, in the centre of the Green, stands Grattan in the act of uttering the memorable words, *Esto perpetua.* A few yards further on in the direction of the Castle is the hideous equestrian figure of King William, of "great, glorious, pious and immortal" memory. This statue has long continued to be a butt for the practical jokers of the capital. It has been bedaubed with filth, painted black, has had a halter placed round the neck, and has had its head blown off. On one memorable occasion the king was blown from off his horse, and the body of his most sacred majesty lodged for protection in the adjacent police office in College Place.

Over two hundred years ago, when College Green was an eastern suburb of Dublin, there stood on its northern side "a large mansion-house, with a gate-house, a garden and plantations," which was purchased by Sir Arthur Chichester, and thence called "Chichester House," where he resided, while Lord Deputy, till 1615, after which it passed to Sir John Borlase. Here, in 1661, the first Parliament after the Restoration was held, and in the twenty-fifth year of Charles II. this mansion was taken by the Crown for the Parliament of Ireland. Chichester House having fallen into disrepair at the beginning of the last century, it became so dangerous that in 1728 it was resolved to build a new House of Parliament on its site, and a sum of £6,000, or $30,000, was voted toward it. The first stone of the building was laid in 1728–29 with great ceremony, and the whole edifice was completed in 1739 at a cost of over £100,000, or $500,000. The building holds its place as one of the chastest and most elegant structures in the Empire. This magnificent erection, which once formed the Irish Houses of Parliament, naturally awakens in the breasts of Irishmen a deep and an abiding interest. It was within these walls that rapt audiences for more than half a century listened to the orations of Fitzgibbon, Hely-Hutchinson, Grattan, Flood, Curran, and many other distinguished orators and lawyers. It was here, in 1782, that the independence of the Irish nation was

XUM



BELIEVING GUARD, CASTLE YARD.



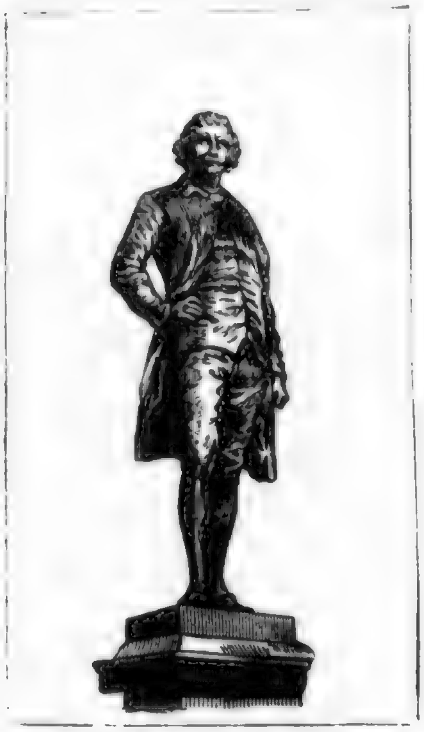
THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

declared amidst what has been described as the most thrilling scene in the country's annals.

The form of the edifice is semi-circular. It occupies nearly an acre and a half of ground. The chief entrance was beneath the grand portico in College Green, and this, the principal front, consists of a lofty colonnade of the Ionic order, extending round three sides of a quadrangular recess. The royal arms are boldly cut in the tympanum above the entrances, and the apex surmounting this is embellished with the statues of "Hibernia," "Fidelity" and "Commerce." On the side of the building facing College Street is another portico of great beauty, which gave a separate entrance to the House of Lords. The architecture here is quite of another character, and becomes Corinthian. This frontage is composed of six magnificent Corinthian columns, the apex of which is also adorned with statues. These represent "Fortitude," "Justice" and "Liberty." A handsome circular wall, with various alcoves, connects the two Corinthian and Ionic porticoes. This, which, like the rest of the edifice, is of Portland stone, was added when the building became the property of the Bank of Ireland.

The chamber used by the Peers—the House of Lords—is little altered since the Parliament sat, and is now the Board Room of the Bank. It is a majestic, though not by any means a capacious, apartment; and the recess, which was occupied formerly by a canopy of crimson velvet, where the Lord-Lieutenant "used to sit, surrounded with more splendor than His Majesty on the throne of England," is now filled with a full-length statue of George III., the monarch who granted independence to Irish legislation. On the mahogany walls are hung two famous pieces of tapestry, depicting the "Defense of Derry" and the "Battle of the Boyne." Various articles of furniture from both of the Legislative Chambers have been distributed away from the places they once adorned. The chair of the Speaker of the House of Lords is now an

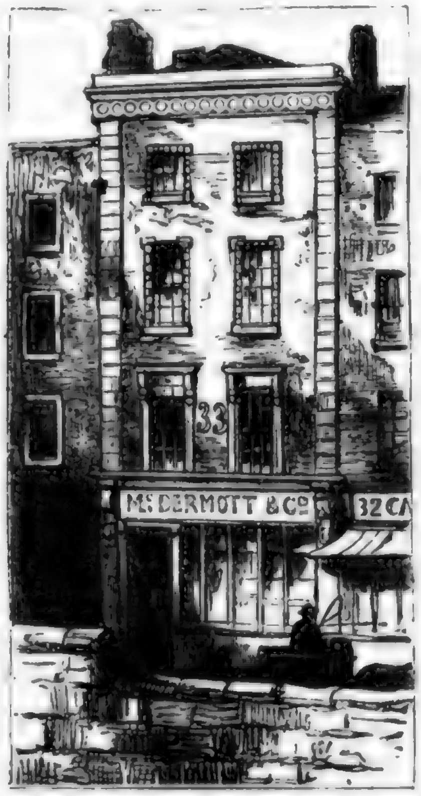
MOUTH OF RIVER LIFFEY, WITH HILL OF HOWTH.



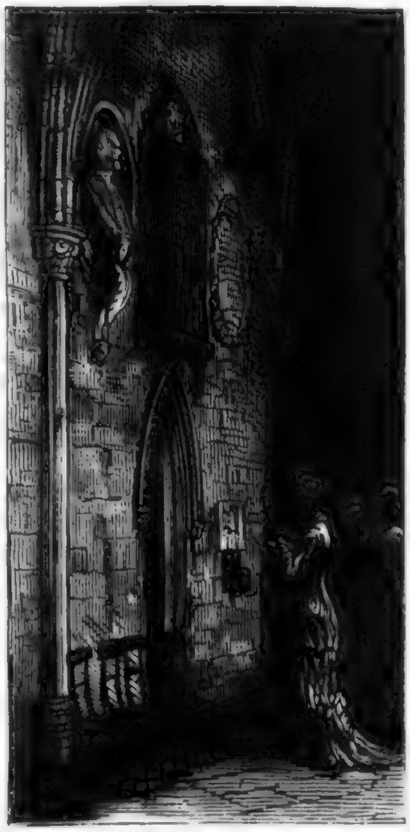
EDMUND BURKE.

ornament in the Royal Irish Academy, and that of the House of Commons is possessed by the Royal Dublin Society. The magnificent chandelier of the House of Commons now hangs from the ceiling of the Examination Hall in Trinity College, and the mace used in the House of Commons is an heirloom in the family of Lord Massareene.

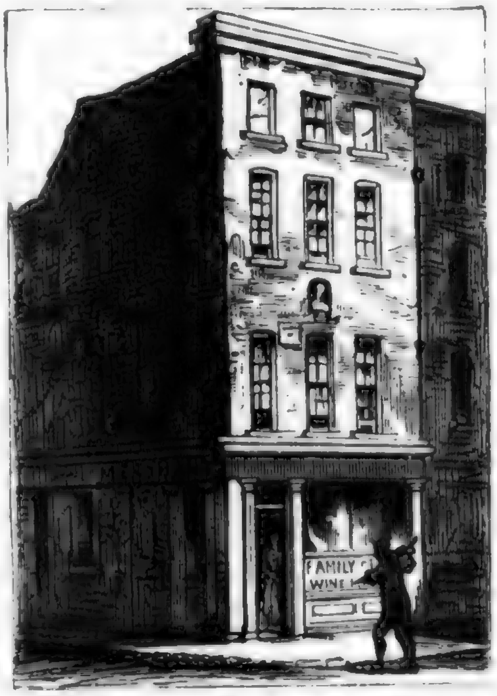
The House of Commons, originally circular in form, had to be, despite its great beauty of design, rebuilt to meet the exigencies of the Bank, and the present Cash Office, though a noble hall, bears no resemblance to the magnificent Rotunda of the legislative days. In the years 1802-3 the old House of Commons was used as the principal art gallery of Dublin. In was in 1804 that the Bank of Ireland, then itself an institution of twenty years' standing, became the purchasers of the Parliament House for £40,000 ($200,000) and the payment of an annual rental of £240, or $1,200.



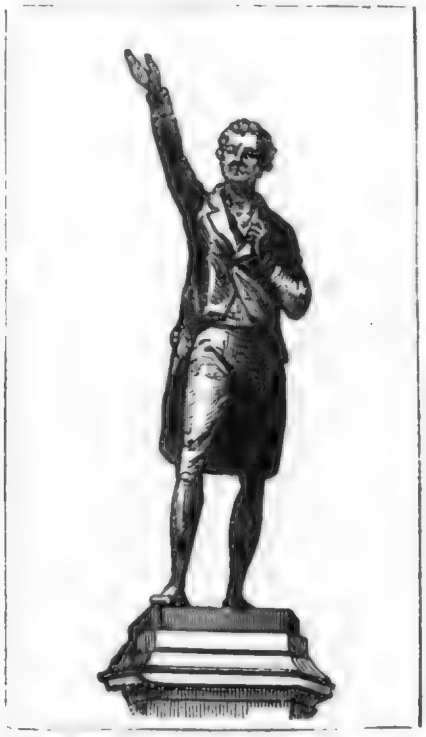
BIRTHPLACE OF EDMUND BURKE.



TOMB OF DEAN SWIFT.



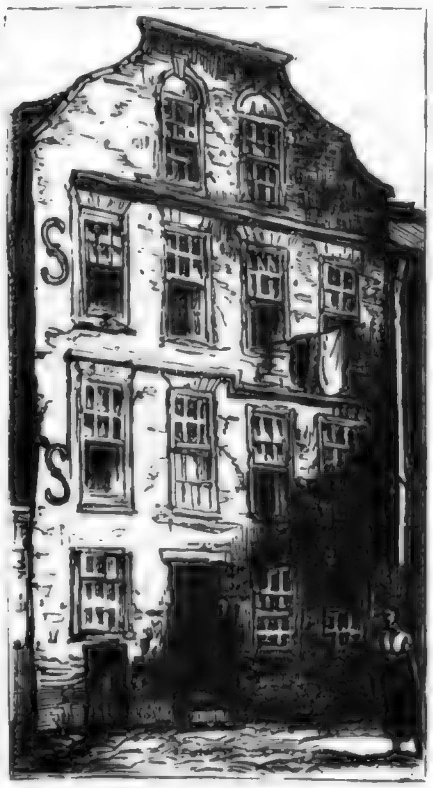
BIRTHPLACE OF TOM MOORE.



HENRY GRATTAN.

Stepping across College Green, the visitors, after casting admiring glances at the statues of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, and upward at the effigy of Good Queen Bess in her immortal ruff, enters the portals of Trinity College.

As the citizens of Dublin had possession of the obsolete Priory of All-Hallows, under grant of Henry VIII., the idea came to them of utilizing these lands by erecting thereupon a "learned Universitie," and in 1591 the charter was issued. In some years the University was so poor that examinations for scholarships



BIRTHPLACE OF SWIFT.

could not be held; at other times all educational work had to be suspended on account of the tide of war flowing through the city. When James II. was assembling his forces in Dublin for his unfortunate campaign in the North, Trinity College became his arsenal, and was placed in a condition of defense. Again, when the insurrections of 1798 and 1803 broke out, the entrances to the College bristled with cannon.

Over and over again the English and Irish Parliaments have voted "Old Trinity" magnificent grants in money and estates. King Charles, on his Restoration, gave her all the land in the southern counties forfeited by disloyal tenants. King William, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne, endowed her Library, and Queen Anne gave £5,000 to build a new one; and Dr. Baldwin, a Fellow, bequeathed her £80,000, or about $400,000. The principal part of the University building is in College Green. Within the college boundaries are four quadrangles, which extend backward for more than a quarter of a mile. All of these contain lofty stone residences. Behind these, again, extending another quarter of a mile, is the College Park. In the centre of the two front quadrangles is a beautiful Campanile, whose bells correspond with the boom of those of St. Paul's, London.

Three picturesque structures, the Dining Hall, the Examination Hall, and the Chapel (the two last being in the Corinthian style), occupy positions in the Campanile Square; and here, also, is the Library, supported by a long Italian piazza. The collection of books is of the highest value. The rarest curiosities are: A gigantic map of Ireland, containing 1,500 sheets, admitted to be one of the greatest geographical achievements of the world; the "Book of Kells," beautifully illuminated by Irish monks of the earliest times; the "Book of Armagh"; and the "Antiquities of Mexico," a work which cost the editor, Lord Kingsborough, £30,000, or $150,000, to prepare. The Chapel and Examination Hall contain a series of valuable portraits of founders and *alumni*. Outside the main building is a mansion known as the Provost's House, and the residence of that learned functionary. The collections of paintings include works by Guido, Gainsborough and Laurence.

Grafton Street, one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the Irish metropolis, leads to the south from College Green; Westmoreland Street, to the north, tapping O'Connell Bridge, across the River Liffey, and Sackville Street, one of the finest streets in the world.

On St. Stephen's Green, a people's park, a square mile in extent, are the handsome buildings of the Catholic University, the Royal College of Surgeons, the College of Science, the Wesleyan College, and three club-houses, namely, the United Service, Stephen's Green and University. On Dawson Street, leading from Stephen's Green to Nassau Street, is the Mansion House, the official residence of the Lord Mayor, a fine old-fashioned house with a superbly oak-paneled hall and dining-room, and a magnificent ballroom. Here the hospitable Lord Mayors feed their brethren of the Municipal Council, and "hop" the gray-eyed daughters of Erin.

Dublin proudly boasts of three cathedrals, St. Patrick's, the national cathedral of Ireland, Christchurch, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

In the fifth century the native converts to Christianity built a church, which they dedicated to St. Patrick, and where there is a tradition that the saint himself preached. The Archbishop of Dublin, John Comyn, in 1190, built a parish church, which was also dedicated to the great missionary. It was then raised by a Papal Bull to the dignity of a Sacred College. In the time of Henry VIII. a court of law sat here, and a university was established in it, which continued till the founding of Trinity College. In 1632 the Cathedral was burnt down, and rebuilt by Archbishop Minot. In 1660 twelve bishops were here consecrated "in a bunch," one of them the celebrated Jeremy Taylor. When William III. came to Dublin, after his victory at the Boyne, he went with his army to St. Patrick's, to return thanks for his victory. The grand old cathedral had fallen sadly into the sere and yellow leaf, when Benjamin Lee Guinness, a Dublin brewer, came to the rescue, and restored it at a cost of £156,000, or $780,000, in return for which he subsequently received a baronetcy. Dean Swift's monument is in the south nave.

It was in 1038 that the erection of Christchurch Cathedral was ordered, and in 1876 that it was restored by Mr. Roe, a distiller, at a cost of £200,000, or $1,000,000. The traditions of this fabric are full of interest. A Parliament was held within its walls by Henry VI., in 1450, and it was here that Lambert Simnel, the impostor, was crowned as king in 1487, the crown used on the occasion being borrowed from a statue of the Blessed Virgin, in the neighboring church on Cork Hill. It is believed that the bodies of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, and his wife, Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, are interred here. Strongbow's tomb is an object of great interest. The monument consists a square pedestal, on the top of which lies the form of a warrior in chain-armor, with legs crossed, Crusader fashion. It was in Christchurch that the liturgy of the Reformation was first read in Ireland in the English tongue.

The Roman Catholic pro-Cathedral is in Marlborough Street. It is built in the Grecian style of architecture, and in this case contributes all the characteristics of sublimity of conception, beauty and symmetry of proportion, and the reverential solemnity of air which harmonizes with the mystic functions of religion. The Cathedral consists of a lengthened nave and side aisles, divided by stately rows of massive Doric columns, supporting an architrave and entablature, and an arched ceiling, surmounted by a lofty dome. The building cost £50,000, or $250,000. It was dedicated and opened for worship on the 14th of November, 1825, by Archbishop Murray. The dedication sermon was preached by the Bossuet of the age, James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil being amongst the congregation. The functions, at which the Lord Cardinal presides, are as grand as they are impressive.

A very old church is that of St. Michans, which dates from 1095. The vaults beneath the edifice are the marvel of the age, possessing antiseptic qualities of such effectiveness that about a score of bodies, interred centuries ago, are preserved so remarkably that the form and features of life are easily distinguishable. The skin in most cases is intact, the teeth have not fallen from their places, and in some instances ribbons, stockings, and other portions of adornments and coverings of the corpses, still envelop the perfect, though discolored, heads and limbs, as though moth and dust and worms did not exist.

Passing along the north quays, the tourist comes to the Four Courts, the greenish dome reminding one of an Eastern mosque. The Four Courts were completed in the year of the Union, at a cost of $1,000,000. The "Hall," during Term time, is a scene of the busiest excitement—barristers, in wigs and gowns, solicitors and their clients, all engaged in solemn conferences, in detached groups, beneath the great dome. The various Courts—Chancery, Exchequer, Nisi Prius, etc., etc.—give off the Hall.

Leaving the Four Courts, the tourist still keeps along the quays, passing the Royal Barracks on his right, and taking a bird's-eye peep at Guinness's immense brewery on the hill to the left, with Madame Stevens's Hospital and the King's Bridge Terminus, by which so many Americans "tap" the capital, in the middle foreground.

Turning up Park Street, the celebrated Phenix Park is reached, its lordly elms crowning the somewhat steep ascent. The "Phenix" is the fairest and grandest of all inclosures of the kind in the British Islands. It lies to the west of the city, and covers the immense space of 1,753 acres. A superb view of the Dublin Mountains is obtained from here, from the "Three Rocks" to "Montpelier," with its haunted castle.

The Viceregal Lodge, with a façade resembling that of our White House, is the Summer residence of the Viceroy, and with its gardens, cricket-ground, etc., covers 160 acres. A few hundred yards to the west is the residence of the Chief-Secretary for Ireland, and to the south, that of the Under-Secretary. It was while proceeding to their respective lodges that Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated by the Invincibles. The Wellington Memorial, an obelisk of granite, nicknamed by O'Connell "the overgrown milestone," is so lofty as to be visible from many parts of the city. It was erected to commemorate the victories of the most illustrious soldier that Ireland ever produced. In the People's Garden is a statue of Lord Carlisle. The Zoological Gardens are in the Phenix, also the headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The celebrated Fifteen Acres, where so many duels were fought in pre-Union days, are now used for the purpose of military reviews and cricketers, the turf being as even as the bed of a billiard-table.

At Glasnevin are the Botanical Gardens and the Roman Catholic Cemetery, with its remarkable tomb of O'Connell. Visits should be paid to the College of Science, in Stephen's Green; the Royal Hibernian Academy, in Dawson Street; the Royal Dublin Society, in Kildare Street; and the National Gallery.

Kingstown, too, should be taken in, from the piers of which a splendid view of Dublin's beauteous bay, with the Hill of Howth, can be enjoyed; and the tourist should take the train to Bray, passing Killiney Bay and the Vale of Shanganagh, the loveliest bit of scenery of its kind in the wide world. A drive in the Dublin Mountains and a walk by the River Dodder should not be omitted.

The population of Dublin, including the various outlying townships, verges on 400,000.

HIBERNATION OF REPTILES.

Charles C. Abbott, writing in *Science*, asserts that the hibernation of reptiles varies much, according to the severity of the Winter. Many turtles take refuge in the deep holes of ponds, and Dr. Abbott asserts that, in the severest cold weather, he has caught snapping-turtles, the musk-turtle and the box mud-turtle in deep holes and about large springs that discharge their waters on level ground. As fish have been found partly eaten when taken in nets in midwinter, Dr. Abbott concludes that the snapper takes an occasional meal. At the same time he does not deny that the species found active in Winter hibernate under certain conditions, and that the other species of turtles hibernate. Snakes which live in water do not sleep so deep a Winter sleep as do the black snake and others which frequent the uplands. The true water-snake (*Tropidonotus sipedon*) may often be found in Winter a foot or two beneath the sand of any spring-hole, and is not slow to swim off when thus disturbed. This species and the common garter-snake are the first to appear in the Spring. The upland snakes may be literally broken into pieces without giving evidence of life, so thoroughly torpid are they. Toads and tree-frogs, terrestrial and arboreal animals, are more sensitive to cold than the water-living frogs and salamanders. Frogs, at the commencement of Winter, retreat to the bottoms of ponds and deep ditches; salamanders, to the mud at the bottom of springs. All the kinds of frogs and three species of salamanders have been found in a hogshead sunk in the ground to collect the waters of a spring. They were sluggish, but not actually hibernating.

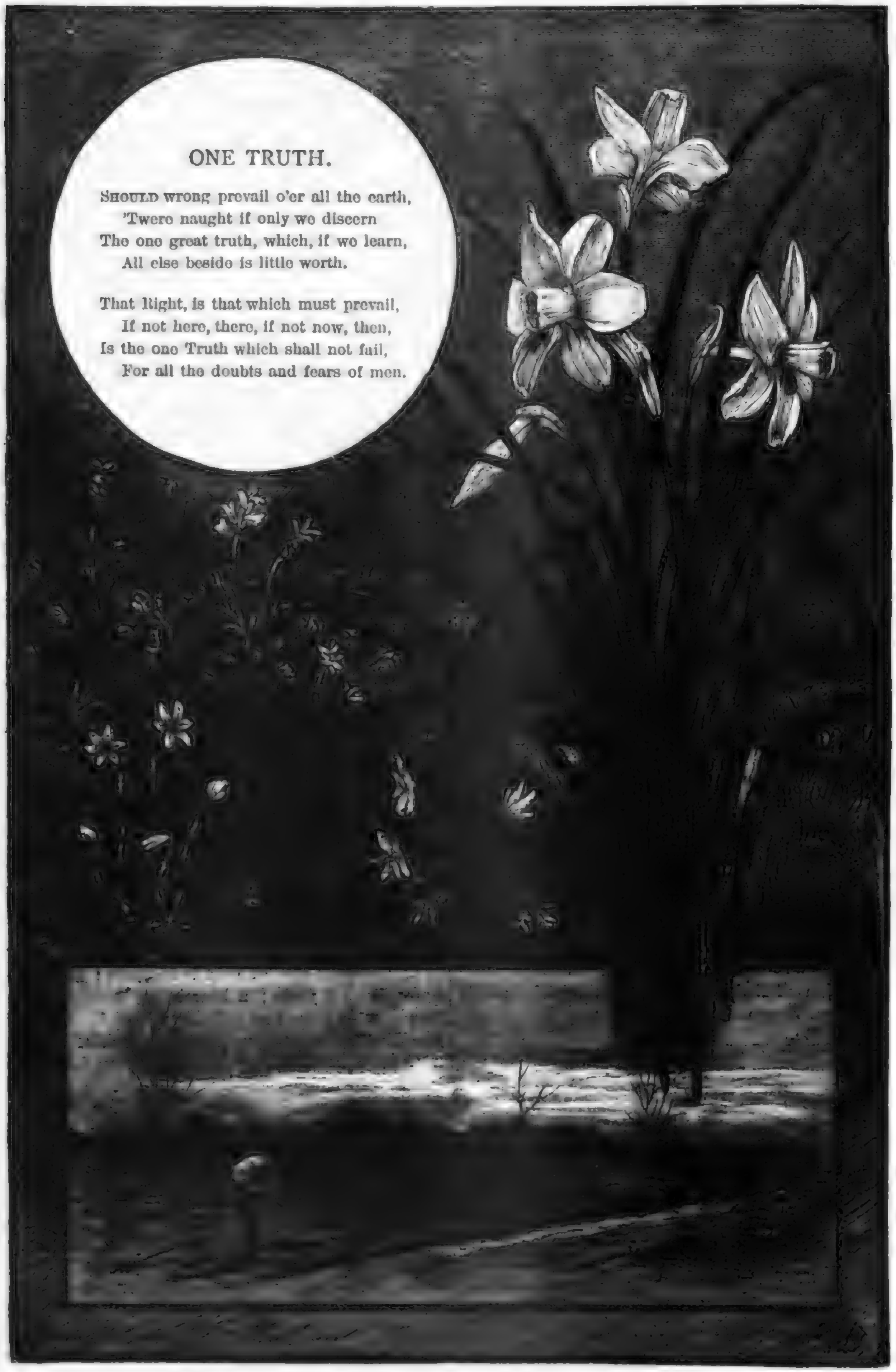
CREAM-OF-TARTAR.

Italy, Portugal and France are the three great producers of "argols," the unrefined or crude tartar, which concretes upon the inside of casks and pipes cantaining red wine. From this substance cream-of-tartar is manufactured. The real name for argol is the Greek word "tartaros" (*infernalis* in Latin), because it is the lowest part, the sediment, of the wine. We all know its important use in medicine, for dyeing cloth, etc., and hence, from the three countries named there is a great deal of commerce, either in the crude or the manufactured article in question. Now, it seems that in the United States there is no duty on the crude argols, but there is a stiff one on the manufactured cream-of-tartar. In Naples and elsewhere in Italy there are large interests in factories for converting the argols into cream-of-tartar, and this industry is now suffering, as the United States is the largest consumer of cream-of-tartar, and if this country persists in importing only the crude substance, the manufacturers in Italy foresee nothing but loss. To rectify this, they are making appeals to their Government to put such an export duty on the crude article, that Americans will find it to their advantage to purchase the manufactured article. Whether the Italian Government will heed the prayers of the cream-of-tartar manufacturers we know not.

RELATIVE AGES OF ANIMALS.

The average age of cats is 15 years; of squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 or 15; lions are long-lived, the one known by the name of Pompey living to the age of 70. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the Sun." The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 20, and the rhinoceros to 29; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but the average is 25 or 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1,000 years; the dolphin and porpoise, to the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 100; swans have been known to live to the age of 300. Mr. Malerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

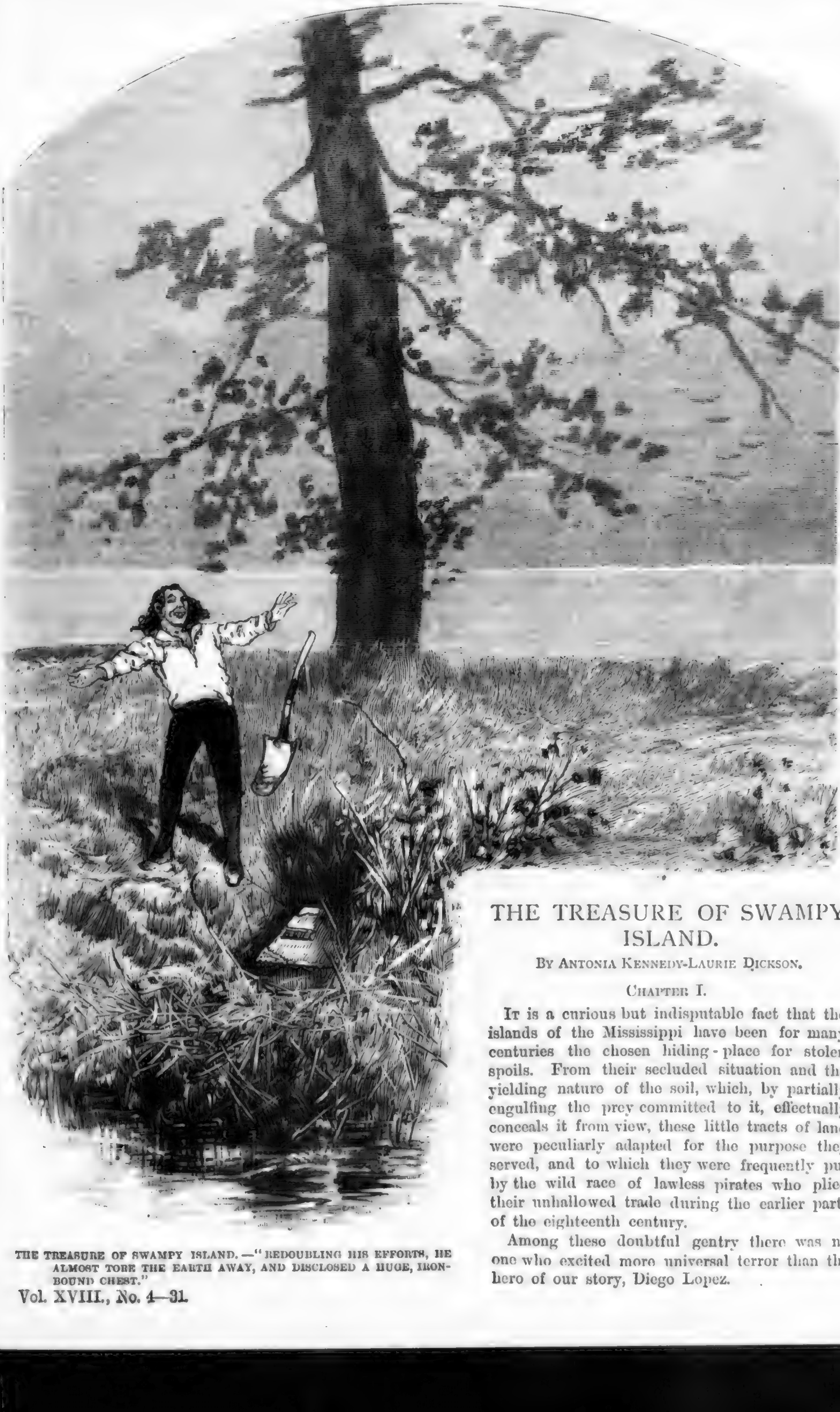
XUM



ONE TRUTH.

Should wrong prevail o'er all the earth,
'Twere naught if only we discern
The one great truth, which, if we learn,
All else beside is little worth.

That Right, is that which must prevail,
If not here, there, if not now, then,
Is the one Truth which shall not fail,
For all the doubts and fears of men.



THE TREASURE OF SWAMPY ISLAND.—"REDOUBLING HIS EFFORTS, HE ALMOST TORE THE EARTH AWAY, AND DISCLOSED A HUGE, IRON-BOUND CHEST."

THE TREASURE OF SWAMPY ISLAND.

By Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

Chapter I.

It is a curious but indisputable fact that the islands of the Mississippi have been for many centuries the chosen hiding-place for stolen spoils. From their secluded situation and the yielding nature of the soil, which, by partially engulfing the prey committed to it, effectually conceals it from view, these little tracts of land were peculiarly adapted for the purpose they served, and to which they were frequently put by the wild race of lawless pirates who plied their unhallowed trade during the earlier parts of the eighteenth century.

Among these doubtful gentry there was no one who excited more universal terror than the hero of our story, Diego Lopez.

XUM

His superior astuteness, his elegant and distinguished manners, and, above all, his marvelous power of disguising himself, enabled him to mingle freely in the society which he had so unblushingly outraged, and to commit with impunity the most daring depredations, scarcely a day elapsing without tidings of some fresh iniquity.

Now it would be a stately cathedral, rich in jeweled relics and votive offerings, sacked of its treasure, or a wealthy convent relieved of the "Peter's pence" destined to swell the exchequer of the lowly Apostle's worthy successor.

So skillfully and unexpectedly were these depredations committed, and such a perfect immunity did this lawless Ishmaelite enjoy from detection or punishment, that the more ignorant and superstitious portion of the community began to look upon him in the light of a supernatural being, probably in league with the author of mischief himself; and the mere mention of his name would be the signal for crossings and prayers innumerable.

But even the most successful career must come to a close sometime, and, as subsequent events proved, the doom of his highness, Señor Diego Lopez, was sealed.

Maddened by the ease with which he contrived to elude their vigilance, and stung into energy by the derision which their attempts to secure his person excited amongst the populace, the authorities renewed their efforts, which were eventually crowned with success.

Rightly surmising that Diego would take refuge in some of the tangled woods bordering the Mississippi, and sufficiently familiar with his usual haunts to fix upon the most likely spot, they guarded the suspected localities so closely that escape became impossible. Their ruse succeeded. Worn out with protracted anxiety and loss of sleep, hemmed in upon all sides, and cut off from all supplies, Lopez, in despair, attempted a desperate sortie with his dejected followers, and was routed with great slaughter.

He himself escaped falling into the hands of his pursuers, and contrived, by the assistance of a member of his gang, to reach a favorite hiding-place, where he speedily succumbed to the mortal wounds which he had received in the conflict.

Before his death, however, he charged this man, who was sincerely attached to him, to seek out his nephew, then residing in San Antonio, Texas, and convey to him, as his dying bequest, a quaint and richly-illuminated missal, which, with a curious tinge of superstitious veneration, he invariably carried about his person.

The man wondered at the strange legacy, and ventured a timid inquiry as who would inherit the vast hordes of gold and jewels which he had spent his life in accumulating.

A dark frown gathered on the robber's face at the query, but he answered confusedly that his treasures had long ago been transferred to the Holy Mother Church for the purposes of Masses for his guilty soul; and the man, accustomed to blind obedience toward his stern and imperious chief, did not press the subject.

After lingering long enough to perform the last sad offices of friendship, he sought out the nephew's dwelling and delivered his message faithfully.

To say that the heir was exhilarated by the splendor of his bequest would be to represent matters in a highly-colored light.

Having looked upon himself all these years as the natural inheritor of his uncle's ill-gotten gains, he could scarcely conceal his anger and disappointment, and did not refrain, even in the presence of the ambassador, from invoking maledictions upon the head of the rapacious power whose coffers this fabulous wealth had gone to swell.

Himself as arrant a rogue and villain as ever walked the earth, he yet contrived to hide his misdemeanors under an ample cloak of hypocrisy and mock-religion, and had acquired quite a reputation for superior sanctity in the city.

His scapegrace uncle had been a source of undisguised humiliation and disgrace to him during these past years, but this fact did not prevent him from coveting those very money-bags which he had been wont to declare, with a shudder, would have sullied his sanctimonious hands to touch.

In the recklessness of his foiled ambition he sunk lower and lower into the depths of degradation and despair, until nothing remained to him but an antiquated gold watch and the memorable missal. There it lay, on an old worm-eaten chest where he had thrown it in his first impulse of passionate anger, the gilded lettering obscured by the thick dust which had accumulated upon it.

He took it down and examined it listlessly. Yes, it was a missal, nothing more; no mysterious will hidden within its pages, no tempting banknotes snugly tucked away under the cover. Nothing but a missal, probably sent as a sarcastic comment on his pretended sanctity, a distasteful string of saintly invocations and monotonous prayers. Yet, wonderful to say, the old man seemed to have perused the pages carefully, for such an abandoned old heathen, for some of the words were underlined. How strangely underlined, too! Words and syllables and letters which had no possible connection with each other.

There an "L," here an "O," then another "O," and then a "K." L. O. O. K. *Look.* Why, there *was* sense in the apparently meaningless letters. And the trembling fingers traveled excitedly down the page, tracing out the words: "Look in the jungle on Swampy Island at the foot of the third cotton-tree from the shore. *The treasure is there.*"

The last words danced and floated before the man's eyes—the treasure within his reach at last! A wild, passionate joy filled his heart, and had he obeyed his first impulse he would have rushed madly into the street to proclaim his new-found fortune to the world.

Another moment, however, and the innate cunning and wariness of the man reasserted themselves. No one must know of the treasure until he had ascertained whether it was in existence, and whether it was possible for him to obtain possession of it single-handed.

A few days later found him at the designated island. It was a low, dreary patch of ground, situated in one of the loneliest parts of the Father of Waters, and not exceeding a score of feet in length.

As its name implied, the soil was of a swampy, spongy nature, and the least pressure brought the black, sluggish water oozing up around the pedestrian's feet. About half a dozen stunted and attenuated specimens of cotton-trees had writhed themselves into existence. We use the term advisedly. So dwarfed, so twisted was the aspect of these abortive efforts of nature, that they suggested the idea of their having contracted inflammatory rheumatism from the dampness, not to say sappiness, of the place.

To the third of these trees our adventurer slowly and painfully plowed his way. Outwardly it presented no suspicious features; indeed, it did not appear as if the foot of man had ever trodden this dreary waste.

The young man cautiously inserted his spade in the ground and commenced his search. The task was by no means a light one, for the earth, although soft, was extremely gluey and spongy.

Again and again he inserted the spade, digging with the desperate energy of a man who had the gold-fever burning in his veins. But the day waned, the gray mists stole up from the river, the night crept swiftly upon him, and still no longed-for treasure rewarded his efforts. He was finally about to throw away his spade with an impatient oath, when it struck against something metallic and hard.

Chapter II.

No flagging now. Redoubling his efforts, he almost tore the earth away, and disclosed to view a huge iron-bound chest. Here his investigation ended, however, for the stout hinges and impregnable lock resisted all attempts to break them open, and then the fevered and excited man was reluctantly forced to fill in the dirt again, and delay his researches until he could obtain assistance. It was long before his selfish and grasping spirit could bring itself to the thought of sharing the treasure with others; but there was no alternative.

Quickly and swiftly were his plans carried out, and when at last his selection was made, and the four worthies stood prepared for action, they formed one of the most edifying quartets which could possibly have been chosen for the purpose.

First and foremost, his sanctity Señor Manuel Lopez, then the alcalde of the city, as avaricious an old Hidalgo as ever breathed the free air of heaven, selected principally from motives of policy, the heir shrewdly arguing that, as the law in any event would claim a large portion of the newly-found wealth as hush-money, it would be well to make its representative an accomplice in such a doubtful affair.

The other two were not worthy of any particular mention; they were simply average specimens of the usual half-breeds, a mingling of Texan and Mexican blood, which formed the greater part of the population of San Antonio. Reckless, daring, and unprincipled wretches, their convenient laxity of morals being their highest recommendation. Such was the amiable and respectable quartet, which in course of time found itself on the shores of the treasure island.

The most unalloyed success attended their undertaking. The coffer was disinterred with little difficulty, although Manuel fancied that the hole was deeper than he had at first imagined, and then came the task of opening it, which had baffled his own unassisted efforts. How firm the hinges were! How impregnable the lock! The excitement of the men rose to absolute insanity—would the hinges never give way? Another stroke, another. Hurrah! it is yielding. Another blow and the lid flies open.

Oh, the countless treasures that meet their eager gaze! Jewels, cut and uncut, in rims of burning gold; cloudless sapphires, sunlit topazes, milky pearls, flashing diamonds, emeralds like Winter seas, gorgeous tiaras which would not have shamed an Eastern sultana. Faded vestments of satin and velvet and cloth-of-gold whereon the many-hued gems sparkled and glittered in the rays of the evening sun; piles of gold coin, rich, massive candelabras, and vases, and rare antique bronzes and *consoles* in the same costly metal. Surely the fabled cave of Aladdin never held within its bounds costlier treasures than this.

With wild shouts of joy the men plunge their hands in the glittering hoard; with greedy, covetous eyes they gaze at the priceless wealth before them, each man eying his neighbor jealously and suspiciously, lest one atom of the countless treasure should be purloined.

And meantime the Father of Waters creeps past in his sluggish course, frowning blackly on the daring wretches who have presumed to invade his gloomy domain as he watches them gloating over their spoils, and he gurgles out a mysterious, awful laugh.

"Aha!" he mutters, with an exulting chuckle; "would you wrest my treasures from my breast, ye children of men? Stand back, O ye witnesses of my power, the Father of Waters takes back his own!" and flinging up his giant arms, he clasps to his breast the massive coffer with its glittering freight, and draws it down in the might of that Titanic strength into the depths below.

A despairing execration bursts from the lips of Manuel Lopez, so passionate, so hopeless in the intonation, that the supine wretches lift their heads in sudden terror. "*Madre di Dios!* fools!" he screamed. "See, see the coffer is sinking!"

It was even so. Sinking slowly and surely into the unfathomable bed of the mighty river, which sucked it down with the rapacious eagerness of a python thirsting for its prey. Sinking, sinking into the black, slimy mud, which bubbled and gurgled as if in derision at the foiled wretches who groveled around their vanishing treasure, cursing praying, weeping, wrestling in their insane despair. Sinking with the hoarded wealth the accumulated spoils of a lifetime.

By their own insatiate greed, by their violent, heedless haste, they had brought this terrible thing to pass; their mad efforts to pry open the hinges of the chest, their violent struggles to gain possession of its contents, had forced it down into the bed of the river, and the treacherous quagmire was swiftly and surely engulfing it, past all hope of recovery. Another moment, and the huge coffer with its glittering freight had vanished for ever, and the black, mysterious mud closed over "The Treasure of Swampy Island."

LITTLE WOMEN.

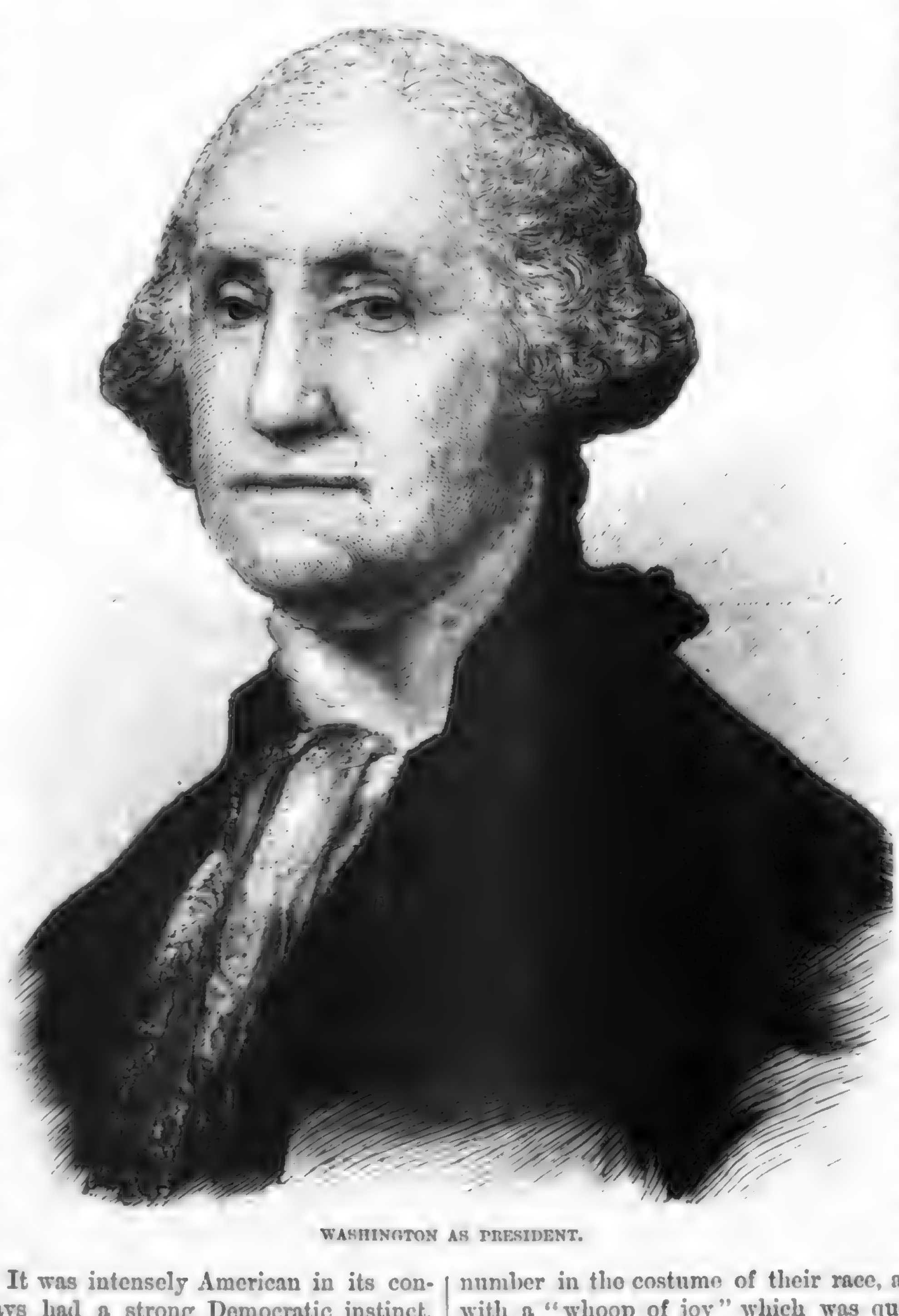
The little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of humanity, a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that retribution cannot follow. What can be done with her? She is afraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything and everywhere. At home and abroad she is equally dominant and irrepressible; equally free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public order in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed, of that exceptionally haughty type in distinctly inferior surroundings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly deffance.

When a man hath forfeited the reputation of his integrity he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

XUM

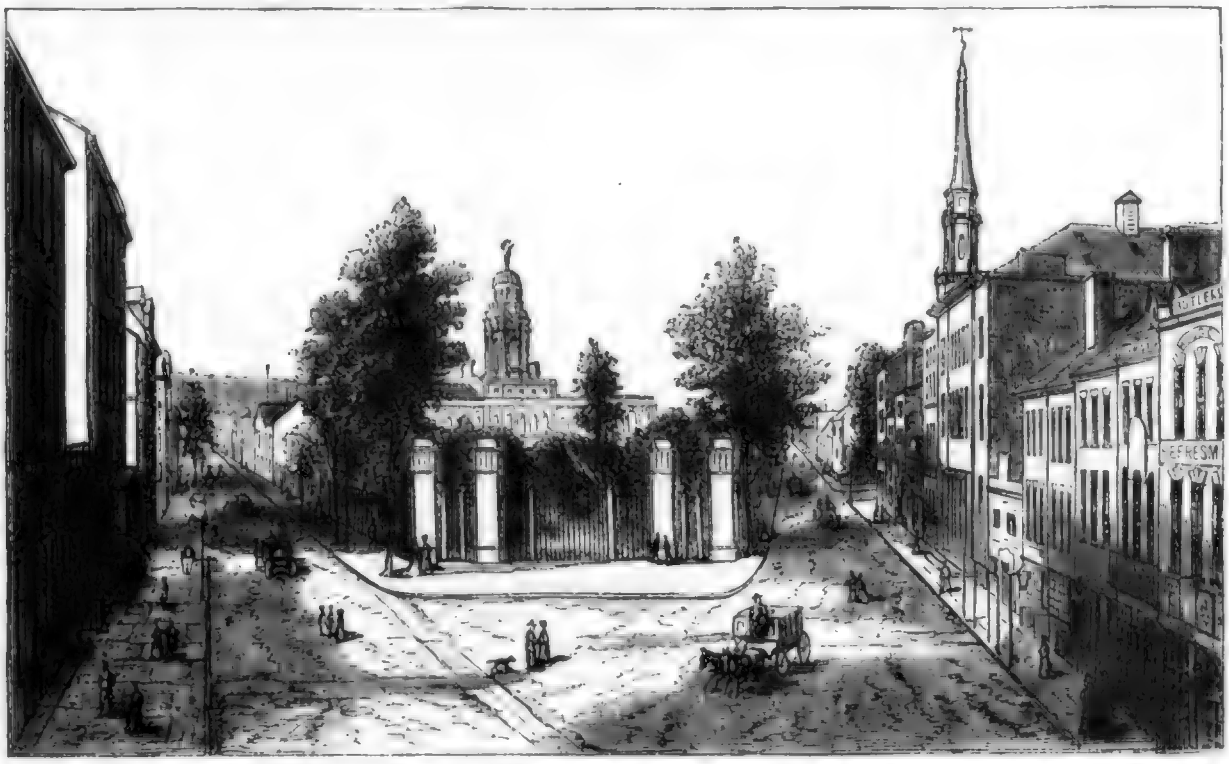
NEW YORK AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By Evert A. Duyckinck.



WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

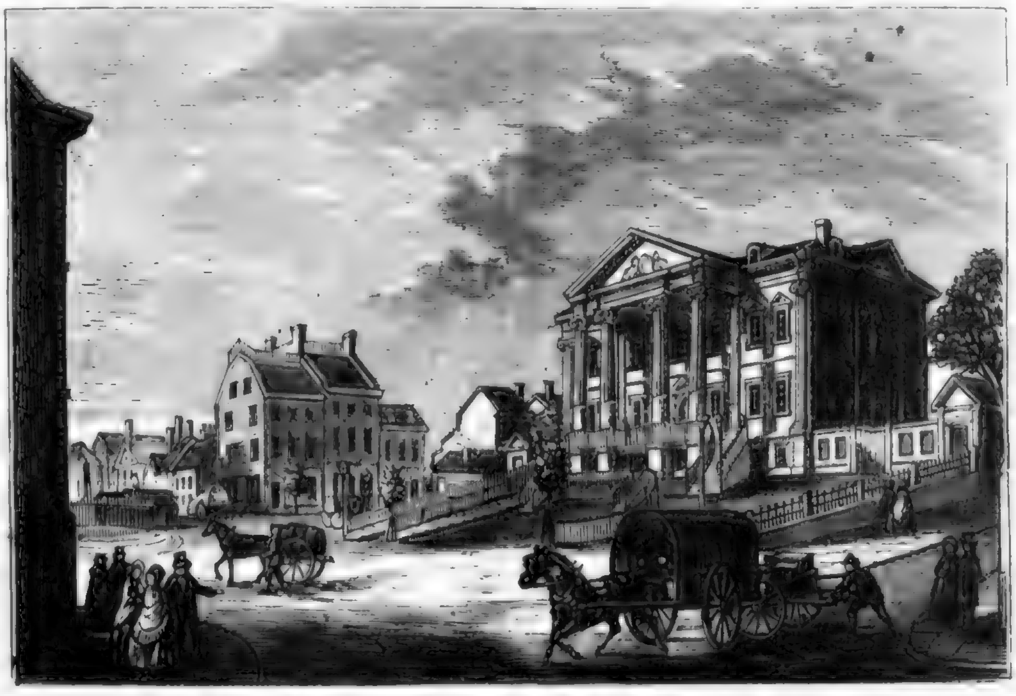
The foundation of the memorable Tammany Society, an institution more familiar by name—kept alive in the unwearied din of politics—to the citizens of New York than any other of its numerous social organizations, dates from the last century. It appears to have grown up as a successor to the patriotic assemblies of the Sons of Liberty, whose work was accomplished with the success of the Revolution. Its first institution is dated from May, 1789, immediately after the inauguration of Washington in the city as first President. It may thus be said to be coeval with the new political life of the nation. It existed for some years as a social meeting of public-spirited citizens before it was formally incorporated by the Legislature, in 1805, under the name of "The Society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, in the City of New York." Dr. Mitchell, one of its members, in his "Picture of New York," the earliest guide-book to the city, published in 1807, describes its object, "to afford relief to the indigent and distressed." It was intensely American in its conception, and always had a strong Democratic instinct, though some of its early officers were Federalist. While other charitable associations, composed of persons of foreign birth or descent, were taking their names from Old World worthies of the Church calendar, as St. George and St. Andrew, Tammany glorified in its aboriginal designation and affected the dress and phraseology of the native Indian. The idea of making a saint of Tammany, a legendary or assumed chieftain of the great West, of wonderful powers over men and nature, a contemporary of Manco Capac—or, following more authentic accounts, a Delaware of the times of William Penn—is said to have originated with the humorist Trumbull, the author of "McFingal." It was a period of costume and ceremony, and the members of the new Society, while investing their officers with the titles of Sachem, Sagamore, Wiskinskie, and the like, and dividing the years by its moons and seasons, saw nothing ludicrous in now and then parading themselves in procession, in feathers and moccasins, with the traditionary pipe and tomahawk of the natives. They had an early opportunity for a display of this kind at the time of the reception in the city by the new Government, in 1790, of a body of Creek Indians, led by their chief McGillivray, who came to ratify a treaty with the Father of the Republic, George Washington. When the Creeks, we are told by the historian of the Society, Mr. Horton entered the Tammany wigwam, they were overwhelmed with emotion at the sight of so large a number in the costume of their race, and saluted them with a "whoop of joy" which was quite terrific. The Society had another opportunity of exhibiting themselves to advantage in the Spring of 1808, on occasion of the reinterment in Brooklyn of the remains of the victims of the Prison-ships of the Revolution, when its officers marched in procession in solemn order, the Wiskinskie, or doorkeeper, at the head, bearing the cap of liberty, followed by the Sagamore, supporting the great standard, of an oval form, emblazoned with the arms of the United States, its edges trimmed with



THE CITY HALL AND PARK IN 1828.

feathers, and on its margin the thirteen animals by which each tribe was represented. Then came the Grand Sachem, wearing a silver chain of thirteen links, a star within each, supported by the Treasurer carrying wampum, and after him the Father of the Council, smoking the calumet, while the great body of members escorted the numerous coffins. It was an honorable day for the Society, which had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about this worthy act of respect to the remains of the martyrs of the War of Independence. Something of the old Indian phraseology is still maintained in the calls of meetings of the Society; but the spectacle of a Sachem of Tammany in full aboriginal costume has not, we believe, been witnessed by the present generation.

Originally Tammany was not only a charitable association, but it was disposed, previously to the formation of the Historical Society, to provide for the preservation of whatever related to the history of the country. It even went so far as to set up a very creditable museum of various curiosities, which was intrusted to the keeping of one of its officers of an inquiring mind, eager after knowledge, the Wiskinskie, Gardiner Baker, and exhibited in a room of the City Hall, and subsequently in an upper apartment in the old Exchange building, at the foot of Wall Street. The collection, in 1795, passed into the hands of Baker as its owner; on his death became the property of a Mr. Waldron; and was finally merged in Scudder's Museum, which for some time held its footing in that nursery of liberal civic institutions, the old Almshouse in the Park. In the Jeffersonian days, when Tammany began to assume its distinctive character as a party organization of the Democracy, it held its meetings in a modest saloon attached to Martling's tavern, on the corner of Nassau and Spruce Streets. In 1812 the Society entered into possession of a hall of its own, the building so well-known to our citizens facing the Park at the corner of Frankfort Street, which they occupied till their removal, in 1868, to the present headquarters on Fourteenth Street. When the corner-stone of the new building was laid, on the 4th of July, 1867, an address was delivered by one of the ablest members of the old company, the late Gulian C. Verplanck, commemorating in genial terms many of the already half-forgotten Democratic fathers of the Society.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FACING THE BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK.

The City Hall in the Park, the corner-stone of which was laid by Edward Livingston, Mayor of the city, in 1803, was not completed till 1812. The white marble

XUM

of which it was built was obtained from the quarry at Stockbridge, Mass. The rear, on Chambers Street, was economically faced with red sandstone. New York could not then afford the magnificent appropriations made, or extracted from her citizens, at present. In 1802, when the work was first thought of, the Common Council began by voting $25,000 for the new building. This was, even in those days, lamentably insufficient; the sum rose to $250,000 before the contract was made, and the final cost was $500,000. Less than the twentieth part of the sum, it is said, already paid for the Court House at present in its rear.

The Constitution of the United States was happily a native growth, issuing directly from the needs and experience of the nation. The discussion attending its ratification had been carried on with sufficient heat, but on purely domestic issues; no foreign element had been introduced; there was no interference from abroad. The administration of Washington, however, was not to pass away without the test of such influences. The trial came from France. The early movements of the French Revolution, inspired by our own example, had been parallel with the entrance of the United States upon its new government, and it excited a generous sympathy in the breasts of Americans. The rejoicings at Paris at the fall of the Bastile were echoed from this side of the Atlantic. The course of Lafayette was regarded with interest and affection. The popular mind could not be uninfluenced by the rapidity of legislation which swept away the unclean privileges and long abuses of the past. But as the work advanced there were thinking minds in the country which dreaded the example of universal license At no time was the heart of the country touched with the poison of French infidelity, which feared not God, neither regarded man. The influence of the French Revolution was less in America than in England and other countries of the Old World: there, it was a living energy awakening the sense of wrong, and struggling violently with abuses; here, its spirit of aggression had literally nothing to feed upon. For a time, however, it became a disturbing element in the politics of the country. The hour of trial—for such it was to Washington and his administration—came with the declaration of war, in 1793, by the French Republic against England. This circumstance alone, neutralized as it was for America by the immediately preceding execution of her old friend and ally, the King, would probably have created little disturbance on this side of the Atlantic had it not been artfully forced upon the people of the seaboards by the intrigues of the new Minister, or, rather, agent, of the French Republic, Citizen Genet, who arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, in the frigate *L'Ambuscade*, early in April, when the news of the French declaration of war had just reached the country. Trained in diplomacy at various courts from his boyhood, an adept in the bold revolutionary measures of France, this skillful agitator came prepared to press to the utmost any advantages which might be claimed or extorted for his nation in the coming conflict, predicated upon the old offensive and defensive treaty of alliance between France and the United States.

The crisis was immediately met by Washington and his Cabinet in a proclamation of neutrality between the contending parties. This was utterly disregarded by Genet, who, immediately on his arrival, had fitted out two privateers, which at once captured numerous British vessels on the coast. *L'Ambuscade*, sailing to Philadelphia, made several prizes by the way. Acting with plenipotentiary authority, Genet assumed to constitute the French consuls throughout the land Courts of Admiralty for the trial and condemnation of prizes brought into port. These proceedings were, of course, at war with the proclamation of neutrality, and the Government required the surrender of the captured vessels and arrest of the privateers. Genet persisted in his assumptions, loudly disputing with the Government its treaty obligations, and insolently appealing from the Executive to the people, by a portion of whom, on his landing at Charleston, and afterward at Philadelphia, he had been received with extraordinary manifestations of enthusiasm. Indeed, he seems to have been quite overcome with this species of fraternization, as the Marsellaise was sung at popular banquets, and the red cap of liberty passed from head to head of citizens of distinction and anti-Federalists, who now began to assume the name of Democrats.

On the arrival of *L'Ambuscade* in New York, where Genet had received a noisy welcome, her crew were hailed by the anti-Federalists with eager applause, the liberty-cap was set up on the flagstaff of the Tontine Coffee-house, and the Marsellaise sung in the streets. While this vessel was in the harbor a British frigate, the *Boston*, mounting the tri-color for deception, was announced off the Narrows as the expected French ship *Concorde*, the consort of *L'Ambuscade*, and a lieutenant and boat's crew from the latter sent to board her under that presumption were taken captives. This sharp practice aroused a strong feeling of resentment, which was presently sufficiently gratified when the *Boston*, having challenged *L'Ambuscade* to a conflict, the latter went out to meet her off Sandy Hook, and an engagement ensued, in which Captain Courtney of the British frigate was killed, and his disabled vessel, pursued by her antagonist, escaped to Halifax. This occurred on the 30th July. Captain Bompard, of *L'Ambuscade*, was assisted in this action by many citizen volunteers from the New York Republicans. Extravagant sums were won and lost in bets on the result of this affair.*

The patience of Washington under the infliction of a foreign agitator, defying the laws, seeking to embroil the nation in an utterly disastrous war with England, intriguing with the people against their chosen representatives, was something extraordinary; but it had an end at last. At this day such a course would not be tolerated an instant. Washington demanded from the French Government the recall of Genet; the Girondists, by whom he had been appointed, just then giving place to the Jacobins, the latter were prompt in his dismissal. Genet, who had identified himself with New York by his marriage with the daughter of Governor Clinton, passed the remainder of his life in quiet in the State.

A sequel to these French embarrassments came in the negotiation with England by Jay — who had been sent out as a special Minister for the purpose of settling existing difficulties—of the British Treaty. This became the subject of much popular agitation during the Summer of 1795. While the treaty offered an adjustment of various questions growing out of the War of the Revolution and its neutrality articles were in agreement with the settled policy of the Government, some of its provisions with reference to the West India trade were restrictive of American commerce. The latter were considered and provided for in the Senate previous to the ratification. Meantime, the opposition on the part of the enemies of the treaty was unsparing. It was denounced in a public meeting at Boston, and an effort was made at New York on the 18th of July to obtain a similar expression of the opinions or prejudices of the Opposition. The meeting was held in front of the City Hall in Wall Street; but its object was, in a great measure, defeated by the presence of a large body of supporters of the treaty, led by Hamilton, who while endeavoring to address the multitude from a stoop, at the corner of Broad Street, was silenced by the noise and confusion, hustled from his place, and slightly wounded by a stone in the forehead. The Opposition then, having appointed a committee, which subsequently reported a series of resolutions adverse to the treaty, adjourned in tumult to the Bowling Green, where the treaty was burnt with French demonstrations of applause. On the other hand, the treaty was supported by the Chamber of Commerce. It was ratified by the Senate and signed by the President the following month. Its negotiator, John Jay, meanwhile, had been elected Governor of New York. There was a serious sequel to this popular agitation, following upon the election of Adams to the Presidency, when the aggressions of the French Directory upon our commerce brought about the short naval war with France. Federalists were the supporters of the national self-respect at this time, which gave birth to the national song, "Hail Columbia." When Washington and Hamilton were again taking the field, and Truxton was about to crown with honor the new-born navy, the merchants of New York seconded the action of Government by their patriotic resolves at several public meetings, pledging their support and taking active measures to raise a military corps for the emergency. Jacob Morton, Ebenezer Stevens, Josiah Ogden Hoffmann and Samuel Jones, subsequently Chief Justice, bore a prominent part in these movements. Fortunately by a turn in French affairs, Napoleon as First Consul succeeding to the Directory, the war, which had been confined to a few naval actions, early ended in an honorable negotiation.

---

* Leake's "Life of Lamb," p. 341.

We have seen New York, impoverished by the long War of the Revolution, wasted by fire and the injuries of occupation by the enemy, slowly recovering her energies in the prosecution of her material welfare, and at the same time creating new resources of social and intellectual advancement. Foremost among the latter is doubtless to be ranked her independent political life, sure to bring with it a proportionate regard to the refining influences and progressive activities of civilization. The secret of political power, as of political safety, is, after all, education. The principle at the present-day is fully acknowledged in New York; millions are paid annually in its support. All honor, then, to the far-sighted and benevolent who in the beginning laid the foundation of the free schools of the city. They undoubtedly had their origin with the two leading Churches of New York.

The Reformed Church of Holland owed too much to her scholars in the education of the people, not to regard the instruction of her children as a sacred charge. In the early settlement of Manhattan the schoolmaster came as an indispensable member of the band of colonists. Private teachers supported by their pupils were numerous. The Dutch churches have maintained a charity school, dispensing education gratuitously, from the year 1633. It was carried on in hired apartments near the Bowling Green for more than a hundred years. In 1748 it gained a fixed habitation in Garden Street, opposite the church, which it maintained for seventy-six years. Since that time, following the growth of the city, it has occupied various edifices, finally alighting upon its present commodious home, No. 160 West Twenty-ninth Street. Here, on this venerable foundation, representing the beneficence of a past age, one hundred and fifty children of both sexes are taught the various elements of a liberal education under the superintendence of a board of trustees and the consistory of the Dutch Reformed Church.*

Another school, attached to the Episcopal Church, also remains as a monument of the early devotion of the city to the free-school principle. This is the present Trinity School in Broadway, founded in 1709 under the joint protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts and Trinity Church. It was mainly supported by the latter at the outset, when, and for a long time after, it was known as the Charity School. It excited a strong sympathy, and many contributions of gifts and bequests were made to it. Its first building, burnt in the great fire of 1776, adjoined Trinity Church in Rector Street. After the Revolution it was rebuilt in the same neighborhood. In 1826 it was known as the New York Protestant Episcopal Public School, and since 1845 it has borne the name of Trinity School. It is supported by a handsome endowment of land—the settlement of Trinity Church. In its present state the school, enlarged from its early routine, bears a high collegiate character. Nor were the Presbyterians and other denominations at the beginning of the century wanting in liberal provision for parochial schools. All these may be regarded as preparatory to the public-school system of the city, which began its work avowedly as a supplement to the charity instruction furnished by the Churches. It owed its origin in a great degree to the exertions of members of the Society of Friends. A free school had been established for girls by an association of ladies, members of the Society, in 1802, the success of which had its influence in the subsequent movement.

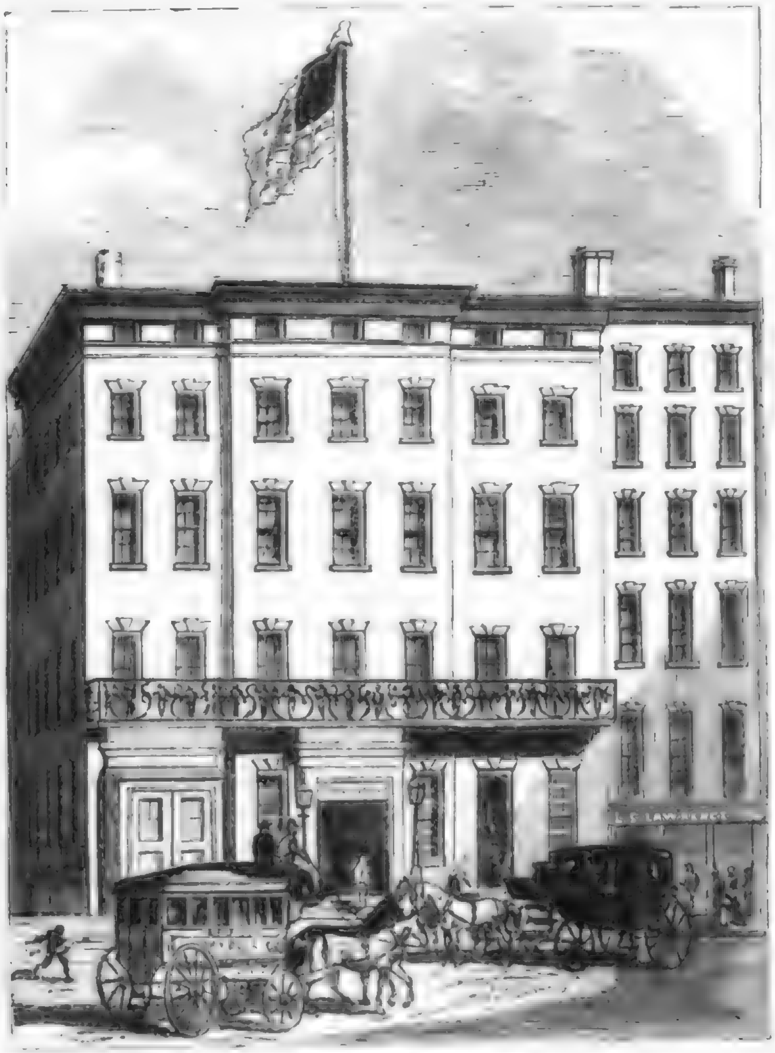
In February, 1805, at the request of the philanthropic Thomas Eddy and John Murray, a meeting was called at the house of the latter, at which twelve persons were present, including Samuel Osgood, Brockholst Livingston, and Samuel Miller, at which it was resolved that it was of the highest importance that schools should be maintained for children whose education was not provided for by the several Churches. A memorial on the subject was immediately submitted to the Legislature, which passed an Act of Incorporation constituting De Witt Clinton, Dr. Mitchell, and others, "The Society for establishing a Free School in the City of New York for the education of such poor children as do not belong to, or are not provided for by, any religious society."

The affairs of the Society were to be managed by thirteen trustees annually chosen from the members. Any one might become a member on the payment of eight dollars. The yearly income of the Society was limited to ten thousand dollars. At the organization of the board of trustees, elected in May, De Witt Clinton was chosen first President of the Society. An appeal to the public was then made for funds, which, owing to the presence of yellow fever in the city in the Summer and Autumn, was slowly responded to. The trustees, meanwhile, were preparing plans for the work. It happened that at this period Joseph Lancaster, an English Quaker, a man sprung from the people, moved by the destitute condition of the poor children around him, had just successfully put in practice in London a new, efficient and economical method of elementary school education, the main feature of which was mutual instruction of the pupils by teachers —monitors, as they were called—chosen from the most available of the students themselves. One paid head-teacher could thus set in motion the whole working

---

* History of the School, by Henry Webb Dunshee, an interesting volume, with much collateral information.

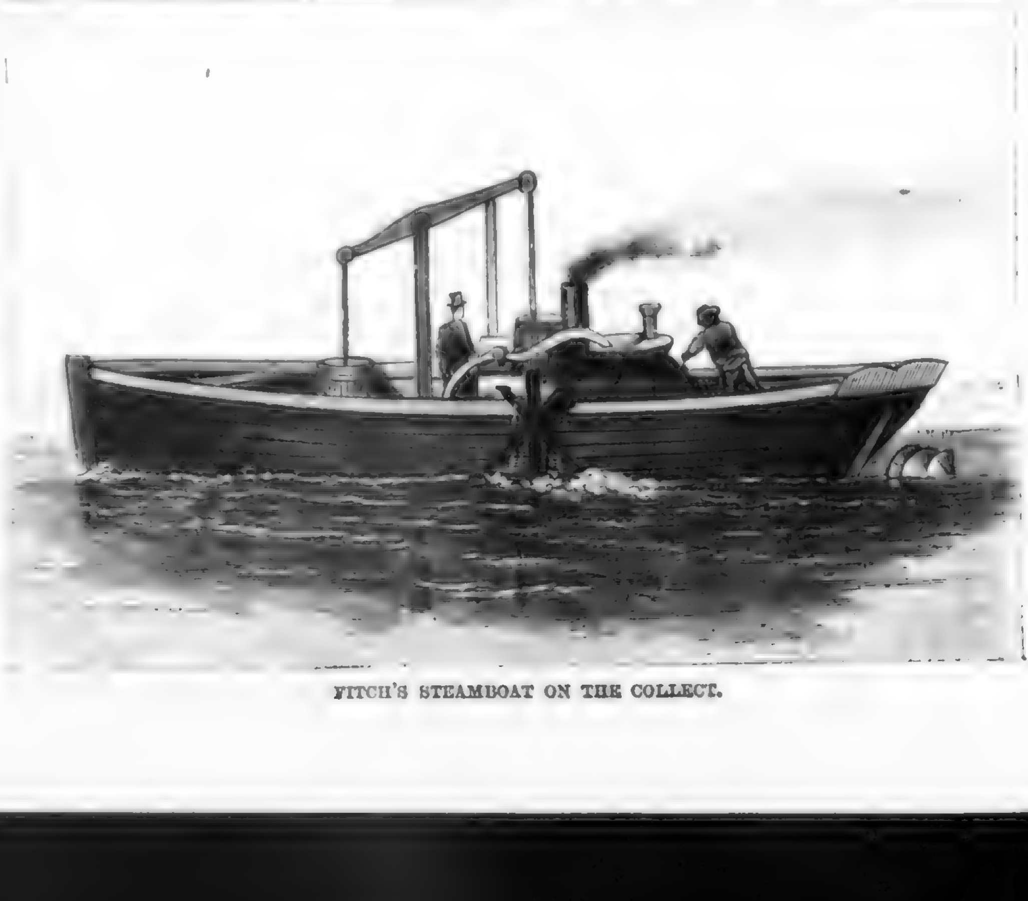
XUM



TAMMANY HALL AS IT WAS.

machinery of a school. The New York trustees determined to adopt this system in the new school. A suitable teacher was engaged as principal, and a school opened in May, 1806, in a hired apartment in Bancker, now Madison, Street. The attendance in a few days was forty-two. This was the first public free school in the city and the first employment in the United States of the Lancasterian system, which subsequently became much in vogue. It was really a charity school, providing, when needed, food and raiment, as well as instruction, for its indigent pupils.

The plan worked well, and was appreciated by the Legislature, which, in 1807, granted $4,000 for the erection of a school-building, with an annual gift of $1,000 to the Society. The City Corporation granted an old building, known as the Arsenal, in the northeastern angle of the Park, adjacent to the Alms-house, for the accommodation of the school. It was fitted up at considerable expense, and opened in December, 1809, with an able address by De Witt Clinton.



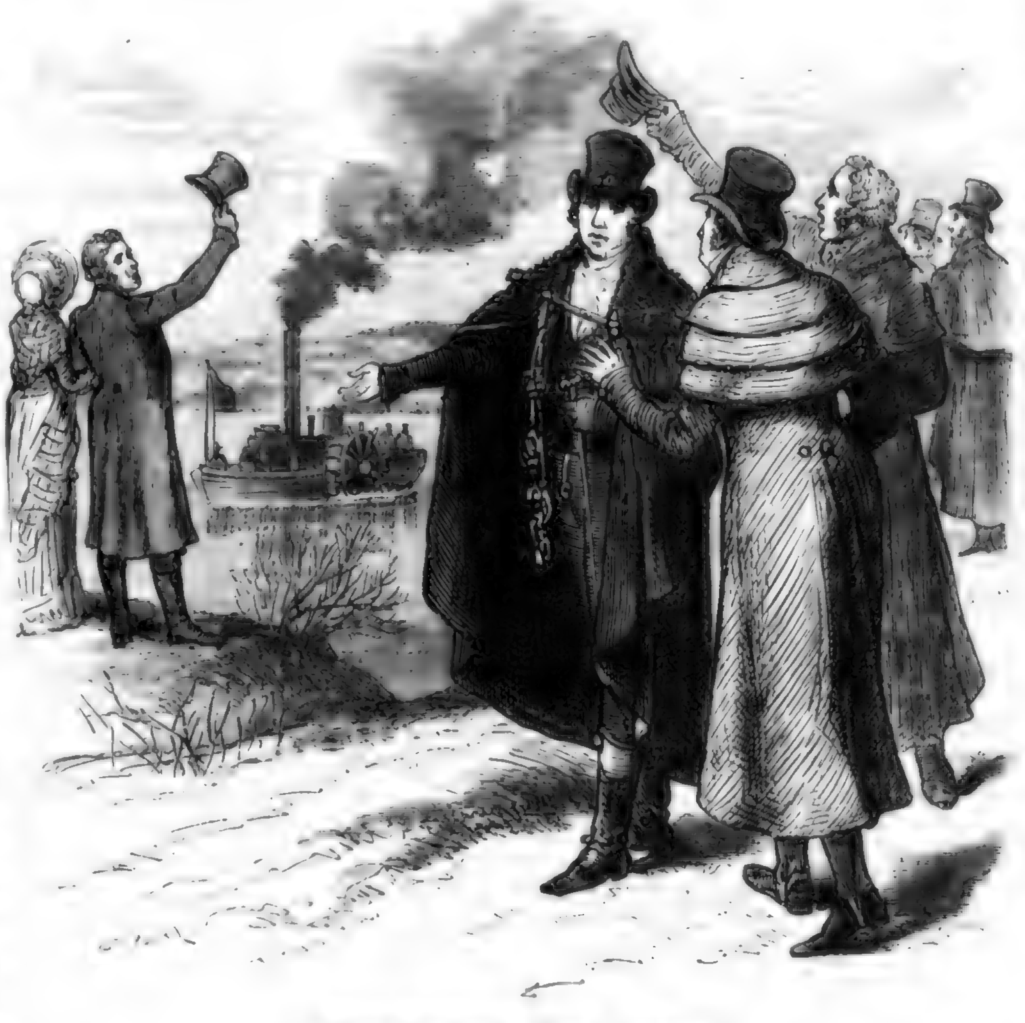
FITCH'S STEAMBOAT ON THE COLLECT.

By the terms of the Corporation grant, the children of the Almshouse were to be gratuitously instructed. An arrangement was also made with the Fire Department for the admission of fifty pupils. At the end of the year the school had 550 pupils. This public school, No. 1, remained on its first site, at the corner of Tryon Row and Chatham Street, till 1837, when the building was taken down for the opening of Centre Street. It then occupied a new building in William Street, near Duane, which retains the designation No. 1 under the new system of Ward Schools.

A second school was opened in 1811 on ground in Henry Street, presented by Colonel Henry Rutgers. Others followed at various intervals, planted where most needed, in different parts of the city, till the number in 1840 reached eighteen. There were also two colored schools and some fifty primary schools, mostly in hired rooms, under the management of the Society, which up to 1842 had the entire control of the funds provided for the common-school education of the city. In that year there was a serious encroachment on its powers and efficiency by the Act of the Legislature constituting a Board of Education for the City of New York, composed of Commissioners, to be annually elected by the people, intrusted with the organization of schools in the districts where they might be required, at the request of a body of Ward trustees, created for their local management in the several Wards. This left the Public School Society a voluntary association, with limited resources to cope with the organized resources of the State.

The new Board was not only more popular in its representative character than the old private corporation, but it had the advantage of a regular system of taxation in meeting its requirements. It was undoubtedly more liberal and expansive in its character in raising the standard of education in its classes, the old system being limited by its plan and resources. The latter soon found itself restricted and embarrassed at every turn. The result was that, after eleven years of prolonged existence, parallel with the new system of Ward schools, it yielded to the latter, and resigning its privileges, in accordance with an Act of the Legislature passed in June, 1853, transferred its entire property, real and personal, valued at about $600,000, to the Corporation of the City, to be placed under the management of the Board of Education. The Public School Society then ceased to exist.

An elaborate history of the School Society has been written by William Oland Bourne, which exhibits with minuteness the working of the old system, and offers many points for profitable consideration in the study of the general subject of popular education for the future. In the records of education in the city and country, the disinterested labors of its trustees must ever be remembered with honor. The long period of faithful service, involving no little care and anxiety, of a large number of the trustees, is something remarkable. Thirty served for an average of nearly twenty-five years. From 1805 to 1853, the whole period of the Society, there were six presidents: De Witt Clinton, Henry Rutgers, Peter A. Jay, Robert C. Cornell, Lindley Murray, and George T. Trimble. Their work was eminently practical, and, a quality not always to be found in philanthropical exertions, it was carried on with a just regard to economy. The founder of the system on which the schools were generally conducted, Joseph Lancaster, after much ill-rewarded exertion in his own country, came to America in 1818. He frequently visited the schools in New York, whose records contain many kindly expressions of his approval. It was on leaving one of the schools, in Chrystie Street, where he had attended an examination of the pupils, that, in crossing Grand Street, he was thrown down by a horse, and received such injuries, that two days after, on the 24th of October, 1838, he expired. He had just completed his sixtieth year. His remains were placed in the burying-ground of the Society of Friends, in Houston Street.



FULTON'S STEAMBOAT "THE CLERMONT."

The players of the old American Company had, at first, but a cold reception when they returned from the West Indies, after the Revolution. The younger Hallam, who had succeeded Douglass in the management, opened a theatre in Philadelphia, in March, 1785, and after a short but unsuccessful season, came to New York, in August, where there was, at first, some opposition to the revival of stage plays on the part of the magistrates, who refused as an unhallowed gift a donation from the company of a hundred dollars to the poor of the Almshouse. Conscious of the popular prejudice, Hallam began his entertainments as a course of lectures, with an infusion of farce and pantomime, succeeded by the performance of a few regular plays, which somewhat taxed the strength of his limited company. Having thus obtained a footing in the Summer months, in November, having associated with him in the management John Henry, an Irish actor, and reinforced the company, he opened the theatre for a regular season with "The Gamester," and "Love à la Mode." Among the new performers was Wignell, a cousin of the elder Hallam, who had come to America to join the company at New York on the eve of its dispersion by the resolution of the Continental Congress. He now appeared to establish himself firmly with the public as an accomplished comedian, and subsequently as the successful manager of the theatre at Philadelphia.

Henry, who also took an active part in the performances, was something of a humorist off the stage. Dunlap tells us he was the only actor in America who kept a coach, a very small one, however, "just sufficient to carry himself and wife to the theatre, drawn by one horse and driven by a black boy." Being subject to attacks of the gout, he justified the extravagance to the public by the representation on the panels of two crutches crossed, with the motto, "This or These."

The theatre was opened for successive seasons, with representations of the "standard drama" which then occupied the stage, varied in April, 1787, with the performance, for the first time on the boards of an American theatre, of an original play, a comedy in five acts, entitled, "The Contrast," the production of a man of brilliant wit, Royal Tyler, of Massachusetts, subsequently Chief Justice of Vermont, and author also of the first American novel, "The Algerine Captive." "The Contrast" was of genuine native growth and subject, introducing to the public in the part of *Jonathan*, acted by Wignell, the vernacular Yankee, who in one dress or other still holds possession of the stage. The next month saw the production of another native American play by Tyler, written for Wignell, entitled, "May Day in Town; Or, New York in an Uproar," a practical topic for farce of venerable standing, even then antiquated, the humors of which are not yet exhausted in our city life, if, as we presume, the "moving accidents" of the day furnished the theme. Tyler's success in home authorship was soon followed by Dunlap's first acted play, "The Father," the precursor of a host of others, which entitle the author to be classed with the most prolific and successful in the somewhat scanty ranks of American dramatic authorship. It is pleasant to note the favorable reception of this writer, to whose literary productions, inadequately remunerated in their own day, the history of our city now owes so much in various departments, dramatic, artistic, social, and political. William Dunlap was, indeed, a man of mark, to be ranked with West, Trumbull, Leslie, Charles Brockden Brown, Fulton, and others, original developments of the new mental activities sown by the Revolution. The son of a British soldier who had fought with Wolfe at Quebec, on the arrival of the English Army in 1776, he was carried by his father from his home at Perth Amboy within the lines at New York, where he passed the years of his boyhood during the war, emerging at the age of seventeen with faculties invigorated by the stirring life he had witnessed—a youth of lively powers of imagination, marked for a life of artistic culture. Bent upon the study of the arts of design, and flattered by the opportunity of painting the portrait of Washington, he was sent to seek the friendly assistance, never asked in vain by his young countrymen, of Benjamin West, in London. In England he developed a decided disposition for the drama, fostered by his opportunity of witnessing the performances of the consummate school of actors of the day, including Henderson, Kemble, Miss Siddons, Miss Farren, Mrs. Jordan, the Bannisters, Quick, and a host of minor notables some of whom he was to see transferred to the stage in America. On his return to New York, he became, naturally, a frequenter of the old John Street theatre, where he had witnessed his "first play," "Farquhar's Beaux' Strategem," performed by the British officers in the days of the Revolution. His success as a dramatic author on its boards, with his familiar acquaintance with the actors, led to his taking part with Hodgkinson, one of the most accomplished of them, as manager in the organization of a new company, for which a new building was provided. This was the building which concentrates in the memory of New Yorkers so many pleasant recollections, the old Park Theatre.

The last performance at the John Street Theatre, Fielding's "Tom Thumb," took place on the 13th of January, 1798. On the 29th of the month its successor, the New Theatre, as it was called, was opened with "As You Like It," a good omen of its future career, in the many worthy representations on its stage, by the best actors of England and America, of the Shakespearean drama. The building, 80 feet front by 165 in depth, occupied a site on Park Row midway between Ann and Beekman Streets. It was several years in process of erection, the cornerstone having been laid in May, 1795. The edifice was originally planned by the French engineer Brunel, then a Revolutionary exile in New York, and subsequently known to the world as the constructor of the Thames Tunnel. The design attributed to him for the ornamentation of the front was certainly not carried out in the bare exterior of the edifice as it survived in its original appearance to our own day; but, if the arrangement of the interior, with its admirable adaptation to the two great ends of theatrical architecture, perfect sight and hearing, was due to him, then assuredly the two generations which witnessed the performances on its boards were indebted to Brunel for an opportunity of appreciating the acted drama which has never been surpassed, if quite equaled, in any of the more showily-decorated theatres since erected in the city. The old Park was perfect in these respects, the compact, manageable stage area, with the inclosed pit and boxes, allowing the actors to be heard in their natural tones. Among the notices printed in the first playbill occur a few paragraphs, curious as illustrations of the manners of New York ninety years ago. To assure the public of the loyalty of the old company to the new state of affairs, the playbill closed with a strongly-printed "Vivat Respublica." The old direction was renewed: "Ladies and gentlemen are requested to be particular in sending servants early to keep boxes." Another has a strange sound, coming from the vaunted era of politeness of these "good old times": "The offensive practice to ladies, and dangerous to the house, of smoking cigars during the performance, it is hoped every gentleman will consent to an absolute prohibition of." It is to be "hoped" that the audience took the hint. Certainly the oldest playgoer whose reminiscences of the old Park we have listened to, never had any complaint of the infringement of the regulation.

With the exception of that blot on the old theatre management, English and American—the immoralities of the third tier—from which, we believe, the public was first relieved by the exertions of Mr. Macready, at Covent Garden, there was nothing in the manners of the Park particularly worthy of censure. About fifty-five years ago, to be sure, Mrs. Trollope, in her censorship of the Americans, with the aid of the clever French artist who accompanied her, left an amusing picture in her book of an undress box company at the Chatham Theatre, the central figure a hatted, coatless gentleman, sitting on the front, presenting a broad back to the audience. The sketch was remembered; and for a long time after, at the Park, whenever any one in the boxes appeared in a similar attitude to the company, as sometimes happened in the intervals of the acts, the offender was instantly recalled to a sense of propriety by a cry from pit and gallery, "Trollope! Trollope!"

It would occupy more space than the present work can afford barely to enumerate the chief of the plays and actors, for more than half a century the charm of the old Park Theatre to the most cultivated and appreciative of audiences. There were, at the very start, the versatile Hodgkinson and the accomplished lady, his wife, who had been transplanted with him from the famous theatre at Bath, and Joseph Jefferson, long a favorite comedian on the old boards, the son of an admired English actor, the father and grandfather of others of the same name, eminent on the American stage, the present approved representative of *Rip Van Winkle*, being his direct descendant. The month after the opening the company was reinforced by the arrival, from Philadelphia, of Thomas Abthorp Cooper, in the height of his early fame, for he was at this time but twenty-two, when he won the admiration of the New York public by his graceful and spirited impersonation of leading Shakespearean characters, appearing successively in *Hamlet, King John* and *Romeo.* The son of an Irish gentleman, a surgeon in the service of the East India Company, he had, on the death of that parent in India, been placed by his mother under the guardianship of the celebrated novelist and political reformer, William Godwin, by whom he had been instructed in the elements of a liberal education, including, with a study of the classics, a thorough acquaintance with the plays of Shakespeare. Encouraged by an intimacy with the dramatist Holcroft, the youth chose the stage for a profession, and was consigned to Stephen Kemble, then managing a theatre in Edinburgh, who cautiously gave him some small employment in the company, till one night, on his failure in the part of *Malcolm*, in "Macbeth," he was summarily dismissed. Returning to London, he studied carefully the parts of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, under the direction of Godwin and Holcroft, and at the age of nineteen appeared in both those characters, with applause, on the London stage. In the flush of this success, he was induced by Wignell to join the company in America, where he passed the remainder of his career. He was long a favorite tragedian on the Park boards and in the social circles of New York, his position in the latter being enhanced by his marriage to a celebrated belle of the city, the daughter of Major James Fairlie, the *Sophy Sparkle* of Irving's "Salmagundi." In his later years, in the failure of his powers, he was superseded by other performers; but a kindly feeling was always entertained for him, as was proved by the extraordinary success of a benefit given to him at the Bowery Theatre in 1833, which yielded a gross amount of $4,500, "the largest sum," says Mr. Ireland, "than ever received for a single night's performance at any theatre in America."

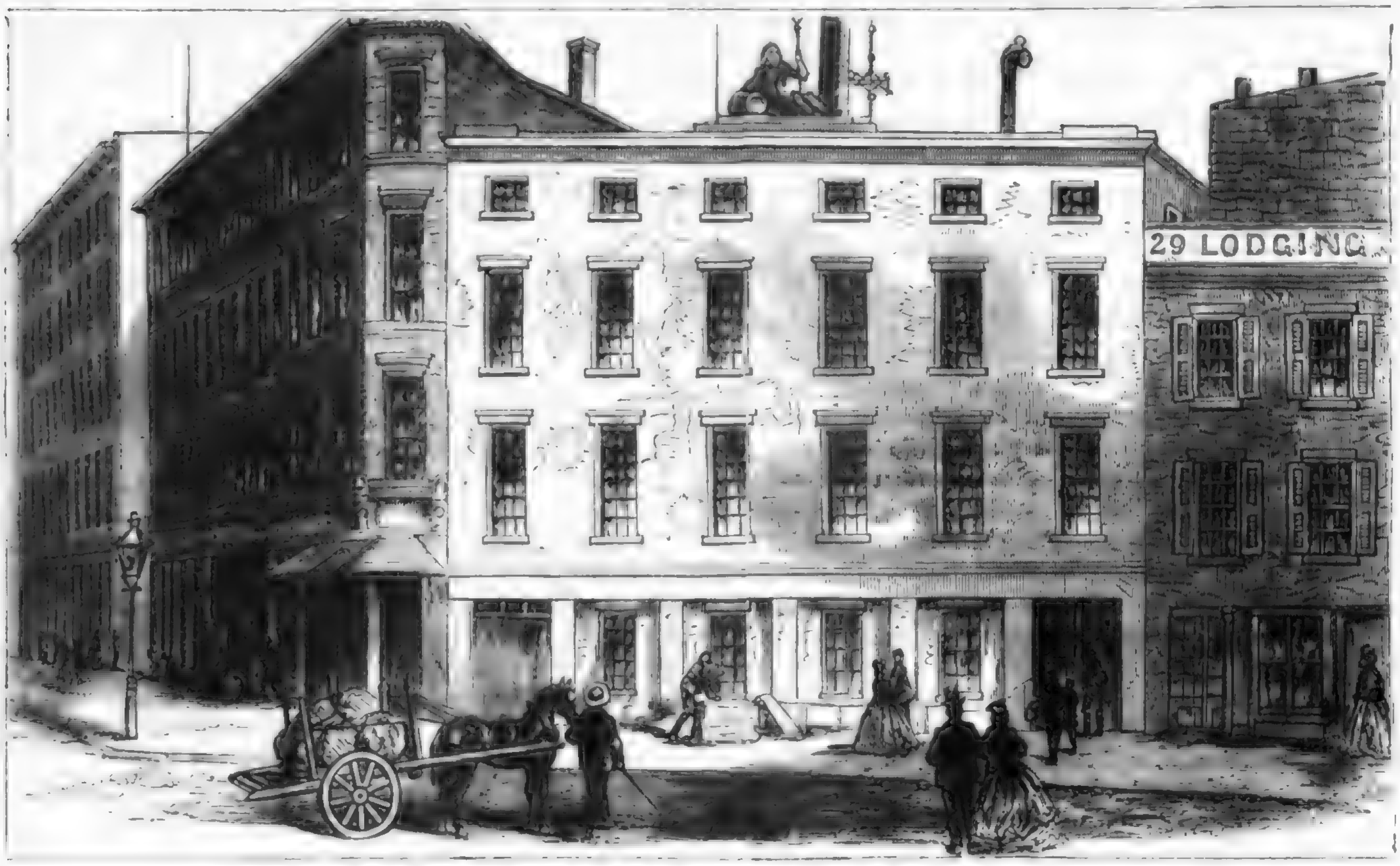
In 1810, Cooper, having become associated with Stephen Price in the management of the Park Theatre, visited England, where he succeeded in engaging for the American boards no less a personage than George Frederick Cooke. Of undoubted genius, with an acute and strong intellect, with admirable qualities for the stage, Cooke, in spite of gross intemperance, had won his way by sheer force of merit to a divided sovereignty with John Philip Kemble, at Covent Garden, in the personation of the leading Shakespearan characters. In *Richard III.*, *Shylock*, *Iago*, *Lear*, *Falstaff*, and in Macklin's strong parts of *Sir Archy McSarcasm* and *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, he was admitted to be unsurpassed. It was something of a triumph in those days to remove, even for a short season, so eminent an actor from London to New York; and it required all the American manager's tact, working on Cooke's restlessness under the burden of his irregularities, to accomplish the object. Had he been gifted with the prudence of Kemble, he would probably never have been seen on this side of the Atlantic. The sea-voyage, with the enforced temperance due to the Yankee captain's scant supplies of strong drink, restored the tone of the actor's powerful constitution. His arrival produced an extraordinary excitement among the theatrical, then including the best social, circles of New York. The report of his engagement, heralded by a letter to Price, was not generally credited. "It appeared as impossible to many," says his excellent biographer, Dunlap, "that the great London actor should be removed to America, as that St. Paul's Cathedral should be transported across the Atlantic. Englishmen in New York swore roundly that it could not be. It was some other performer of the same name. It was even insinuated that the whole was an imposition. '*Cooke* come to America! pooh!'" At his first appearance in the city as *Richard III.*, on the 21st of November, the throng was so great that many persons were violently borne by the crowd through the doorways into the theatre without the opportunity of paying for a ticket. Ladies were brought to the boxes through a back entrance from behind the curtain. There were 2,200 persons in the house; the receipts were $1,820. *Richard* was followed by *Sir Pertinax McSycophant*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Falstaff*, and several minor parts. For the seventeen nights of this first engagement the manager received $21,578. This was a brilliant success, but it was even thus early marred by those violent exhibitions of caprice and passion which always attended Cooke in his fits of intemperance; for, spite of his clean bill of health on landing, he soon succumbed to the generous hospitalities of the city. Thenceforth, at Boston, at Philadelphia, on his return to New York, wherever he appeared, his performances were at intervals interfered with by his recurring irregularities. Spite of his excesses, however, his strong constitution enabled him constantly to rally and act with his customary power the familiar round of characters which had become a part of his very nature. The strain, however, with the frequent temptations of that hard-drinking time, became too great even for his extraordinary endurance. His vital powers, so often assailed, were at last exhausted. He was now constantly under the care of physicians, and, on the 26th of September, 1812, at the age of fifty-seven, expired in the City of New York. He was attended at his residence, at Mechanic Hall, corner of Broadway and Park Place, by Dr. Hosack and his youthful assistant, Dr. Francis. The latter was with him, during his last night, till the morning hour in which he passed away. Among the many vivid pages in which Francis, in the decline of life, recorded his recollections of "Old New York," none are more genial than those which he devoted to the memory of the great actor When the elder Kean visited this country he caused to be erected, in 1821, the monument which covers the remains of Cooke in St. Paul's Churchyard.

To Cooke succeeded another British actor of eminence in Holman, the representative of *Lord Townley* and other genteel-comedy characters, accompanied by his daughter, by whom he was admirably supported in the upper walks of the drama. Holman made his first appearance in the city as *Hamlet*, two days after Cooke's death. He passed the remainder of his life in America, dying suddenly at Rockaway in August, 1817.

Meanwhile, with others of merit, Hilson and his wife, the favorite, a Miss Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Darley; Simpson, subsequently partner with Price in the management, and afteward sole lessee; and Mrs. Wheatly, who so long held her popularity on the boards, the regard in which she was held ripening into strong personal esteem, maintained the excellence of the stock company. Hackett, whose frequent engagements in his famed American parts and in *Falstaff* were always welcome, made his first appearance at this theatre, in 1826. Placide, for a long period perhaps the most popular and useful actor of the company, sharing the honors of comedy with Barnes and Fisher two or three years earlier. In 1820 came Edmund Kean, opening like his predecessor, Cooke, in *Richard III.*, and repeating his fiery career on the American boards in *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Lear*, *Othello*, with the addition of *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*, which the great George Frederick never could make entirely his own. It is not easy to overestimate the impression which the genius of Kean made upon the public in these characters. Happily a worthy record of the appreciation which he received remains to us, in a fine critical essay on his acting by the poet and philosopher, Richard Henry Dana. Kean revisited the country in 1825, his last appearance in America being at the Park Theatre, closing, as he began, with *Richard*, in December, 1826.

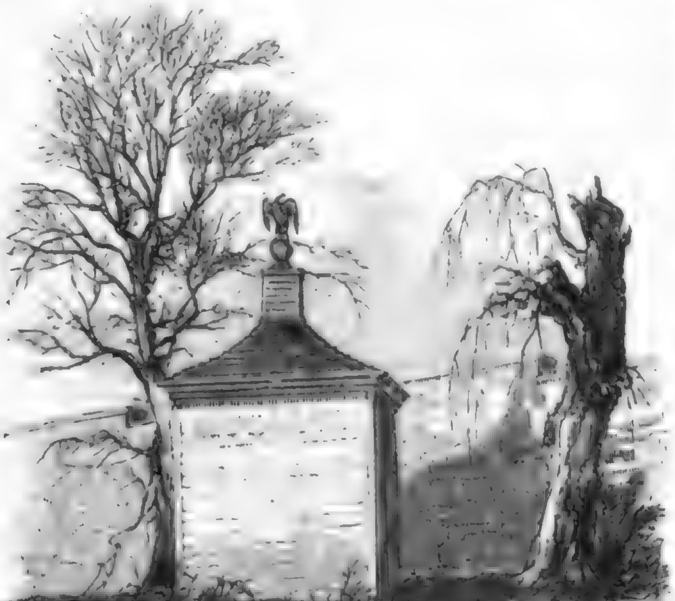
His son Charles first visited America in 1830. He had little of his father's inspiration, but by his personal

XUM



RECENT ASPECT OF THE MANHATTAN COMPANY'S WATERWORKS.

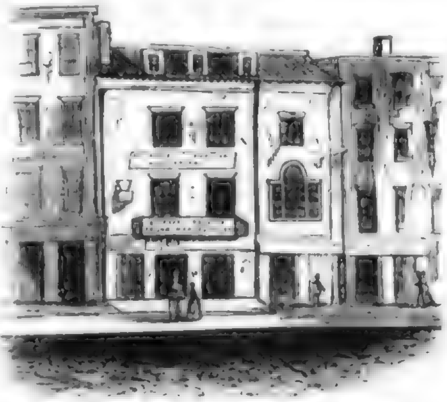
qualities and solid attainments won his way to high rank as a Shakespearean actor. He was several times in this country, and was always welcomed, none the less in his last engagements in 1845 and 1865 for the support which he had from Mrs. Kean, who had previously received the heartiest admiration on the American stage as Miss Ellen Tree in her gentle personations of *Viola*, *Beatrice*, and a host of other refined characters of the higher drama, not forgetting her memorable representation of *Talfourd's Son*.



ROMAYNE'S MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE PRISON-SHIPS.

Of the distinguished comedians who have visited America, Charles Mathews was, in point of time, as in excellence, the foremost. He first came in 1822, opening at the Park in *Goldfinch*, and played his famous round of parts in comedy and farce, with the exquisite mimicry and characterization of his entertainment, so strongly marked by his individuality, "Mathews at Home." He revisited the country in 1834, delighting a new generation of playgoers with the old humors; but his health was then failing, and he survived his tour to this country but a few months. His son Charles, who had previously married Madame Vestris, came with her, in 1838, to New York, and was supported by her in a round of light comedy characters at the Park.

Charles Kemble first appeared at this theatre on September 17th, 1832, as *Hamlet*, his daughter, Fanny Kemble, the following evening playing *Bianca* in "Fazio"; and the next, *Juliet* to her father's *Romeo*.



WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE, NEW YORK.

Tyrone Power, the best actor of Irish parts, played his first engagement at the Park, in 1833, and his last in 1841, leaving for home in the steamer *President* on her fatal voyage.

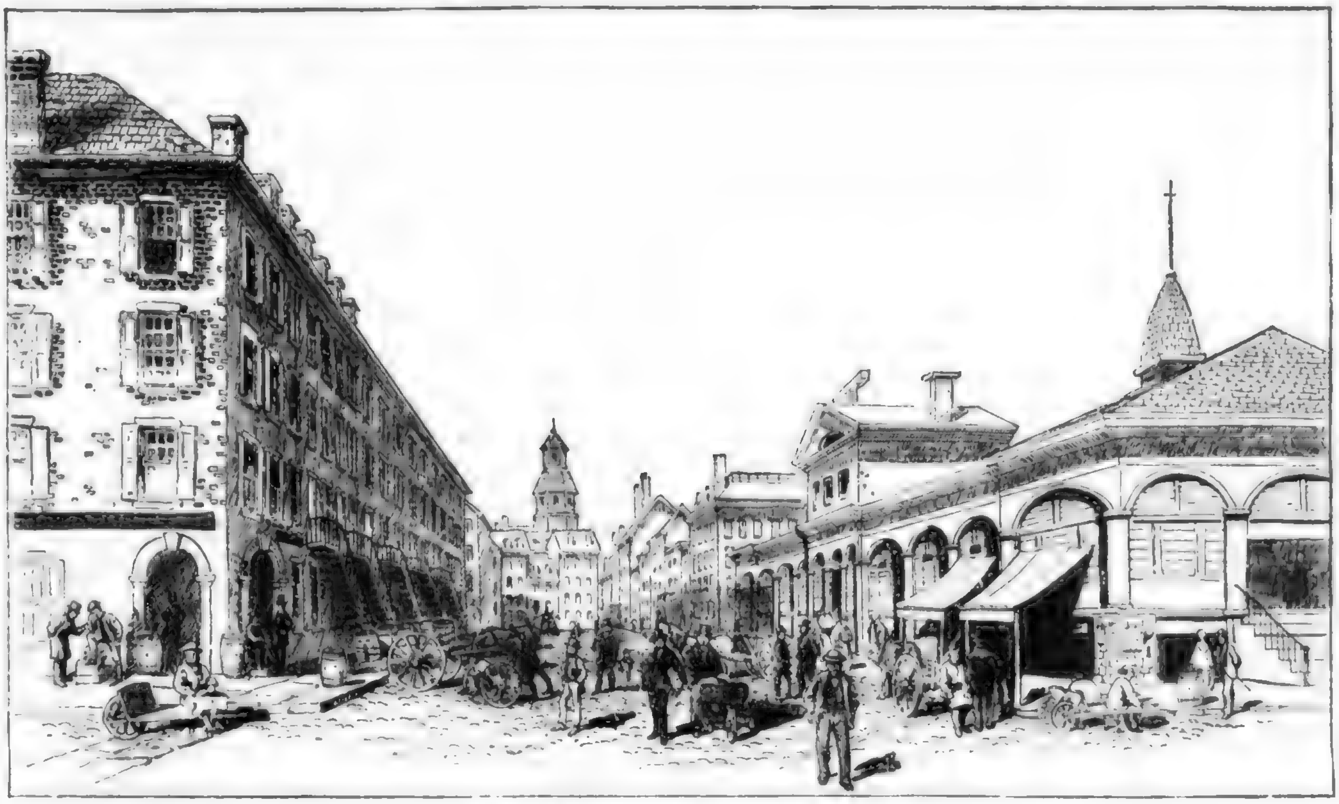
Edwin Forrest, the most distinguished, in his long career, of American tragedians, a native of Philadelphia, had been several years on the stage when he made his first appearance at the Park, in June, 1826, in the character of *Othello*. The decided impression which he made on this occasion led to his immediate engagement by Gilfert, the manager of the new Bowery Theatre, which was opened for the first time the following October.

Macready first appeared in the United States at the Park Theatre, in the character of *Virginius*, in October, 1826. He revisited the country in 1843, and again in 1848, playing his round of Shakespearean characters, with the addition of others, as Byron's *Werner*, on which he had stamped the impress of his ardent personality. The circumstances under which he was driven from the stage in New York, in the disgraceful and bloody scenes of the Astor Place riot, in May, 1849, left a stain upon the annals of the city : but there was nothing in this melancholy event or its accessories to weaken or impair the high position in which Mr. Macready had always stood before the American public. The whole affair, undertaken in a lawless spirit, was simply the action of a mob, inflamed by a few disorderly persons ; one of those violent interferences with the privileges of actors on the stage, too often permitted both in England and America, which would now be firmly crushed in the first attempt, under the better understood powers and duties of a protective police.

Mr. Forrest, it was alleged, had been unfairly reviewed, on his second professional visit to England, by certain London critics friendly to Mr. Macready. This, we believe, was the ground of a prejudice, in the assertion of which certain persons resolved to silence the performances of the latter on the American stage. Messrs. Niblo & Hackett were then managers of the Opera House, occupying the present sight of the Mercantile Library, in Astor Place, and had engaged Mr. Macready for a few nights. On the opening evening, in *Macbeth*, the actor was apparently received with enthusiasm by all the audience, but it soon became obvious, from the unintermitted clapping of hands and other noisy demonstrations, that the applause on the part of a portion of the company was but the means of silencing his performance. When the play was continued in dumb show various heavy missiles were thrown upon the stage. This violence, courageously endured for a time, soon effectually broke up the performance. The actors left the stage and the audience was dismissed. It was generally felt in the community, the next morning, that a great outrage had been committed. A letter signed by a number of influential citizens was addressed to Mr. Macready, requesting a renewal of the performance, to which he consented.

On the second evening, the 10th of May, the theatre being effectually occupied by a large force of police, Mr. Macready was permitted to go through with the representation of *Macbeth;* but, while order was maintained within the house, it was besieged from without by a large mob, who assailed the barricaded windows and endeavored to storm the building. Mr. Macready, cautiously led out by his friends, escaped attention in the crowd and was conducted to a place of safety, whence, in the night, he left the city, and joined the early train to Boston. Meantime, the military were on hand to repress the riot. The mob, now violently assailing the police and military, were fired upon. Twenty-two men were killed and thirty-six wounded, among them a number of persons accidentally passing or simply spectators. Many arrests were made, and order soon restored. Since that night there has been no attempt, we believe, to drive an actor from the stage, and public meetings have been held, when riotous opposition might, under the old system, have been exhibited, which have passed over with perfect security to the speakers in the exercise of their inestimable right of free speech. This is due to a juster appreciation of the dangers of mob license, and to the increased and better regulation of the police force of the city.

Returning to the annals of the stage from this melancholy episode : The Park Theatre, so long the pride of New Yorkers, after some change in its fortunes from its palmy days, ended its career under the management of Thomas Hamblin by a final conflagration, in December, 1848. It had been once before burnt, in 1819. Of the other theatres erected in the city, we may mention the



FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK, IN 1828.

XUM

chief—we can here do no more. The Chatham Theatre, on the street of that name, between Duane and Pearl, was erected in 1824, and was long a place of popular resort. It was afterward known as the National, and here, Mr. Ireland tells us, Edwin Booth made his first appearance in the city, at the age of fifteen, playing *Wilfred* to his father's *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in "The Iron Chest." The Richmond Hill Theatre, on the historic site of the old Revolutionary house and gardens occupied by Aaron Burr, opened in 1831, with a poetical address by Halleck, and was memorable for the first performances, the following year, of a regular Italian company in New York. Garcia's brilliant *début* at the Park was in 1826; the next year, marrying a merchant of the city, she became Madame Malibran, and the following, left the New World for her lifelong triumph in the Old. The Lafayette Theatre, in Laurens Street, converted from an amphitheatre to the legitimate drama in 1826, was consumed by fire in 1828. The Bowery Theatre, opened in 1826, was burnt in 1828, again in 1836, 1838, and 1845, and speedily rebuilt after these successive disasters, remains on its original site, the oldest theatre in the city. Niblo's Garden Theatre has been a popular institution since 1837. Its fortune was made by the pantomimic company, "The Ravels." The Broadway Theatre, between Pearl and Worth Streets, was opened in 1847, and in vogue with varying fortunes till 1858, when it was taken down. The younger Mathews played an engagement on its boards in 1857. In 1844, Signor Palmo, an Italian restaurant-keeper, whose Café des Milles Colonnes, on Broadway, had brought him a fortune, expended it in the erection and maintenance of an Opera House in Chambers Street, opposite the Park. In 1848 it passed into the hands of William E. Burton, and was well sustained by the unfailing humor of that eminent comedian till he entered into possession of the Metropolitan Theatre, on Broadway, opposite Bond Street. The Academy of Music opened in October, 1854, with Grisi and Mario in "Norma"; Booth's Theatre, on Twenty-third Street, in February, 1869, with Edwin Booth as *Romeo*.

The success of the Revolution, with the establishment of the new government, securing the means of national prosperity, encouraged in every direction the material development of the country. Then, with the incentive of freedom, began that exercise of industry in agriculture, trade, commerce, the mechanic arts, which has never flagged in its great work of subduing a vast continent to the generous uses of civilization. The restless minds of inventors were set at work in every direction where there was a difficulty to be overcome or a facility in art or nature to be gained.

It is to the credit of New York that several of the great achievements of the century which have given wings to the movements of the modern world were first exhibited in its busy theatre of human action. Foremost amongst these was the application of steam to river and ocean navigation. The idea of turning this agent to account in propelling vessels existed probably as a vague notion in the minds of many from the time its powers were first subjected to any mechanical uses or experiments. We read of Blasco de Garay, a Spanish sea-captain of Charles V., at the middle of the sixteenth century, moving a ship of two hundred tons in the harbor of Barcelona by some steam agency, at the rate of three miles an hour. In 1681 Dr. Papin, a Frenchman, projected an atmospheric engine to be employed in working the paddles of a boat, and various others at intervals were intent upon the matter, until James Watt, in 1782, by his improvement in the steam-engine, in supplying a convenient motive power, rendered the thing really practicable. Even after this date there were various efforts on a small scale, more or less defective, which succeeded in illustrating the principle without achieving any important success. Chief among these were the experiments of the Connecticut inventor, John Fitch, who in 1787 enlisted various citizens of Philadelphia in his plans, which resulted, in 1790, in the construction of a steamboat, which, moved by oars or paddles working perpendicularly, was for a short time employed on the Delaware in trips to Burlington. In 1796 this same ingenious person exhibited in New York, on the waters of the Collect, a ship's yawl, fitted with simple steam machinery, working a screw propeller. The name of James Rumsey deserves to be remembered with that of Fitch for his ingenious, though unsuccessful, effort at steam navigation Colonel John C. Stevens, at his foundry, opposite New York, at Hoboken, constructed in 1804 a small steamboat, moved by a propeller, which was tried successfully on the Hudson, and was succeeded by a larger experimental vessel, similarly constructed, in 1806 In these early experiments Stevens was associated with Chancellor Livingston, who, in 1798, secured from the Legislature a grant of the monopoly of the waters of the State for twenty years, for steam navigation, provided he constructed a boat within a year capable of making four miles an hour. The Bill, when it was introduced by Dr. Mitchill into the Assembly, was laughed at as an idle, whimsical project, and long continued a standing jest of the House. Brunel, subsequently the engineer of the Thames Tunnel, was also concerned in these experiments of the Stevens workshop, which, unsuccessful for the time, but making progress slowly, were advancing to ultimate success.

The appointment of Livingston as Minister to France in 1801 dissolved the connection with Stevens, but not, as it proved, his co-operation with the great work of the application of steam to navigation; for it was in the City of Paris that he met with Robert Fulton, and entered upon that association with him which resulted in successfully placing the first really successful steamboat for practical purposes on any of the waters of the world. The mind of Fulton, from his boyhood in Pennsylvania to the end of his days, was ever teeming with inventions and new scientific application. Entering upon life as an artist, he had sought and obtained the friendship of Benjamin West, in London, and had improved his opportunities in England in making the acquaintance of the Earl of Bridgewater, and other influential patrons of science. In 1793 he had addressed a letter to Earl Stanhope on the subject of applying steam to navigation. He was intent on various matters: the science of canals, on which he published a treatise; and in 1797 visited Paris with the design of bringing before the French Government his invention of the torpedo and its accompanying machinery for blowing up an enemy's vessels in time of war. He resided with Joel Barlow, and when Livingston came he had a ready listener to his schemes of steam navigation. A successful experiment was made on the Seine, and an engine ordered from Watt & Bolton, at Birmingham, to secure the success of the enterprise at New York, where Fulton arrived at the close of 1806, and, while the construction of his steamboat was proceeding, edified the town by an exhibition in the harbor of the operation of his "torpedo warfare" in blowing up, off Governor's Island, an old brig by a submarine explosion. Livingston, who had returned to the city, readily obtained from the Legislature, in association with Fulton, a renewal of his former privilege of navigating the waters of the State.

On the eve of the completion of the steamboat, Fulton, to supply the necessary funds, offered one-third of the patent right for sale, but the project was thought too chimerical to warrant a purchaser in coming forward. At last, in the Spring of 1807, the boat was launched from the shipyard of Charles Brown, on the East River, and, supplied with the English engine, was moved in August to her station, opposite the city, on the Hudson. Her success on the trial-trip, on which Livingston and Fulton were accompanied by Drs. Mitchill, McNeven, and others of their friends, was complete. "Nothing," says Colden, "could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause."

The boat was named the *Clermont*, after Livingston's seat on the Hudson. Her first voyage to Albany was the realization of a great triumph to her projectors. It was the cause of as much astonishment to the sloop navigators on the river and many of the good people on the shore as had been the ascent of Henry Hudson with the *Half Moon* to the natives nearly two centuries before. An object coming out of the darkness, lit up by a streaming flame ascending from the pine wood of the furnace above the summit of the smoke-pipe, accompanied by showers of sparks of fire, its approach against wind and tide heralded by the heavy beating of the paddles and the jarring of the machinery, might well excite surprise and alarm among those who had never even heard before of such a creation. The voyage to Albany, 150 miles, was made in thirty-two hours; the return passage to New York, in thirty hours—about five miles an hour.

In his account of the voyage, written to his friend, Joel Barlow, Fulton says: "The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York there were not, perhaps, thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors. Having employed much time, money and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the innovation."

There were no more sneers and cheap witticisms after this. The demonstration was complete. Scarcely had Fulton triumphed when another steamer, the *Phenix*, was sent forth, fully equipped, from the Stevens foundry. Owing to the monopoly granted to Fulton, she was not permitted to compete with the *Clermont* in New York waters, but was successfully employed between this city and New Brunswick, and was afterward, in June, 1808, carried round by Robert L. Stevens to Philadelphia, being the first seagoing steamer on record. She was for many years in the Delaware, carrying passengers and freight from Philadelphia to Trenton.

Steam-power being now established on the Hudson, it remained only to improve the accommodations of the vessels and increase their speed. The *Clermont* was rebuilt in the Winter after her first voyage, various defects of the machinery being overcome, and became the established packet-boat on the river. A second, the *Car of Neptune*, followed, with the *Chancellor Livingston*, of 526 tons, and others. In 1814 Robert L. Stevens, who had devised many improvements in the construction of boats and engines, the State monopoly having been set aside by the Supreme Court, placed on the Hudson the *New Philadelphia*, with the then unprecedented speed of thirteen and a half miles per hour, which presently was considerably increased by a modification in the form of the vessel.

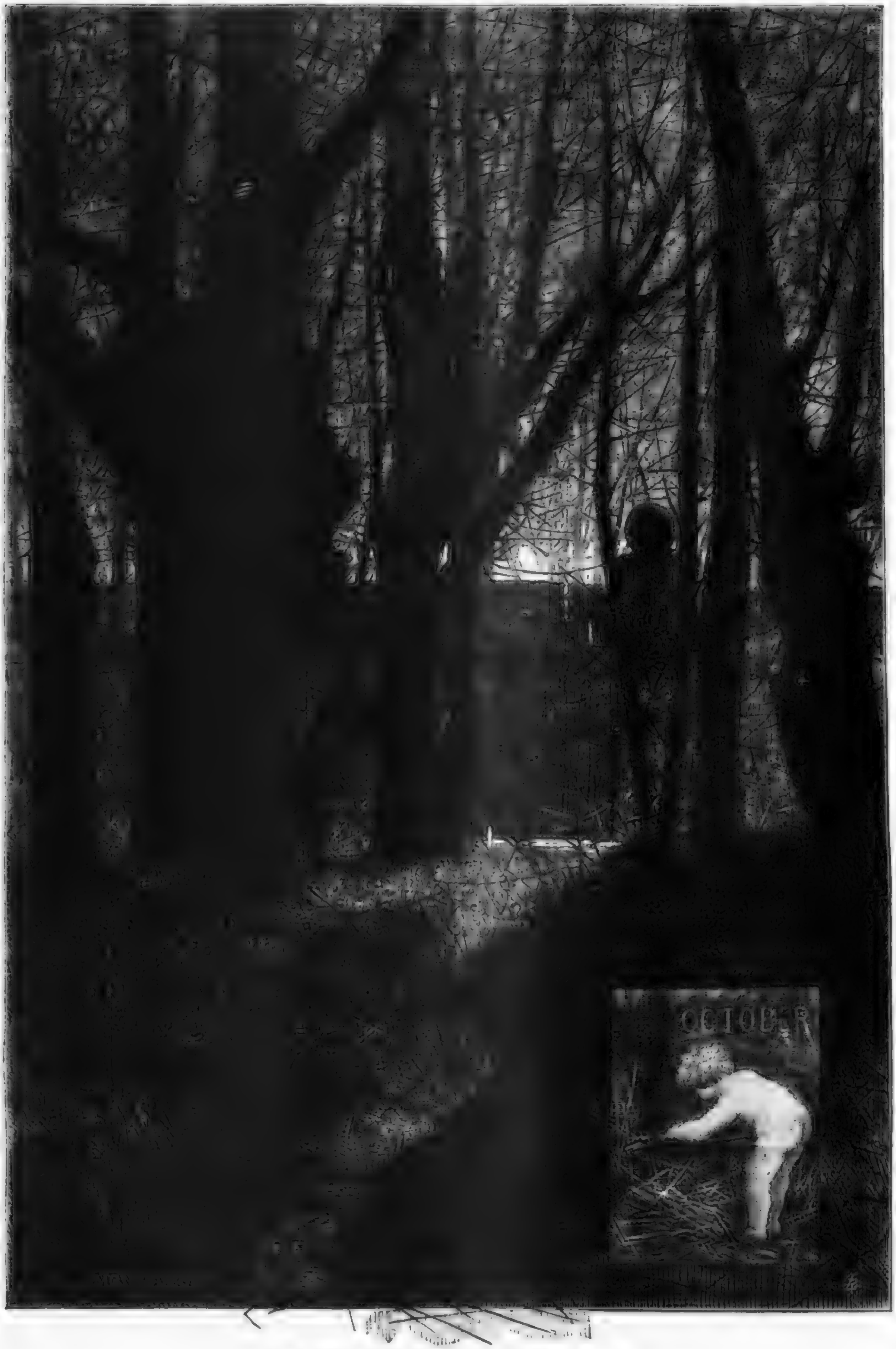
Among the foreign claimants of the introduction of steam navigation is a Scottish gentleman, Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, an experiment on the application of paddlewheels to boats, who called to his aid William Symington, an engineer, who was engaged in adapting the steam engine to wheeled carriages. An engine constructed by the latter was fitted to Miller's boat, which was put in operation as early as 1789, on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Another successful experiment by Symington on an improved scale grew out of the use of Watt's double-acting engine, in 1801. But whatever the merits of this affair, it was without any immediate practical results. It was not till 1812, five years after Fulton had established steam navigation on the Hudson, that the first regular passenger steamer made its appearance in Great Britain, on the Clyde.*

To Fulton belongs also the honor of planning and constructing the first steam vessel of war. This was the celebrated steam frigate built in accordance with his plans, by order of Government, and named after him, the *Fulton*, which was launched in the harbor of New York on the last day of October, 1814. This vessel was contrived, not for ocean navigation, but for harbor protection, being built on two boats or keels, with an open channel between, in which the water-wheel revolved. She was stoutly constructed, carried a heavy armament, and previous to the days of ironclads was considered a formidable instrument of defense. Fulton did not live to see the completion of this vessel. The immediate cause of his death, in February, 1815, is attributed to his unseasonable exposure in his anxiety to forward the work. He was still suffering from an attack of illness, when he passed some hours on the deck of the frigate, at the navy yard, bringing on the relapse which terminated his life.

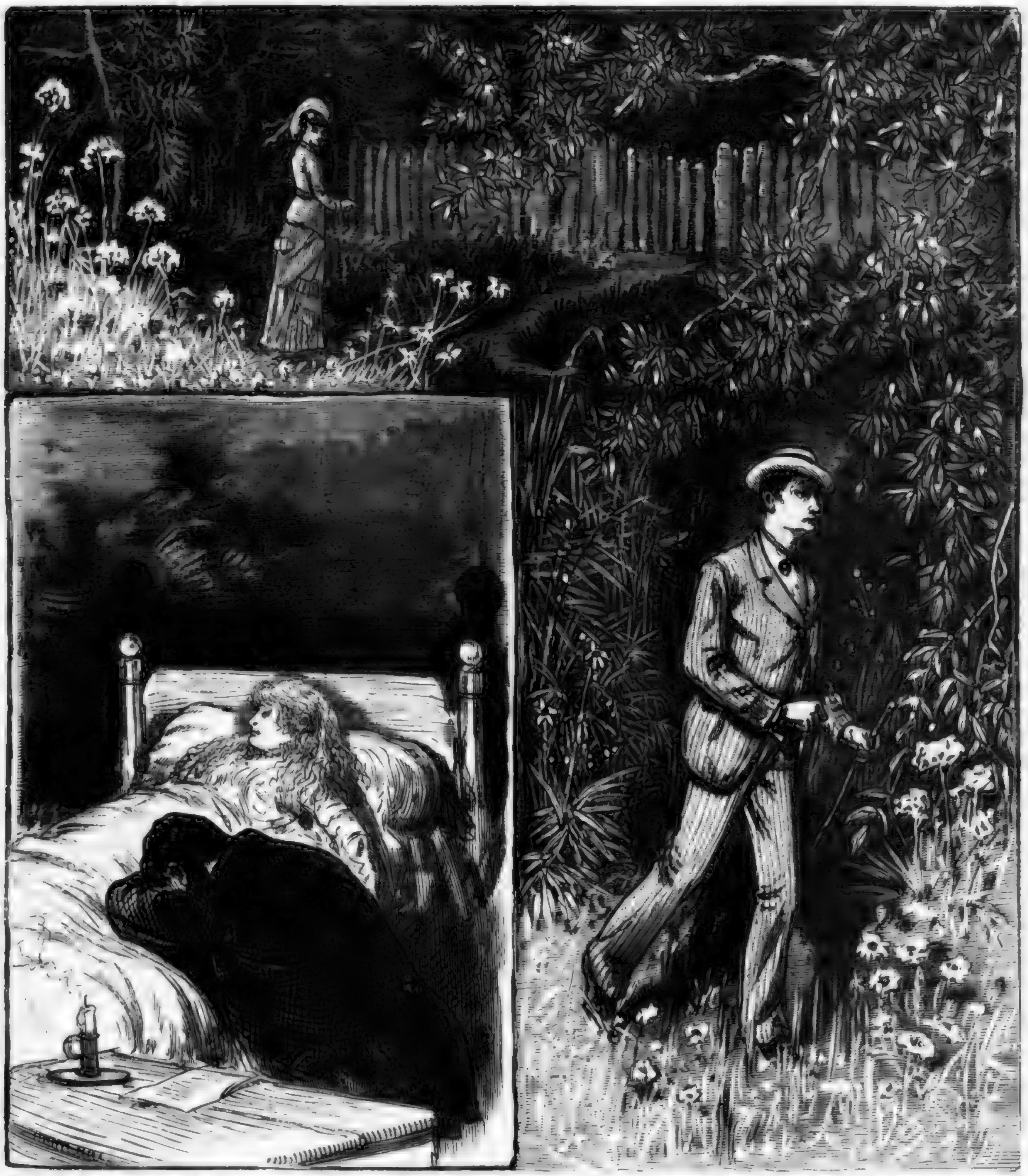
The first steamship which crossed the Atlantic Ocean, the *Savannah* was built at New York, of three hundred and eighty tons, ship rigged, provided with a horizontal engine, working side paddles, capable of being easily removed at sea. She left the harbor for Liverpool, under the command of Captain Moses Rogers, on the 26th of May, 1819, and was twenty-five days crossing the Atlantic, during eighteen of which she was under steam. Her owners contemplated her purchase by the Emperor of

---

* Enc. Brit., Art. "Steam Navigation."



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—OCTOBER.—BY MONTBARD.



SUNFLOWER.—"LARRY TURNED AWAY WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD." . . . . "YES, IT WAS DEATH! HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES BESIDE THE BED."

Russia. She sailed from Liverpool to St. Petersburg in July, and arrived at Cronstadt in September. Russia declining her purchase, she returned to the United States arriving at Savannah in November. Her steam machinery being removed, she was subsequently employed as a sailing packet between Savannah and New York. She was finally wrecked on Long Island.

A vessel sailing partly by steam, the *Curoçoa*, built in England, made the voyage from Holland to the West Indies in 1829. The first purely steam vessel which crossed the Atlantic was the *Sirius*, of about seven hundred tons, which had been employed as a packet, between London and Cork. She sailed from London on April 4th, 1838, with ninety-four passengers, and reached New York on the 23d, after a voyage of eighteen days. The *Great Western*, a steamer built expressly to cross the Atlantic, of fifteen hundred and forty tons, sailed from Bristol on the 7th of the same month, and reached New York in fifteen days, a few hours after the arrival of the *Sirius*, thus successfully demonstrating, in the face of the theoretical proof of Dr. Lardner and others to the contrary, the easy practicability of steam navigation on the Atlantic.

SUNFLOWER.

A SKY of cloudless azure, that seemed to touch the mountain-tops; a noonday July sun, that sent its arrows of gold into the darkest mountain clefts, and startled the timid ferns, and made the mountain streams dance for joy; a place of rock and pine and barren strips of land, only rescued from sterility by ceaseless care; a few

XUM

houses, brown and time-stained, with a bit of garden gay with hollyhock, mingled with onions and potatoes ; and always in some odd corner, tall and regal—sitting, as it were, on golden thrones—the once-despised, now royally elect in the realms of art—the sunflower.

Flowers of the sun, they welcomed him eagerly ; they shook out their yellow hair ; they turned their faces longingly after him, like fond maidens after their lovers ; they seemed to live for him alone, while he, in true masculine fashion, shone for *all*.

Under a tall group of these regal yellow flowers, and holding a great wide-opened one over her head to keep off a stray beam of sunshine that struck her brown eyes, sat a young girl.

There was a slight breeze that stirred her long hair—soft, fluffy, yellow hair, half waved, half curled—crowning her with a sort of aureole. Her brown dress, of well-worn velveteen, clung so caressingly to her form that it seemed to fit her like the calyx of a flower ; and her face, rosy and white, flower-tinted, only showed more fresh and bright in the searching sunshine.

Her eyes, brown and velvety, and darkly fringed, roved here and there from the mountain shadow to the plumy pines, and then came back to the face of a young man who stood near her.

"Larry, don't be sentimental. I hate it," she drawled, provokingly. "Why didn't you look for one of those Bartlett pears ? There must be some on the tree yet."

The young man, a plain-looking, athletic fellow, evidently country-born and bred, bit his lip to restrain some impatient answer. He had a world of force and will expressed in his face ; but he had been this girl's slave for years—ever since he had first seen her in short frocks. One glance of those brown, velvet eyes could subjugate him in a moment.

"Why don't you ask your fine new friend ?" he muttered, gloomily.

"Oh, he's so busy !" cried the girl, eager to torment him. "He's painting my picture. Of course I don't want to be eating pears in that. It's too lovely for anything ! But Paul says——"

"Who ?" exclaimed the other, suddenly.

"Paul. Good gracious, how you startle me ! Your eyes literally shot fire."

And the girl held the sunflower between them, as if to shield herself from those angry eyes.

"It seems to me you have grown familiar on short acquaintance," he said, with a great effort at self-restraint.

"Oh, I feel as if I had known him all my life ! And do you know, *he* says that he had a presentiment about me ! He was not at all surprised when he saw me. He had a strange feeling, as if he had expected me—as if I had been waiting for him somewhere in his life !"

"Good-by !" cried Larry, turning away with a suppressed oath.

He could not bear it. He felt as if he were on the rack, and this smiling girl, with her fresh, sweet face, were turning the screws. The girl started up.

"Good gracious ! don't go. It's so horribly hot, and I haven't a thing to amuse me."

"Thank you. I don't care to serve for your amusement."

"Oh, come, Larry, don't be disagreeable. Come and sit down by me. You'll be sunstruck if you go out in this. You'll be sunburnt."

Larry could not help laughing. His face was so brown and tanned already that the idea was ridiculous. But he could not resist the shapely little hand held out to him. He took it and kissed it, and then held it fast.

"I have not *Paul's* complexion," he said ; "mine is warranted. How has he painted you ? Is the picture for me ?"

"He is going to make two—one for Aunt Zeph, if she likes it. How hateful she is ! Do you know what she said when Paul asked her how she came to call me Sunflower ?"

"No. Why was it ? I thought it was because you liked them so much when you were a little toddler—the big bright flowers ; or, perhaps, because you have such a long name. Esmeralda is too grand for an everyday household word."

"No. Aunt Zeph said it was because I always turned toward ease and comfort, and cared for nothing else ; that I would turn a cold shoulder on my dearest friends if misfortune's storms overtook them ; that I was a fair-weather friend, seeking the sunshine always—always, like the sunflower."

Larry was silent. Dearly as he loved the girl, he recognized the truth in this diagnosis of character.

"But Paul didn't mind. If Aunt Zeph imagined she could prejudice me in his eyes, she was mistaken. He says he likes sunshine as well as I do, and we are alike."

"As like as two butterflies," muttered Larry. "And for whom is the other picture ?" he asked.

"Oh, for Paul, of course, when he makes it. Why, he gives Aunt Zeph hers just for the pleasure of getting one himself."

Larry starts up as if he had been sitting on a hornet's nest.

"Sunflower," he cried, angrily, "do you care for me at all ?"

"Of course I do," very promptly.

"Then you will not give your picture to another man."

"I like you very much. I shall never forget how good you have been to *me* when Aunt Zeph was so cross and stingy, and all the cherries you used to bring me, and the nuts, and all. But, Larry, I don't think I love you—not as you want. I think my feeling for you is what I would have for a dear, dear brother."

"Oh, the deuce !" muttered Larry, between his teeth.

"You know I never promised anything," the girl said, looking at him frankly with her wide brown eyes.

He might have read how hopeless was his case in those unshadowed depths. If he had once seen those eyes cast down before Paul Malden's swift glances, and the face suffused in blushes, he would have known. But he clung the very shadow of a hope. He seized the little hand and said, softly :

"Darling, I will be satisfied with what you can give me. I shall make your love warmer, if you will give me time."

"Time !" echoed the girl, with a mocking laugh. "Why, you've been seven years already !"

Larry winced. The laugh sounded heartless.

"But I will serve seven more for such a wife !" he cried, with that imbecile infatuation common to lovers.

"Sunflower !" sounded a sharp voice from the door of the little brown house, and a tall, gaunt woman, in a gingham sunbonnet, with a tin pail in her hand, appeared. "Where be you ? I must hev some flour this blessed minute, and just you hunt abeout for an egg or so. Them air flannel-cakes never riz, and I must lighten 'em up someheow."

The girl started up with alacrity, and Larry wondered that no frown marred her pretty face.

"You shall not go," he said, eagerly. "I will do it for you !"

The girl smiled up in his face—such an innocent, radiant smile—when, half an hour afterward, he returned with a flushed face.

"How good you are!" she cried. "I am so glad you got the things, for *Paul is coming to tea.*"

Larry dropped the basket, at the imminent danger of breaking the eggs, and turned away without another word. Not even the sound of his name, pronounced by the woman he loved, brought him back. He strode down the dust-white path, on—on to where the trees closed over it, where the mountain-ways began leading him knee-deep in ferns and lichens and wild flowers. The golden-rod blazed everywhere—that lavish gold of the Autumn days.

He threw himself down upon the ground, ruthlessly crushing a myriad spikes of its bloom. He knew by the crimson leaves that dropped upon him that the Summer was nearly over, and he felt as if a pall had suddenly been let down upon its glory and its warmth.

What was there left to him now, if this girl had given her heart to another? What would he do with his life if she were snatched out of it? She had been the life of his life so long! She had liked him; she would have loved him but for the newcomer—this Paul Maulden, with his silky mustache, his melancholy eyes, his style and manner, his faultless clothes, and all the nameless power of fascination that belongs to the man of the world.

Larry looked at his own coarse, red hands and thick boots, and groaned.

"A woman's heart is a riddle," he said. "I could defend her from an enemy with these, but she would like Paul's slim white hands much better. Well, well, we will see whose hands she will choose to place hers in for life. I must put it to the test. I cannot go on in this way, or I shall go mad."

So, having decided that any certainty was better than suspense, Larry waited a few days to give his treasure time to reflect, and then took his way to the little brown cottage.

As he neared it, the strong man felt a strange trembling pass over him. Now that he was near her, now that he felt that for him all would be settled in a few moments, the pulses of life seemed to stand still.

After all, perhaps, doubt was better than a verdict that would take away all the light and warmth and bloom of his life. He leaned a moment on the little gate.

There were the sunflowers standing up grandly, holding up their golden crowns in the sunshine—yellow chalices, brimful, as it were, with aurient wine—but the girl was not stretched beneath them to-day.

No glimpse of the dunbrown velvet dress and floating yellow hair was to be seen. The house-door was closed—a strange thing on such a Summer day; even the windows above were tight. The house was not awake—at least, it had not opened its eyes; yet it was high noon.

A strange chill crept over Larry as he looked about him. He felt a subtle change in the atmosphere. Something had happened. Horrible visions of some tragedy flashed into his mind.

His blood seemed to congeal to ice, and he hastened his steps and knocked hurriedly at the closed door—a knock that seemed to shudder through the silence.

However, he did not wait long. A well-known voice, with a sharp edge to it, called out "Come!" and he felt his heart beat once more.

"Still, there must be something the matter; the room looked strangely in order. There was no preparation for dinner.

Aunt Zeph sat in one corner, a bit of a note in her hand, staring dully before her. Her face, always colorless and thin, looked very wan and drawn in that blaze of sunlight.

Before Larry could speak she had welcomed him with a look, but did not seem able to speak. There was an unutterable grief in her poor old face, and the hand that held the note trembled so that it made a rustling like a dead leaf. Larry had only one thought.

"Is she sick?" he asked.

"Oh, worse, worse!"

"Dead?" he gasped.

"Worse than that! Here, I ain't got the heart. I'm too upset by it all to tell ye; but read—read!" And she held out the note, which was crushed and torn.

But Larry could read it. It was very short, yet it took him a long time, for he could not believe the words he read, and he went over them twice:

> "DEAR AUNT: I am going away with the man I love. He has to go in a hurry, and there was no time to make arrangements. But he cannot live without me, he says, nor can I live without him. We are to be married in the city. I feel provoked that I am not to have a regular wedding, with flowers and white satin, but he says that will come afterward. You will be angry, I know; but I love him. He is the light of my life—my sun—and you know I am only a poor little sunflower."

"When did she go?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Last night, I s'pose. I found that at bedtime. I went to her room by chance to get some toothache-drops, and there I saw no signs of her. Oh, how could she?—how could she? I've slaved for her and loved her, and—but, lor'! it was her natur' to do jest what she'd a mind ter—she always did."

"And you have not done anything?"

"Lor', no! What could be done? She's of age—eighteen last week. The minx knew what she was about! I ain't got a might of authority now."

Larry groaned.

There was, indeed, nothing to be de done. He could only offer to serve the poor old woman in any way possible, and then he left her alone with her grief. His own was so much heavier, madder, fiercer.

Poor Aunt Zeph never questioned the good faith of the man for whom Sunflower had forsaken her; but Larry knew more of human nature than the old-maid recluse. A thought rankled in his heart and worked like madness in his brain.

He knew an honorable man would never have acted in such a way, and he feared everything.

He could not rest. A fever fired his heart and burned in every vein. He must know the worst.

Weeks passed, then months, without a clew. He left his home and found some work in a neighboring city, to which he at last traced them.

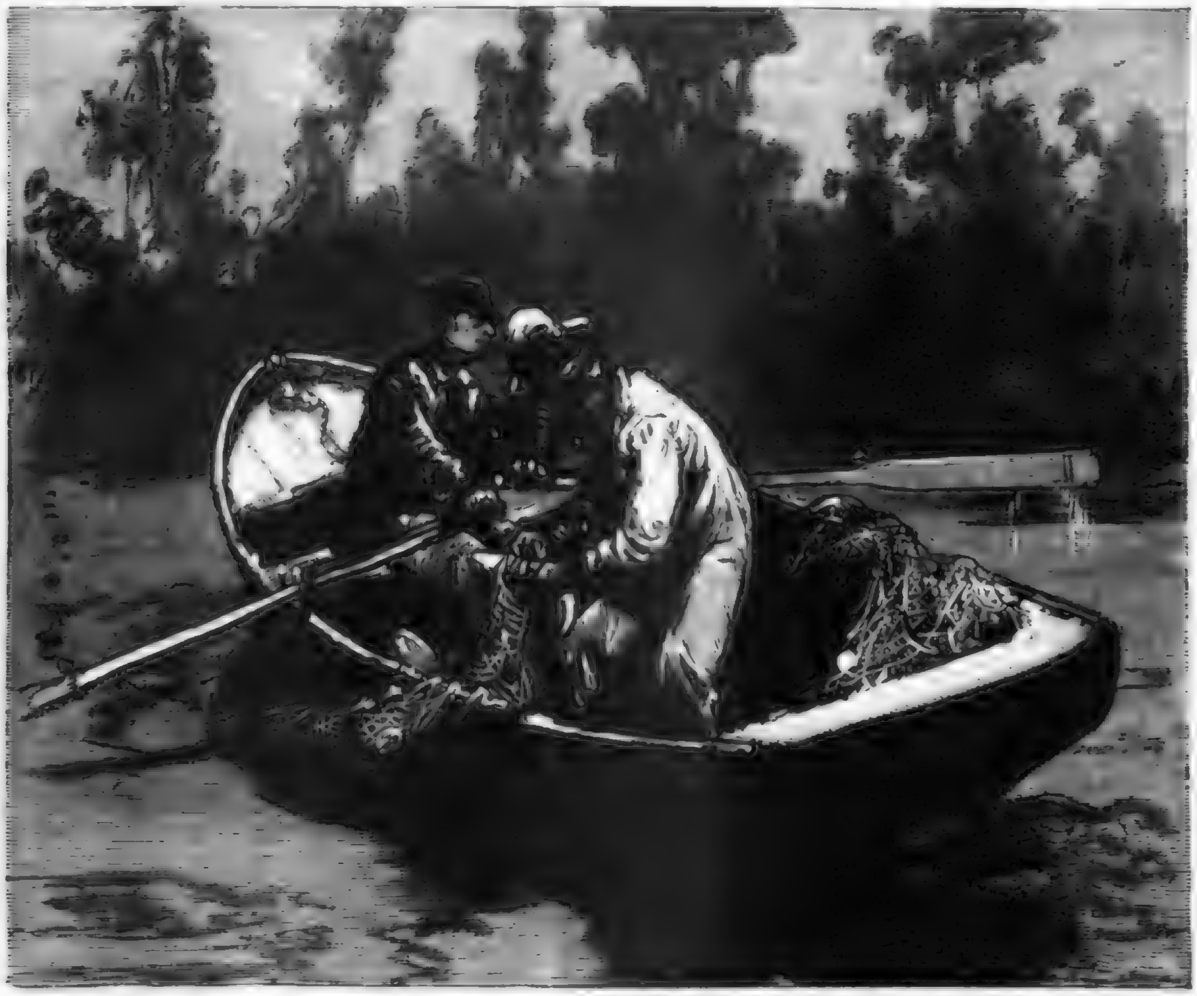
Then, one night—a cold night of sleet and storm—he traced her who had so long been lost in the dark depths of a great town. She was alone—deserted—and trying to find work.

Deserted! Larry's heart beat high at the word.

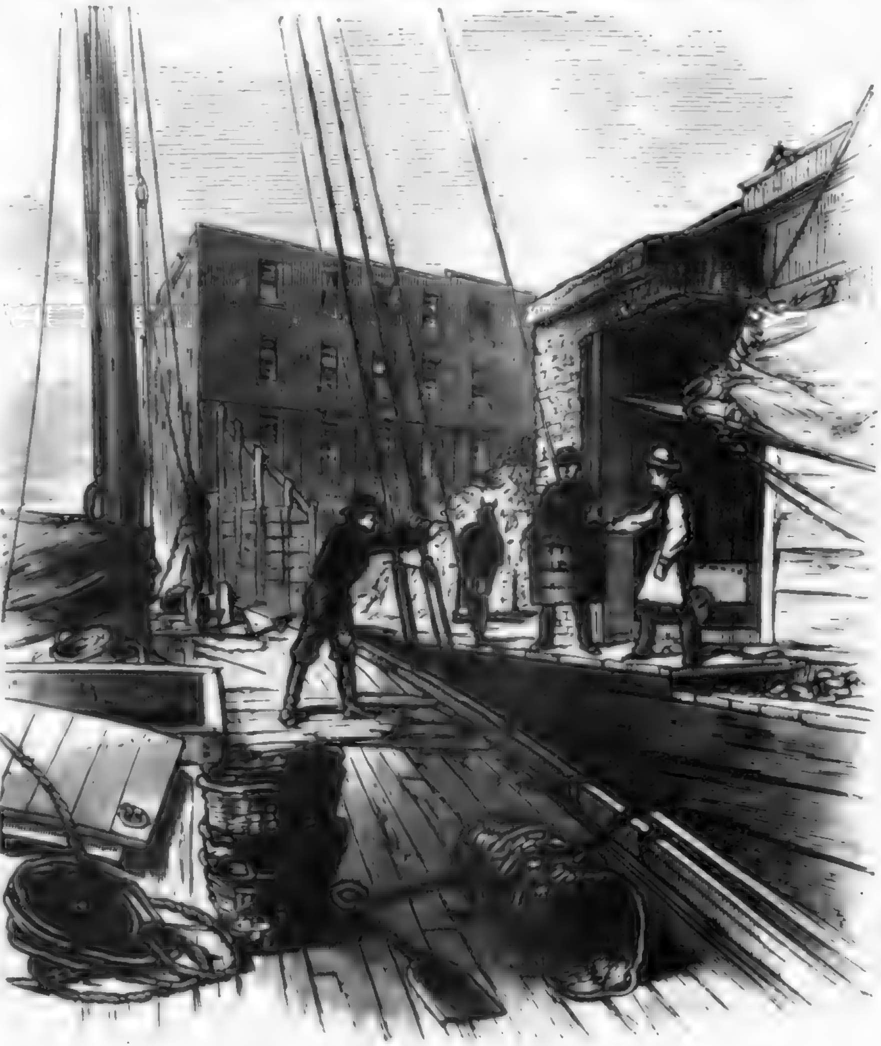
No, not deserted, for he was there, as ready to do battle for her as was ever knight of old for the stainless lady of his love; for his love was of that rare kind that the fire of anguish could not burn it, nor the great flood-tides of guilt wash it away.

He found the house—a tenement house in a squalid neighborhood. It was evening, but the narrow staircase was not lighted. He heard a drunken man stumbling up before him. A blood-curdling oath sounded through the darkness.

He found the door, as directed. No voice answered



THE PROGRESS OF OUR FISHERIES.—GILL-NET FISHING.—SEE PAGE 503.



THE TRADE IN OYSTERS.

his knock. He opened it at last, and stood for a moment as if turned into stone. The room was almost bare. There was no carpet on the dingy floor, no curtain at the smeared window.

On the table stood a cup of untasted tea and a crust, and near it sat a young girl.

Oh, not her! Oh, for God's sake! not Sunflower—that wan, haggard, disheveled creature, with the yellow hair tangled on her neck, the white, colorless face, the livid lips, the wild brown eyes, the clutched hands, the feet that beat a restless tattoo on the bare floor.

Yes; she has lifted her eyes to his, with a strange horror in their depths. She is not mad; she knows him. She speaks:

"What do you want?"

Larry's heart beats horribly. A ghastly sickness comes over him, but he manages to answer:

"I want you."

She stands up then with a hot spark in her eye and a flush on her cheek.

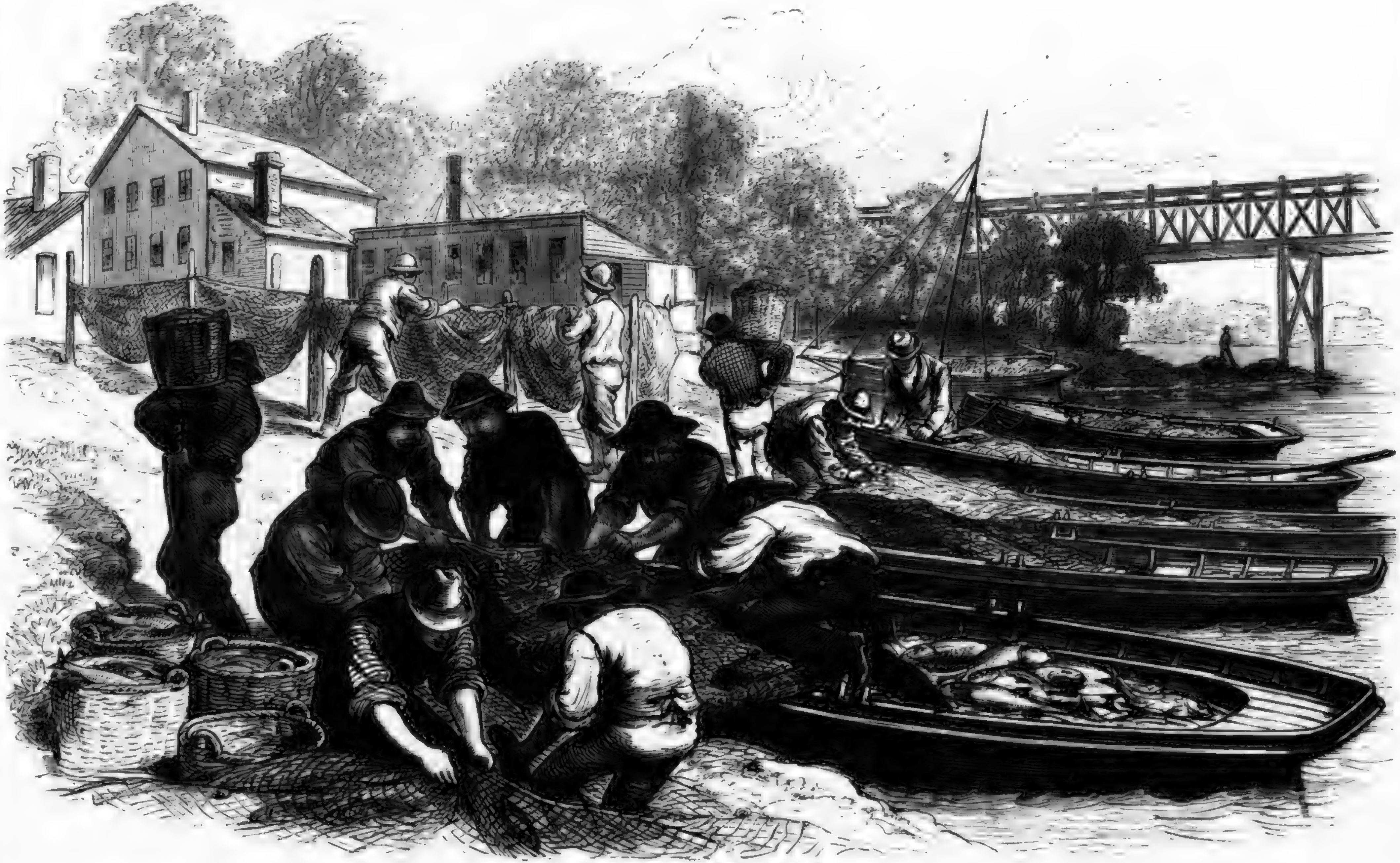
"Do you come to insult me?"

"No; in God's name, I swear I am here to help you!"

She cast down her eyes.

"You do not know. You cannot know!"

"I know *all!*" Larry hastened to answer. "Yes, I know, but it does not change my



SALMON-FISHING AT SAN FRANCISCO.

love—nothing can change that, dear. You do not understand."

"What!" she said, a slow comprehension coming into her face. "*You* love me spite of this—this shame—spite of what I am?"

"Yes; I want *you.* You are down; I will lift you up. You shall be my wife, if you will—if you care for me."

"Care for you! I ought to drop down on the floor to kiss the dust from your shoes. To think—to think I had the love of such a man, and threw it away! Oh, the pity of it—the pity of it!"

The trouble and sin had wakened the deeper nature in the frivolous girl. How different she was from the bright creature who had jeered at his love and mocked all sentiment!

But in a moment the fire and light faded from her face, and left it pale and haggard as before.

"It is too late—too late!" she moaned. "Leave me. I am going to die—I have begun to die. Don't you see death in my face? Women like me ought to die. There is nothing else——"

"No! no! no!" cried Larry, seizing her hand, "you must live! I will help you to live! You are so young, my poor darling! You were so innocent! You have many a fair new leaf to turn open in the book of life."

"Do you not think I would not always be turning back to that one, all blotted and stained as it is? Larry, I am not the girl you have known. I am something you do not know—something hard, bitter, defiant—ready to curse God and die."

How changed she was! What depths of desolate darkness in the brown eyes! what tears of pain and penitence had washed those cheeks and taken away their bloom! what spasms of anguish contracted the sweetly curved lips, once like a ripe cherry! what vigils had wasted the face and taken its light and bloom away!

Poor Sunflower! So fond of warmth and love, how changed she was, now that she knew what storm and terror and darkness meant!

Yet Larry looked at her with new tenderness.

It was in this man's nature that, the more desolate and forsaken, the more utterly the fair places in her life were laid waste, the more fond and pitying became his love. He longed to shelter and protect her. She would be doubly his own.

But Sunflower had sunk back, exhausted by her brief passion. Her face grew fixed again in its blank despair. She scarcely listened to his pleading words.

Her eyes seemed to stare dumbly at some unseen thing, as if nothing in this world could rouse her to interest again.

Larry went there again and again. He took her books and flowers and bonbons. She did not look at them.

She sometimes roused, when a word touched on her old life, as if something had suddenly stung her; when he talked about the future she looked at him with wonder.

Once she roused herself from her lethargy to say:

"There is no one like you, Larry; there is not such another true, unselfish nature in the world. Do not love me—do not waste your time with me. I care enough for you to beg you to leave me."

"I shall never leave you—never go till you promise to go with me," Larry said, his heart suddenly beating hard. "Dear, won't you let me comfort you—make up to you for all the past? I know what I am doing. I am not a silly boy carried away by a fancy. Whatever you are, you are all to me. No other woman can fill your place. I need you, darling, to make me happy. Do you know that in making me happy you may find your own happiness?"

A gleam of light came into the brown, velvety eyes; some of the old beauty hovered about the girlish face. Her hair was no longer neglected, and she wore a knot of lace at her throat.

Larry took this as a good sign.

"If I was sure I could make you happy," she said, half-wistfully, "what better could I do with my life? It would be better, perhaps, than—— But no! How would you bear it when your wife would be scorned, when her past would be raked up and a story of shame whispered about? Would it not stab you with sharper pangs than you feel now? No, Larry, I cannot believe that you could endure that unmoved."

"I can endure anything but to lose you!" he cried.

The girl looked at him wonderingly.

"Ah!" she cried, with a bitter wail of untold anguish, "this is love. How different——"

She broke off suddenly with a sob, and Larry knew she was thinking of the selfish passion that had worked her woe. Rousing herself a moment after, she said:

"You are right. I must give you some answer. You deserve it. I must not keep you longer in suspense. Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Larry's heart bounded joyously. He touched her hand reverently with his lips, and saw a hot tide of blood sweep up over her pale face.

Could it be that his devotion had touched her heart at last? that, bruised and crushed as it had been, there was yet a pulse beating for the old days for him?

"My happiness is in your hand," he whispered; and then he did not trust himself to say more.

He went home in a tumult of feeling, half fear, half hope.

The night brought only troubled dreams; the day, a thousand fears. He heard the sounds of the work-day world as in a dream. How busy people were while life was standing still with him—while the pulses of life waited for the answer!

At last the slow, sad hours ebbed away, and he stood once more on the threshold of her door. He had a bouquet in his hand—fair, white flowers of purity and fragrance. When she told him what he hoped, he would lay it in her hands.

There is no sound in return to his knock. He waits and listens, his own heart-beating filling the ominous silence. Not a stir, or a sigh, or the faintest rustle of her dress.

A nameless horror seizes him. He dashes open the door suddenly. There is a dull light. Ah, she is lying on the hard bed—sick, faint, in a swoon! What is it? He staggers forward. Her eyes are closed. The yellow hair has fallen upon the pillow.

He seizes the candle and holds it close. A hand seems clutching at his heart—tighter, closer, till he ceases to breathe.

He holds the candle nearer, till the light strikes the white, stiff face, and falls upon the hair—

"The light upon the yellow hair, but not within the eyes;
The light still there upon the hair, and *death* within the eyes!"

Yes, it was death. Never more to her could sorrow come—or shame. The short, bitter story was ended for ever.

Larry dropped on his knees before the bed. A sudden darkness came over him. He grew weak as a little child.

He took one of the slender hands in his. There was something clutched tightly in the rigid fingers. He disengaged it with difficulty. It was for him.

> "Did you think, my poor Larry, that because I had spoiled my own life I would consent to spoil yours? No, no! I care too much for you for that. The glamour of love is over you now, but there would come a time when you would remember; and I—I could never forget. You made me hesitate for a moment; you touched my heart—this poor battered heart that another had spurned and cast away. Do you think the old pain would cease to throb, even in your arms? No, Larry; there would be the old wound that would never heal. You deserve something better, stronger, purer, than I. Your great heart could not long rest on such as I am. I dare not try it, though a hunger comes over me at times for the comfort of your love. No. It is better that I should die. Dying, you will forget my faults—you will only remember that you loved me. My poor boy, there are myriads of sweet and fresh flowers in the world. Why should you stoop to pick up out of the mire a crushed and broken sunflower?"

That was all. The poor child had taken her fate in her own hands, but who shall limit the mercy of God? Who can tell what prayers, what anguish, what tears, had washed away her sin, and made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light?

THE PROGRESS OF OUR FISHERIES.

The fisheries on the American coast are almost coeval with its discovery. The immense food-supply on the northern banks was a mine of wealth to the poorer classes in Europe, and every nation on the western shore of that continent had its hardy mariners, who, for booty, fish, or adventure, breasted the stormy waves of the Atlantic, in vessels as frail as coracles of wicker covered with oxhide. As early as the commencement of the fifteenth century fishing-vessels from England and other lands sought the coast of Iceland, to gather in a harvest of cod-fish. Of course the fisheries of that early day were not conducted with the methodical system and discipline that characterizes the prosecution of the fisheries at the present day. As we regard it, there must have been a dire necessity for daily food which compelled these ancient mariners to leave their homes and sail nearly 3,000 miles in order to take back a comparatively small boatload of fish. And when we consider the inconvenience in the arrangement of the ships which were then in use for the fisheries, it is difficult to see how the fish could be preserved until reaching home, to warrant the sailors in ever making a second expedition.

Before Cartier named the Gulf of St. Lawrence, however, the English, Breton and Basque fishermen had discovered the great cod-field off the Banks of Newfoundland, and visited them regularly. The earliest attempts of the French on Nova Scotia had in view sedentary fisheries, that involved less danger and promised greater profit. When the first English colony was planted at Jamestown, Va., in the year 1607, the settlers averse to pillage would have perished had they not drawn a food-supply from the fish and oysters of American waters. Through what marvelous progressive changes must the fisheries have passed in order to have brought those of the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries alone, in 1880, up to a value of about eight and a half million dollars!

A few years after the Jamestown colony had been settled, emigrants from England made their homes on the coast of New England, and we learn that before the middle of the seventeenth century the Massachusetts colony alone shipped nearly half a million dollars worth of dried cod-fish to the southern countries of Europe. The progress in the American fisheries, however, during the next two centuries was by no means coequal with that long interval of time, and although in 1860 certain fisheries—for instance, those for the capture of cod, whale, mackerel, shad, alewife and oyster—were vigorously prosecuted, yet it was not until after the civil war that the amazing strides, the results of which are to-day so apparent, were commenced.

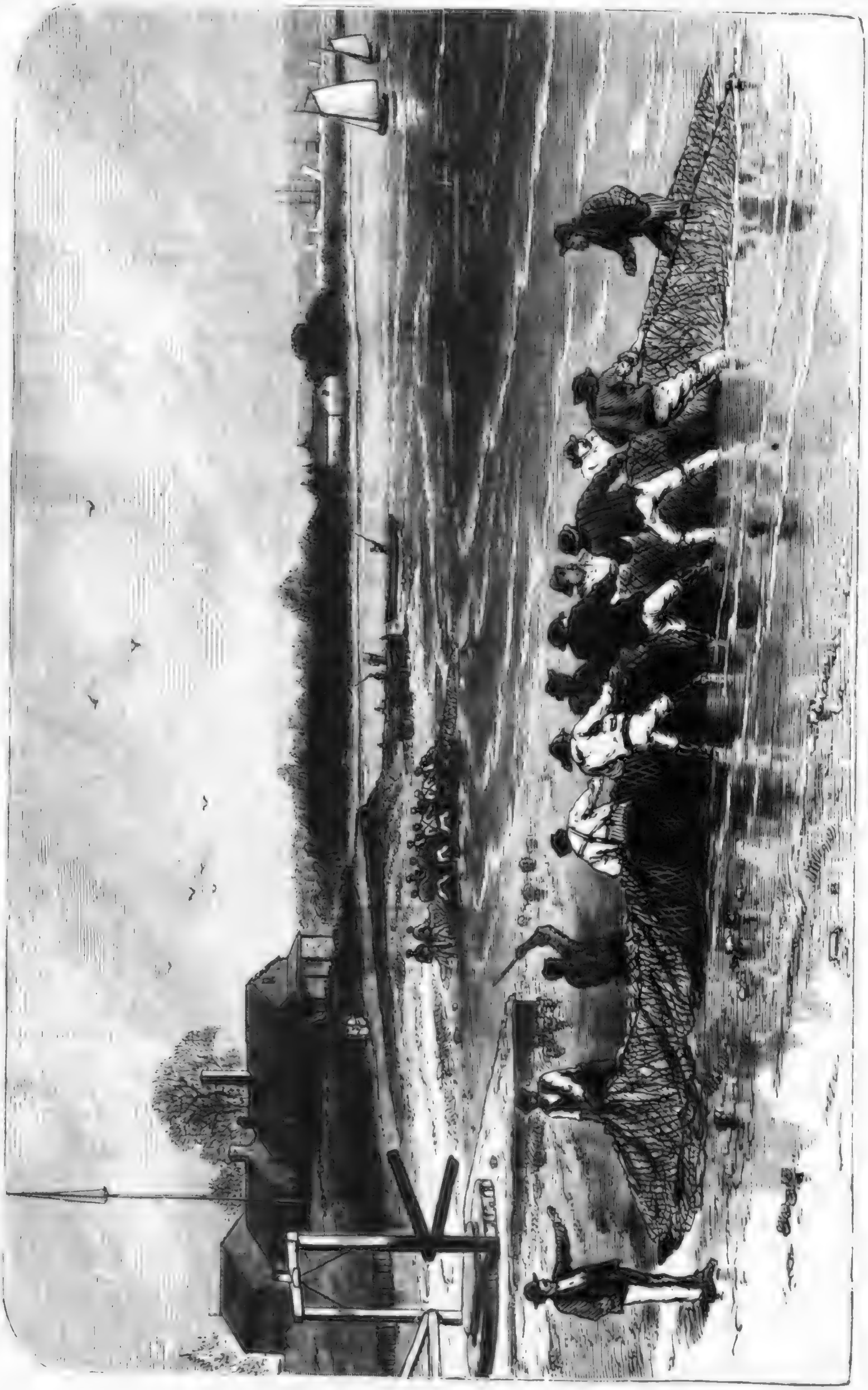
Undoubtedly the successful operations of the United States Fish Commission, under the scientific and practical direction of Professor Spencer F. Baird, which has for thirteen years been laboring for the public good, have, in a very large measure, brought the fisheries of the United States to their present highly developed state of production. When we read of its having stocked bays, lakes and rivers with millions upon millions of young fish—a large percentage of which, according to all indications, live and reach maturity, forming sufficient food of the kind for thousands of human beings; when we read of its distributing free to any person capable of caring for them enough fish (carp and other species) to produce a permanent source of food, and carrying these gifts all over the United States in cars supplied with special appliances for the preservation of the young fish, and tended on the journey by carefully-trained men; when we read of its achievements in fish-culture, whereby waters exhausted by indiscriminate fishing, and in some instances once barren waters, now teem with dainty food; and when we read of the improvements, made in great part by the exertions of this Board, in the construction of fishing-vessels, in the apparatus used for capture, and in the methods of preparing the fish for market, we can readily understand why it is that during the last decade especially the fisheries of the United States have gone so rapidly forward. Especially as in many States similar local commissions have been created to protect and extend the harvest of the waters washing the borders of the State or traversing its interior.

The wide extension of our railroad system made all these progressive moves possible now, and not till now; for else, how could the shipments of fish into the furthest inland cities and villages have been made? Would not the supply have exceeded the demand?

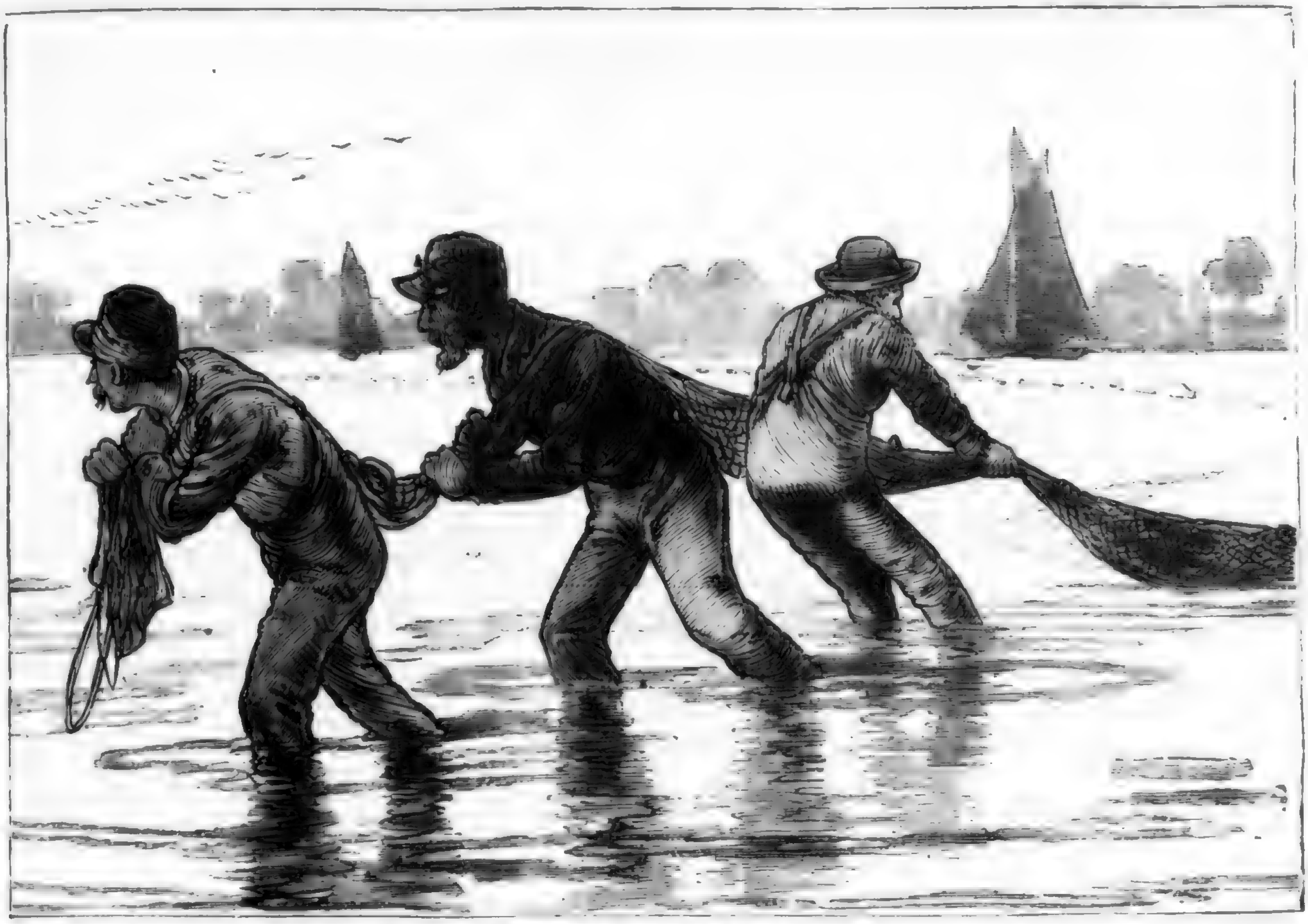
The International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin in 1880, and that held in London in 1883, have indeed been practical and most successful demonstrations of the development and present condition of our "fisheries," using that word in its most general sense. These international exhibitions, by enabling scientific men to compare the vessels and fishing equipments employed by different nations, have led to the study of the advantages and drawbacks in each, and by combining all the best points to attain a remarkable degree of excellence. Among the most important improvements introduced with the last few years are the development of the fishing-schooner to a remarkable degree in speed and adaptability. The security thus afforded has elicited a corresponding increase in skill and daring on the part of the sailor-fisherman; coupled with these has been the introduction of cables and anchors of such strength that the schooners can ride out by their aid the heaviest Winter gales of our stormy Eastern coast. In the next place, the introduction of steam-vessels into the menhaden, oyster, whale, herring and Great Lake fisheries, has facilitated the labor of fishing, and aided to bring the harvest rapidly to market, more than one hundred being now thus employed.

The introduction of the giant purse-seine and the

XUM



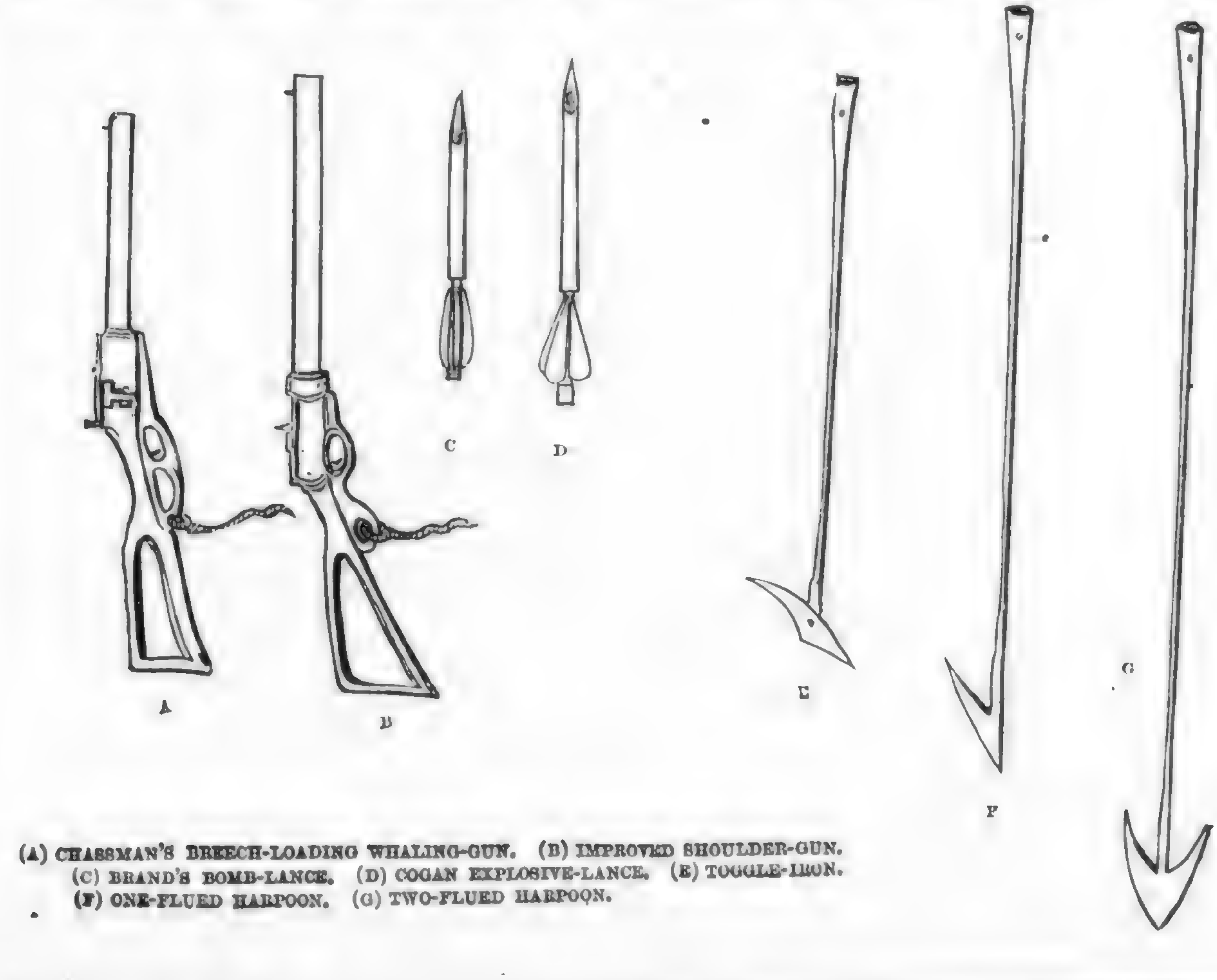
SHAD-FISHERIES, ATLANTIC COAST.



SHORE-FISHING FOR SHAD.

machinery by which it is set enables our mackerel-vessels to increase their individual catch tenfold, and has transferred the mackerel-fishery from Canadian waters to those of the United States. It has also proved highly instrumental in the evolution of the menhaden-fishery, with its annual product of over 100,000,000 of fish.

Another point of no little importance has been the introduction of the lighter and cheaper cotton netting, in



(A) CHASSMAN'S BREECH-LOADING WHALING-GUN. (B) IMPROVED SHOULDER-GUN.
(C) BRAND'S BOMB-LANCE. (D) COGAN EXPLOSIVE-LANCE. (E) TOGGLE-IRON.
(F) ONE-FLUED HARPOON. (G) TWO-FLUED HARPOON.

XUM

place of the old-fashioned fabric of hemp. The introduction of the Norwegian gill-net into the Winter cod-fisheries has met with general acceptance. The invention of many far-reaching and destructive new forms of harpoon-guns, bombs, and explosive lances, for the whale-fishery, has really revolutionized that pursuit. We illustrate some of these improved appliances, and describe them for a better intelligence of their use.

A. Breech-loading whaling-gun, patented by H. W. Chassman, Newark, N. J., May 15th 1877, and manufactured by Patrick Cunningham, New Bedford, Mass. This gun discharges the Cunningham and Cogan Explosive lance (see D), and is the form most commonly used. It is principally employed by crews of the steam-barks in Arctic regions. The stock is skeleton, made of cast-iron, and painted black. The stock and breech are cast in one piece, and there is a small rigid eye at the rear of the guard-plate for a lanyard. The barrel is of steel, reinforced, and screwed to the stock. The breech-block containing the firing-pin is connected to the stock by a hinge, and when closed is held by a snap-spring; with this gun is used a central-fire cartridge. The length of the gun is 33 inches, and its weight, 27 pounds.

B. One of the latest improved shoulder guns used in connection with the Pierce and Brand explosive lances. The stock (which is skeleton), barrel, breech-lock, and trigger, are of gun-metal, the barrel reinforced. The gun is loaded by inserting a cartridge (Winchester, No. 8, central fire,) in the breech, and the lance in the muzzle, and discharged as an ordinary shotgun, the cartridge being ignited by a firing-pin striking a percussion-cap. This gun was patented February 12th, 1878, by Eben Pierce and S. Eggers, Sr.. and is manufactured by the latter. Its length is 36½ inches, and its weight, 24 pounds.

C. This is a figure of Brand's bomb-lance No. 1, and was primarily intended to be used with Brand's No. 1 gun It was patented in 1852 by C. C. Brand, and manufactured by Junius A. Brand. Length, 16¾ inches.

D. A "Cunningham and Cogan" bomb-lance. An improved bomb, with rubber feathers and cartridge combined. This is used in connection with Cunningham and Cogan's breech-loading gun (see A), and Cunningham's darting-gun. It was patented on December 28th, 1875, by Patrick Cunningham, who is also the manufacturer. Length of lance, 16¼ inches.

E. The commonest form of harpoon used by American whalemen, and known as the "toggle-iron." This is nickel-plated. The head is malleable, of cast-iron, and mortised. The shank is wrought-iron. Length of whole is 34 inches. Manufactured by Luther Cole.

F. A one-flued harpoon, or harpoon with a single recurved barb. Length of harpoon, 32¼ inches.

G. Two-flued harpoon. This harpoon has a fixed head, and was employed on the American whalers during the early days of the industry. Made of wrought-iron. The harpoon is in all 42 inches long, of which the barb measures 6¼ inches.

The general introduction of pound-nets, or stake-nets, along the sandy coasts of the Atlantic and its estuaries, for the capture of the migrating Summer shoals, has not only increased the yield, but cheapened the great food-supply.

Besides all these, the whole country has gained wonderfully by the deep-sea soundings, which have led to the extension of the fishery industry to new regions, and especially to greater depths, as in the case of the red-snapper-fishery of the Gulf of Mexico, and in that of the halibut-fishery to deep water on the outer edge of the continental plateau, and the establishment of a halibut-fishery in Davis's Straits, as well as to the establishment of an extensive cod-fishery in the Choumagin Islands of Alaska and the Ochotsk Sea.

The trawl-line, or long-line, was not very extensively employed before 1855, even by the fishermen of Massachusetts; but some of our schooners now set at one time fourteen or more miles of trawl-line, with 12,000 to 15,000 hooks, an immense extension having occurred within ten years.

Another sign of the progress of our fisheries has been the introduction among the hardy sons of the sea of a system of insurance. For instance, Gloucester, our principal port, has adopted a sytem of co-operative insurance, by which the loss of a vessel is divided among all the capitalists of the port, and is scarcely felt. The same ancient fishery-town has inaugurated a system of prompt cash payments to the fishermen at the end of each voyage, and has the practice of rewarding merit by giving the command of vessels to those who seem particularly deserving. This feature has attracted to that port daring and ambitious men from all parts of America and Europe.

Not to prolong our enumeration of the recent improvements, we shall merely mention the utilization of secondary products of certain fisheries, and a great extension of the operations of the Government in the establishment of harbor and coast lighthouses, and life-saving stations, together with the army system of storm-warnings, from all of which the fishermen have received important benefits. *

Of course, advances of the kinds above referred to could not be made without the aid of money, and it will be readily seen how liberal have been the efforts of the United States Government, and several of the State Governments, in the advancement of the fishery interests, by noting that no less a sum than $1,306,378, as shown in a table prepared by Mr. C. W. Smiley, has been devoted to this purpose from the public treasuries of the United States and twenty-eight States, between the limits of 1866 and 1880, by far the larger part having been appropriated between 1873 and 1880. It is proper to state that seventeen States and Territories have never spent any money for this purpose. New York State appropriated $165,000 between 1868 and 1879; Pennsylvania, $99,630 between 1873 and 1880; and Massachusetts, $80,500 between 1866 and 1879.

Considering the extent and cheapness of the harvest of the sea, the great food-supply furnished by our oceans, rivers and lakes, the progress of our fishermen is a topic which we feel ought to be made popular. And though public confidence is already so generally shown in the Government schemes for promoting the fishery interests, the press cannot do too much in advocating a system that so directly affects millions of our people on whom the alarming decrease of the yield of fish in some waters had become a great and increasing cause of alarm.

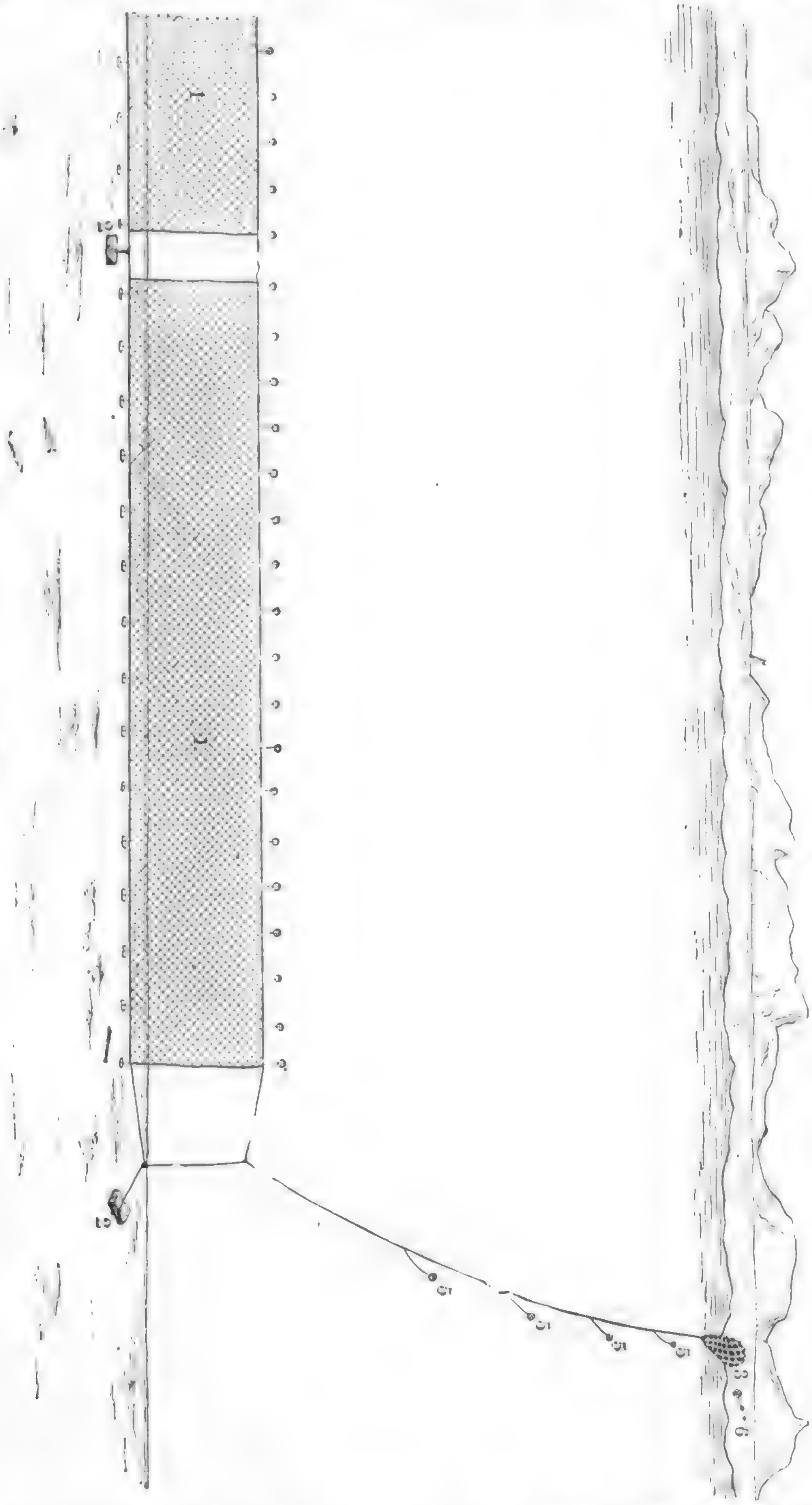
A feature by no means to be overlooked, and one which has had great influence in extending the welfare of the fisheries, is the immense amount of literature on fish and the fisheries which has grown up and is now accessible. Forty-three institutions and private individuals contributed to the exhibit of United States literature on this subject at the London Exhibition, last year, and this

---

* These subjects will be found extensively treated in a Conference Paper, by Professor G. Brown Goode, on the Fishery Industries of the United States, (pp. 12 and 13), read at the International Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883.

was independent of the reports, and other documents, published by various State commissions.

One of the most practical and successful results of the thought and energy devoted to this subject by our scientific fish-culturists is the fish-ladder, lately invented by Colonel Marshall MacDonald, of Washington. By its means the anadromous species, including the shad, salmon, etc., are enabled to surmount many of the natural and artificial obstructions in our rivers, and thus reach the proper conditions of water-temperature and locality necessary for the reproduction of their kind.



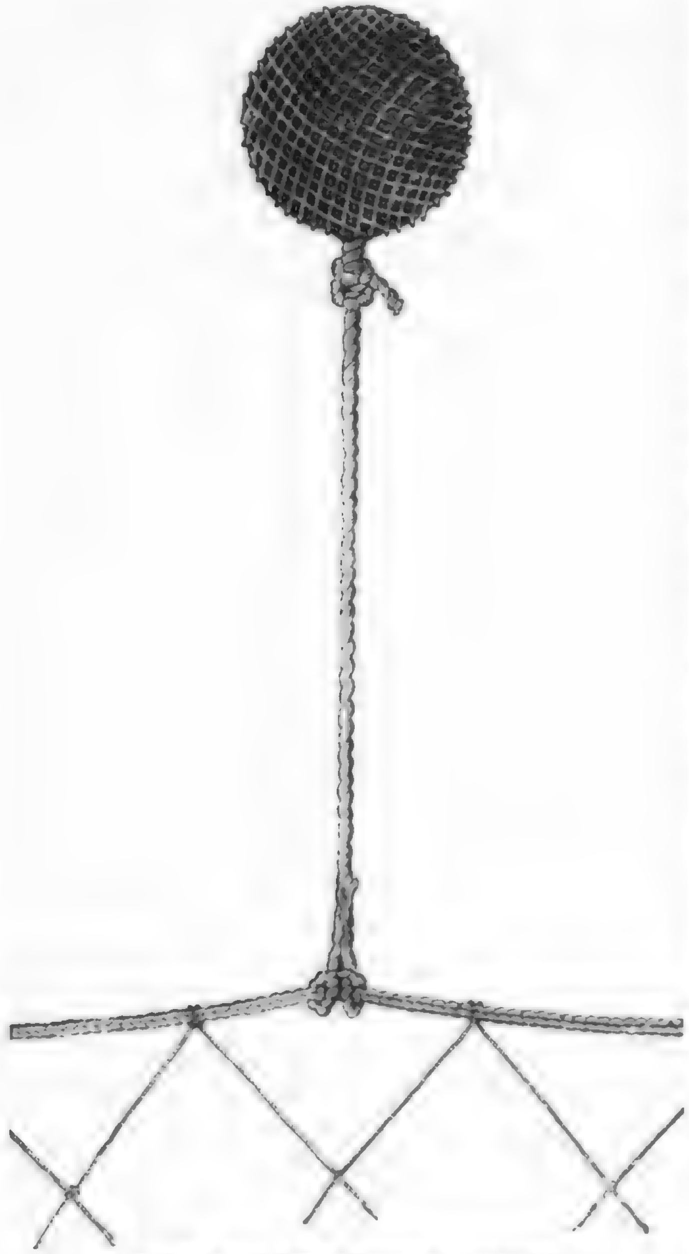
NORWEGIAN COD-NETS SET AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

We have hitherto spoken of the fisheries in general. It is now, perhaps, not unwise to take a hurried glance at the more important of our food-fisheries in the order of their financial importance.

The Oyster.— To begin with the oyster, which heads the list from this standpoint, we find, from the results of the late census, that 52,805 persons are employed in this fishery, and that over 22,000,000 of bushels were produced, worth to the producers over nine million dollars. Nearly two-thirds of this amount were either replanted or packed in tins for market, which operation enhanced their value by more than four and a quarter million dollars, thus making the total value of the entire products of this fishery nearly thirteen and a half million dollars. About eighty per cent. of the whole catch was yielded by the waters of Chesapeake Bay. No less than ten and a half million dollars are invested in this industry.

The Cod.— The Greeks named this fish "*bacchi,*" from *bacchus,* a rod: others ascribe the Spanish name *bacallas* to the word *bacillus,* a rod or stick used in stretching the fish to dry; and this theory finds some support in the Dutch name of *Stick-fish.* The Latin generic name, "*Gadus*" is also derived, according to some, from the Sanscrit root "*cad,*" or "*gad*" a rod. It was the abundance of this fish on the banks of Newfoundland which, as we have seen, led to the first fishing industry on the American coast.

The distribution of this fish is very extensive. The cod occurs in the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in the Polar Seas far beyond the Arctic Circle. On our coast it is found as far south as Cape Hatteras. Early in the Fall the cod migrates from shallow water to rocky depths, where they remain until they have deposited their eggs. It has been computed that from two to nine million eggs—the number varying with the size of the fish—may be found in one ripe female of this



GLASS FLOAT FOR SUPPORTING COD-NETS.

species. The average weight of the cod does not exceed twelve pounds. The voracity of the fish is remarkable. In their stomachs have been found the most indigestible objects, such as scissors, corn-cobs, oil-cans, rings, portions of oil-clothing, etc. In 1861 a lady was lost from the steamer *Anglo-Saxon* off Chance Cove, Newfoundland, and a few years ago a ring which she had worn was found by a St. John's fisherman in the stomach of a cod-fish. He found out her son and presented the ring to him, receiving as a reward $250.

Salmon.—Salmon abounded in all our waters in the early colonial days, as we may infer from the frequent use of the name applied to streams, falls and rapids, though in many cases little more than the memory of the fact remained a few years since. But while the supply on the Atlantic coast has been injudiciously and unwisely impoverished, that on the Pacific coast is still of wonderful extent. The species of salmon that now takes the lead, in the value and extent of the fishery, is that known as the "California Salmon." Immense numbers of these are taken in the Spring, in gill-nets and traps, whilst ascending the rivers for the purpose of spawning. In 1880 nearly fifty-two million pounds were taken, the majority being packed in tins, and the rest smoked or pickled. The work attending the operations of this industry is done chiefly by the Chinese, of whom 3,370 were employed. The value of the above production was over three and a third million dollars.

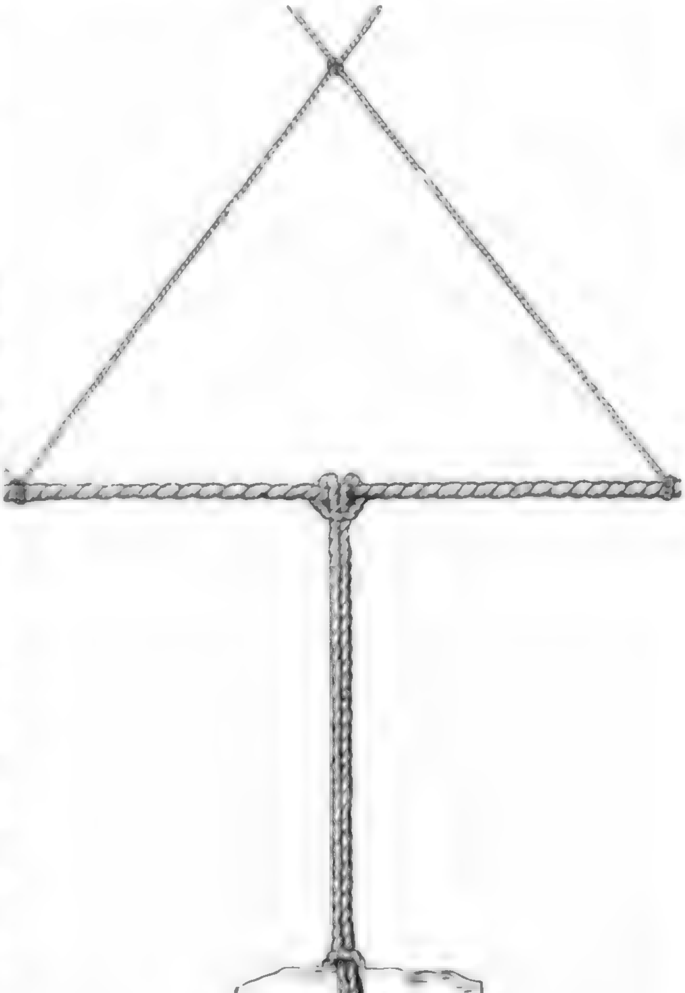
To six regions may be assigned the whole of the Pacific salmon industry, namely: 1, Sacramento River, California; 2, Smith and Eel Rivers, California; 3, Rogue River, Oregon, and vicinity; 4, Columbia River; 5, Puget Sound; and 6, Alaska. On Columbia River there are twenty-nine salmon-canning establishments, while probably all our smoked salmon comes from the Sacramento River, California.

The Mackerel-fishery is an industry of special concern to all interested in the subject, since, thirteen years ago, the United States fishermen were compelled to resort to Canadian waters to prosecute their operations. The position has, however, undergone a complete change; for now, by reason of the introduction of the purse-seine, our fishermen can obtain immense supplies of mackerel without going so far. In 1880, 468 vessels and more than 5,000 men were employed in this fishery. The production was 131,939,225 pounds, 117,500,000 pounds of which were salted, and the whole valued at $1,501,000.

The Shad.—With the approach of warm weather immense schools of shad ascend our Atlantic rivers, for the purpose of spawning. It is then that millions of pounds are captured with seines and drift-nets. In 1880 over 18,000,000 pounds of shad, valued at more than $1,000,000, were taken.

Extensive efforts have been made to restock with salmon and shad the rivers emptying into the Atlantic. The results thus far have been highly gratifying.

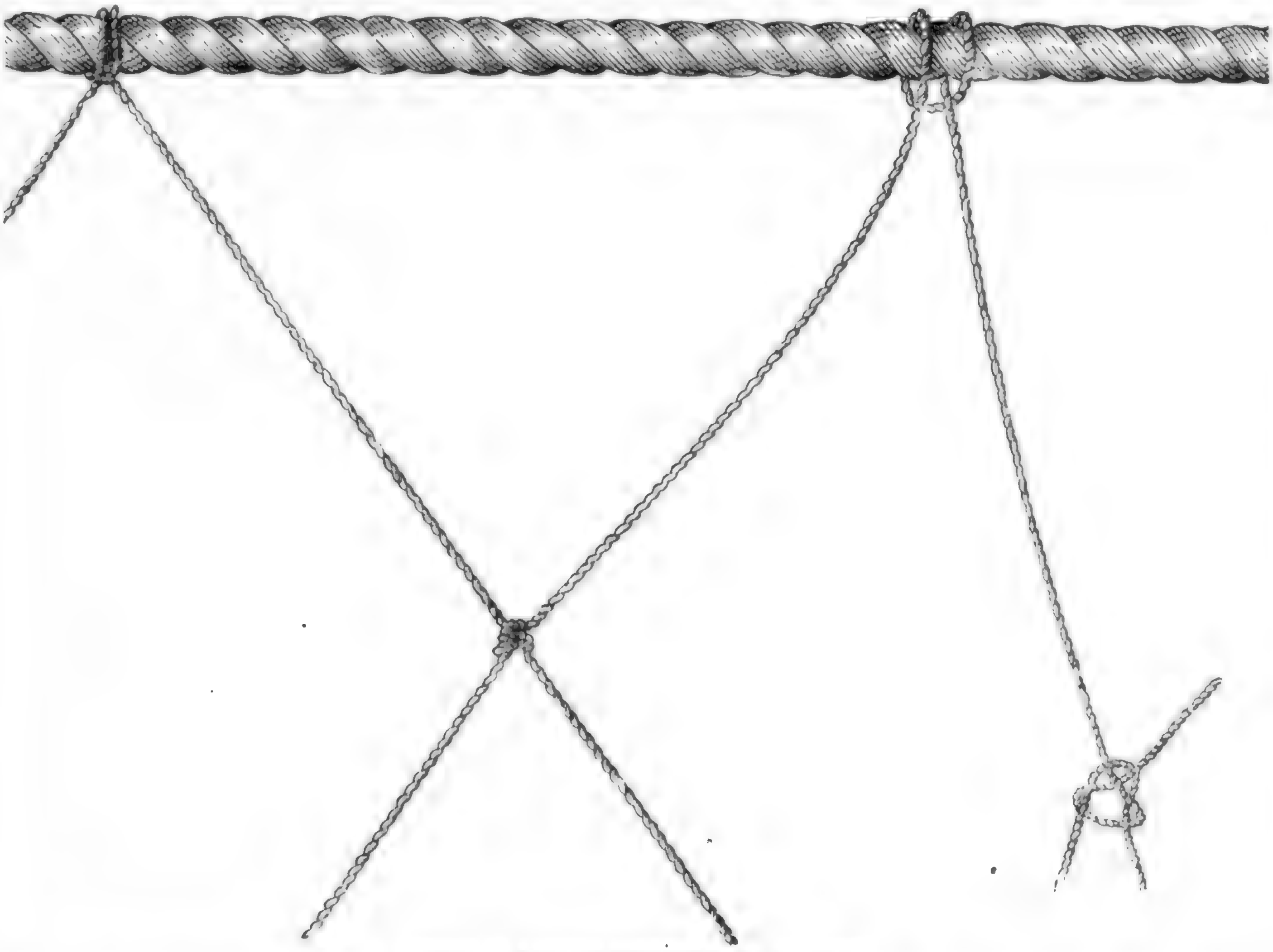
The Herring.—Many large vessels, belonging to Massa-



STONE SINKER FOR COD-NETS.

chusetts, coast along Maine, New Brunswick and Newfoundland during the Winter, and secure immense quantities of fine herring for the New England markets. These are for the most part packed and sold as "sardines," the remainder being smoked, pickled, or sold for bait. In 1880 the "sardine" industry gave work to more than 1,800 fishermen and factory-hands. The total value of this fishery is placed at $1,130,000.

The Clam.—Large beds of the "Long Clam" are found along the coast of Maine, yielding nearly one-third of a million bushels, which are valued at about $88,000. At Guilford, on the Connecticut coast, clams occur six to eight inches long, weighing each a pound or more, and retailing for $1.25 a dozen. These are not abundant. The south shore of Long Island supplies large quantities, and from the Jersey shore are gathered some 70,000 bushels. Round clams, or "Quahaugs," are highly esteemed as food, and the largest bring $3 a barrel. The implements of capture are rakes, dredges and oyster-tongs. The products of this entire industry are valued at more than $1,000,000.



METHOD OF HANGING NORWEGIAN COD GILL-NETS.

The White-fish.—The largest of these fish are found in Lake Superior, where they have occasionally attained the weight of twenty-three pounds! But their abundance in this lake has materially decreased. This is ascribed to three causes. The immense quantity of sawdust washed down from the mills into the lake; the agitation of the waters, caused by steamers, and especially the overfishing since the increase of settlements.

In Green Bay, Lake Michigan, a fish known as the "Cisco" is caught. This is a variety of white-fish. In November they pair off and approach the shore for the purpose of spawning, preferring sheltered spots with sandy or gravelly bottoms. In 1875 the first attempts were made in the artificial propagation of the white-fish, but the experiment was only partially successful. In 1868 Messrs. Seth Green and Samuel Wilmot commenced the same work with good results. White-fish are taken in pound-nets and gill-nets. The annual product of this fishery is estimated at $900,000.

The Pike.—This species is found chiefly in the great lakes, though not very abundantly. It appears to be resident on the western shore of Lake Michigan, off Racine. Near Ashtabula large numbers are taken in the Spring. On the south shore of Lake Erie some are caught in pound-nets. They prefer deep water, and seldom come near the shore.

The Lobster.—On the coast of Massachusetts this fishery commenced about eighty years ago. Traps, made of wooden frames, or pots of lathing, are the means of capture. These are baited with refuse fish, etc., and anchored at the bottom. Lobsters under ten inches long are generally sold to the canneries. In 1880, 9,500,000 pounds of lobsters were canned in Maine, and in that condition were valued at over $2,250,000. Several canneries in the Provinces are owned by Americans, and the lobsters canned in them are sent to foreign countries. On the coast of Massachusetts, in 1880, $158,000 worth of lobsters were caught. The entire value of this fishery in the market is about $732,000.

The Halibut.—This fish is in Scotland frequently called the "turbot." Only three of our eastern species of fish, namely, the sword-fish, the tunny, and the tarpum, exceed the halibut in size. The average weight of a female halibut is about 125 pounds. Halibut are found at all seasons on the edges of the "Banks," from Georges to

XUM

Grand Bank. They spawn in September, and over 2,000,000 eggs have been found in one fish. The value of this fishery is placed at $447,000.

The Crab.—The most common species of crab eaten is the Blue Crab. It is found from Massachusetts to the Gulf of Mexico. It is more valuable when in its soft state. The reverse is the case with all other species of crabs. The general manner in which they are caught is well-known. On the Louisiana coast trout-lines are used. In 1880 there were two canneries in Virginia and one in Maryland. After being boiled, or steamed, the flesh is taken from the shells and put up in tins. The value of this fishery on the Atlantic coast in 1880 was $328,000, and on the Gulf of Mexico about $10,000.

The Sea-bass.—This fish is known by many names, according to the locality, such as "Black-fish," "Black Will," "Black Harry," "Hannahills," "Blue-fish," and "Rock-bass." It is a splendid fish for the table, and is fished for from about May 1st to June 10th. It lives on crabs, shrimps, etc., etc. The average size of this fish is one and a half pounds, although, from the stories of many fishermen, we should imagine it weighed as much as a halibut. In the Gulf of Mexico their average size is still smaller. It spawns in July and August. This is the first sea-fish on which the experiment of artificial propagation was tried.

The Eel.—This fish is found in the rivers and along the coast from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Texas. The eggs are, for the most part, laid in salt water, and in Spring the young eels ascend the rivers. Later in the season they return to the sea, and it is then that immense numbers are caught in "eel-baskets." They are abundant in Lake Ontario, and have been artificially introduced in Lake Erie. Eels will eat almost any kind of food, and will thrive anywhere, though they prefer waters with muddy bottoms. They are fit for eating when three years old, and can be transported without much difficulty to remote places, on account of their hardy nature.

The Mullet, the Red Mullet, and Grouper.—These are peculiarly southern fishes. The mullets, "striped" and "white," live in salt water near the mouths of rivers. At mid-Summer they *school*, at this period swimming at the surface. They spawn from the middle of November to the middle of January. Mullet-roes are generally eaten fresh, but sometimes salted and dried by exposure to the sun, and in this state are eaten like dried beef or fried. An oil can be extracted from their heads. This fishery is valued at $225,000.

The Red Mullet, which is a native of West Indian waters, is related to the "Surmullus" of Europe, and is the same as the "Mullus" of the Romans. It is said that this fish was brought alive into the ancient banqueting-halls, to delight the guests by its brilliant changes of color while dying.

The Grouper is not found north of Florida, where it is called "Brown Snapper," or "Red-bellied Snapper." Large horny crabs are often found in the stomachs of this fish. It is splendid for the table, and when boiled and served with drawn butter is said to be as good in edible qualities as the turbot.

In the preparation of this paper the writings of Professor G. Brown Goode have been freely used.

In conclusion, it may be said that science has played a most important part in the development of the American fisheries. Many people are wont to imagine that the fish can take care of themselves, and that nature does not require the aid of human intervention. That such a mode of thought is due to ignorance on the one hand, or a willful refusal to accept the results of applied science on the other, must be apparent to all thoughtful persons, and it is hoped that this rough sketch of the late improvements in and conditions of our fisheries will aid in proving the statement that in no other industry than the fisheries have scientific and practical work blended more harmoniously, or produced more beneficial results to the community at large.

RANDOLPH W. GEARE.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE bladderwort—a well-known water-weed, of which the United States has fifteen or more species—has lately been creating alarm among fish-culturists. This plant (of the genus *Utricularia*) grows in long stems, surrounded at short intervals by whorls of feathery leaves, which, as they mature, tend to approach the surface of the pond or aquarium in which they live. This movement is aided by the growth of a great number of small bladders placed in the axils of the leaf. Each of these buoyant bladders is about the size of a No. 6 shot, and is open at the top by a small aperture, surrounded with waving ciliæ and guarded by a sensitive and elastic membrane. It has long been known that these bladders formed traps for infusoria, which more or less willingly entered them and died there, their bodies going to nourish the plant. It has now been found, in addition, that young fishes, when no more than a third of an inch in length, may also be seized. In moving about under and among the leaves of this feathery weed, seeking dark corners in which to shelter themselves from their swimming enemies, the baby fishes become entangled in the cilæ, and are drawn forward until they get a nose or a tail into the aperture in the bladder, when there occurs at once a spasmodic contraction, and the fish is fatally captured. There is a specimen of the plant in the National Museum, not over three inches in length, which had caught no less than ten infant perch, which are preserved in alcohol, attached to the deadly plant. If a single stem can make way with as many as this, how great must be the destruction of young trout, perch, or carp, in a pond infested with the bladderwort, as are most waters devoted to fish-culture!

AMONG the many strange pharmaceutical preparations of the Chinese, those prepared from reptiles seem the strangest. In various provinces of the Empire the under shell of one or another tortoise, powdered, is used as a medicine, dissolved in water or mixed with jelly. This remedy is reputed to be tonic, astringent, cordial, useful in diseases of the kidneys and in rheumatism. The upper shell of a water-turtle is similarly employed. In Amoy, a powder made of dried toads is considered tonic and sleep-provoking. In the Fukien province the cast skins of snakes are taken to relieve itching in skin-diseases, for piles, fistula, etc. Why superstition should have attached these ailments to so utterly worthless a curative, rather than some other, is a mystery. Probably there was some reason at the beginning in the goblin-filled mind of the man who first tried the cure. In another case the explanatory philosophy seems to have survived; for we are told that in certain parts of China it is customary to mix a powder of dried snake's-flesh with other medicines, in order that the latter may be penetrating and efficacious. From its habit in hiding in crevices, the serpent-nature in the medicine will lead it to seek the utmost recesses of the human system. So say the native doctors.

PROFESSOR AUGUST HIRSCH, of the University of Berlin, has been studying the history of smallpox, and traces account of the disease as far back as the tenth century. So common a scourge was it in those days, that it seemed to have attracted very little notice when an epidemic occurred. Interesting evidence is given to show that the starting-point of the disease was in India and Central Africa; and as to the manner in which, with advancing colonization, it has been carried to islands and distant dependencies of Europe. It did not reach Australia until 1838, and has never yet appeared in Tasmania or New Zealand. America owes its introduction to the European conquerors. It has been very common in Peru, where, according to Professor Hirsch, the natives appear to have been acquainted with the protective power of vaccine long before Jenner's announcement. Upon the value of vaccination, and the need for its thorough enforcement, Professor Hirsch speaks in strong terms; and the testimony of one who had made himself so familiar with the ravages of the disease in times before this beneficent discovery was given to the world, is not to be despised.

SINCE engines for ruling purposes have been perfected, diffraction gratings have superseded prisms in careful spectroscopic work. The superiority is due to the purity of the spectra and the fact that the dispersion is proportional to wave-lengths—one of the smallest gratings having a dispersive power equal to a dozen or more prisms. An exceptionally perfect ruling-machine has lately been invented by Professor Rowland, of John Hopkins University, which will mark 14,438 lines to the inch on a disk of polished speculum metal, at a selling price of only ten dollars for a disk one and a fourth inches in diameter.

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER states that the height of the glacier-clad interior of Greenland, near the seventieth parallel of latitude, considerably exceeds 10,000 feet. He describes it as presenting, everywhere, from about latitude 68 degrees to latitude 72 degrees, a high, level ridge, so absolutely covered by snow and ice that not a crag breaks the line. Many of the highest summits are strewn with drifted rocks.

Dr. P. Albrecht, of Brussels, publishes investigations leading him to conclude that there are primitively four intermaxillary bones in the front of the lower jaw, and that hare-lip, which is never central, takes place by the separation of the inner and outer intermaxillaries of one or the other side. As proof of this, he figures cases of double hare-lips in which the two inner bones stand out as a separate bone, solidified together, while each outer intermaxillary, barring its incisor, is united to the maxillary.

Recent researches as to the distance from the earth of fixed stars, by Dr. David Gill and Dr. Elkin, English astronomers at the Cape of Good Hope, show that it would require 4.36 years for a ray of light to reach us from *a* Centauri, and 8.6 from Sirius; while from other designated stars, fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, and fifty-four years, would be required respectively. Knowing the velocity of light, the vast distances can be computed in miles, but can never be comprehended by the imagination.

One of the regular duties at the Naval Observatory is the con-aant correction of the standard mean-time clock, by observations ts the sun, moon and major planets through the meridian transit nstrument. Over 1,400 observations have been taken during the ost six months by daily attention to the subject, applied each day il the standard clock for setting the correct time to the transm-ıı ong clock, by which time-signals are dispatched and chronometers rated.

That the common humble bees (or "bumble"-bees) make their homes in the abandoned nests of the field-mice, just under the sod, is well known; but lately they have been recorded as varying from this so far as to inhabit in one instance a deserted wren's nest under the roof of a porch twelve feet above the ground; a marten's nest among rocks, in another instance; and, in a third, a mouse's nest in the brace of a barn.

The fear of the parasitic worms which occasionally infest all fish is based upon ignorance of how easily their harmfulness is destroyed by cooking. It has been shown satisfactorily that not only the filarian worms inhabiting fishes, but flesh parasites, like the *Trichina spiralis* of pork, are killed at a temperature of fifty degrees centigrade, which is always far surpassed in the process of thorough cooking.

There can be no doubt that the habits of insects often indicate affinities in plants. There is doubtless a strong affinity between the solanaceæ and scrophularinæ; the small oval pollen is almost identical in both. The habits of fungus parasites sometimes disclose similar relationships, often more real than at first apparent. An example of this is had in the fungus of the potato disease.

Dr. Henry C. Chapman has issued an interesting pamphlet on the history of the circulation of the blood, in which he concludes the discovery of the fact belongs to no age, country or person. It has been noted during the last two thousand years by all the great medical minds, who gradually contributed to the elucidation of the whole truth.

Perenospora Infestans.—This parasite is almost peculiar to the solanaceæ, being especially destructive to solanum, lycopersicum and petunia, but at times it invades the scrophularinæ, and grows on authocersis and schizanthus. Other examples of one parasitic fungus invading two orders could be given.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Lives of great men all remind us that we have got to watch out very carefully if we expect to leave any respectable footprints.

A suburban correspondent writes to inquire the best method of raising calves. It evidently never occurred to him to ask his mother.

"What is more awful to contemplate," said a lecturer, glaring about him, "than the relentless power of the maelstrom?" And a henpecked-looking man in the rear of the building softly replied, "The femalestrom."

Going & Gonne was the style of a well-known banking-house in Ireland, and on their failure in business some one wrote:

"Going & Gonne are now both one,
For Gone is going, and Going's gone."

A wit was dining one day with an ex-Lord Chancellor. In the course of conversation on rural affairs the latter remarked that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said the wit, "that your lordship has still an eye to the woolsack."

A celebrated actress was on one occasion starring in the provinces. One evening after the fall of the curtain, the beaux of the village assembled round her, to congratulate her. "Ah, gentlemen," she said, "to play that part well one ought to be young and beautiful!" "Oh, madame," answered one of the beaux, "*you have proved the contrary.*" That actress missed her mark.

"Beware of the Paint."—The Scotch joke is usually dry; in one case it was wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large handsome gold-edged card placed high up on his door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious, and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterward they found the value of the advice it contained, which was "Beware of the paint."

"What do you live on?" asked a visitor of the country-editor "My ink-come," said the shears-wrestler.

A doctor writes, asking the renewal of a bill, and says: "We are in a horrible crisis; there is not a sick man in the district."

"So you say your husband loves you, Mary?" "Oh, he dotes wildly upon me." "Indeed; but he'll soon get over that." "What makes you think so?" "Because men generally soon get over sowing their wild dotes."

"We cannot," writes a shrewd contemporary, "impress too strongly upon all correspondents, when in doubt whether the postage of a letter is a cent or two cents, the force of the old proverb, 'Two heads are better than one.'"

Husband (airily, they had just returned from their wedding-trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by—ah—10, love, you won't wait——" *Wife* (quietly)—"No, dear"—but with appalling firmness—"I'll come for you!" He was back at 9:45 sharp.

A gentleman at a theatre said to his companion: "Who is that ugly creature who has just entered the box opposite? "Why," sir, that is *my sister*." "No, no, sir," cried the other; "I mean that shocking monster with her." "That, sir, is *my wife*."

A barber who was a terrible gossip was one day about to commence operations on the beard and hair of a customer, and, by way of opening up a new vein of small talk, asked the usual preliminary question—"How shall I cut it?" "In silence!" was the unexpected reply.

On visiting a menagerie, Tooke was comparing the countenance to that of a monkey of one of his fellow-members of the English Parliament. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks, so to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologize to—you or the monkey."

A school-inspector asked a small pupil of what the surface of the earth consists, and was promptly answered, "Land and water." He varied the question slightly, that the fact might be impressed on the boy's mind, and asked, "What, then, do land and water make?" To which came the immediate response, "Mud."

"What are these cups for?" asked a well-dressed man of a jeweler, pointing to some elegant silver cups on the showcase. "These are race-cups, to be given as prizes to the best racer. "If that's so, suppose you and I race for one?" And the stranger, with cup in hand, started, the jeweler after him. The stranger won the cup.

The German philosopher, Lessing, was so absent-minded that he is said to have one day knocked at his own door and asked if himself were at home. A servant who had been engaged during his absence opened it, and gravely informed him that his master was out. "Very well," was the reply, "I will call again another day."

Two sons of an aristocrat were remarkable for hastiness of temper, which on certain occasions gave rise to very indiscreet expressions. During a quarrel, and in the height of passion, one said to the other: "You are the greatest ass in the world!" "Come, come, my lads," said their highly incensed father; "you forget that I am present."

In the diamond field. *Biggs*—"But who did you say that third baseman was?" *Griggs*—"Oh, that is Baggers." *Biggs*—"Baggers? Baggers? Don't think I ever heard of him. What college did he graduate at?" *Griggs*—"College! He never went to school more'n nine months in his life." *Biggs*—"Ah, that accounts for it. I thought he wasn't much of a player."

A young lady's opinion of her bonnet: "Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school! I really thought them pretty! I must have been a fool! And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss! Perhaps I was, as fashion went; but what was that to this? Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! It makes my head so level, and so very, very flat!"

Once upon a time Albert Smith inscribed upon a register at Chamouni the following sentiment:

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know."

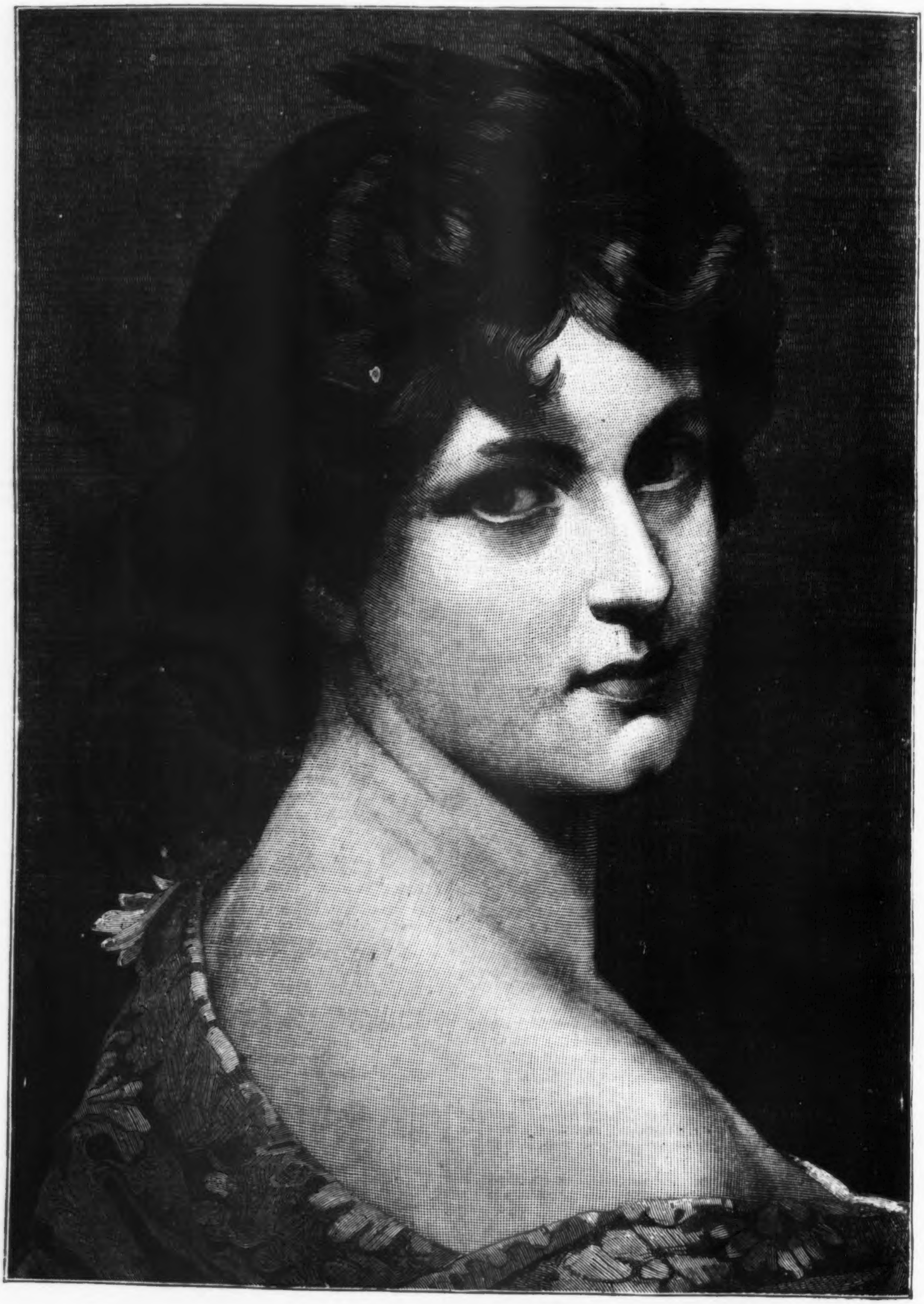
Whereupon Thackeray, who happened to be the next distinguished visitor, added on the same page:

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry,
To criticise I dare not presume,
But yet I think that Lindley Murray
Instead of 'who,' would have written, 'whom.'"

Young Wife—"Why do you invite that odious Mr. Goode to the house, John?" *John*—"Odious? Why, he is noted for his benevolence and nobility of soul. Besides being very tender-hearted, he has charmingly unaffected manners." "Well, I think he is horrid. He is a perfect brute." "You certainly used to admire him. What has he done?" "Why, last evening I showed him our precious little darling, and he said all babies looked alike to him."

Send your address on a postal-card for 100-page Book on the Liver. Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

XUM



A HEAD.—BY PAUL THUMANN.

XUM